

# MUSIC

---

41433

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Art, Science, Technic and Literature of Music

---

W. S. B. MATHEWS, Editor and Publisher

---

VOLUME II,

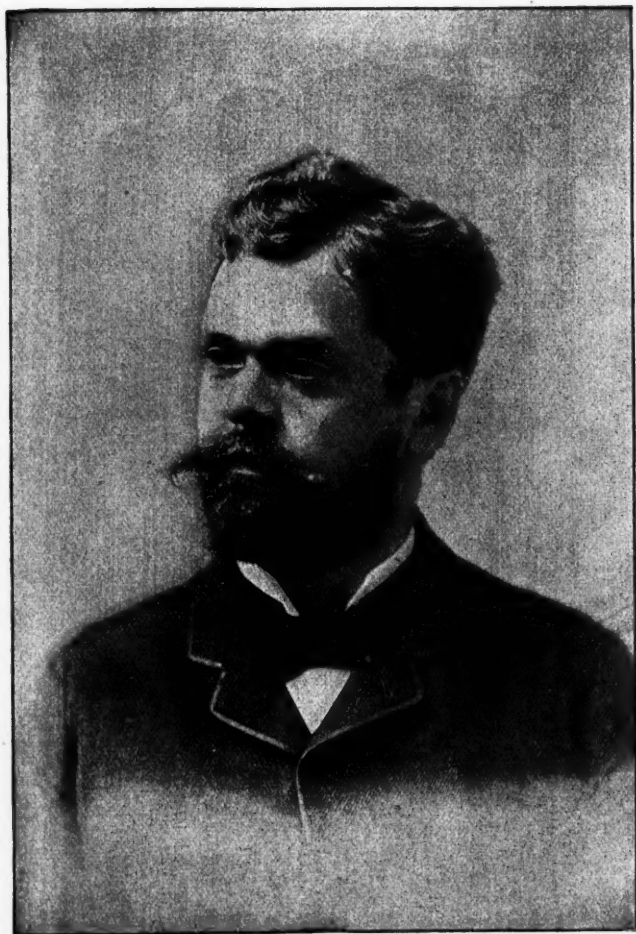
May, 1892, to Nov., 1892.

---

CHICAGO

Published at 240 Wabash Avenue (Room 33) C

1892.



MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.  
Virtuoso Pianist.



# MUSIC.

---

MAY, 1892.

---

## A PROGRAM OF AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS.

The Chicago Orchestral Association, under Mr. Theodore Thomas, has recently given us an evening of American compositions. The numbers upon this program were all from the pen of Americans, by birth and parentage, and included the names of at least two composers generally conceded to occupy the front rank among native artists.

The concert given by Mr. Thomas one week previous to the American evening, consisted of extracts from Wagner's works, and also a symphony by Tschaikowsky.

Here we had the best productions of the old world, and the highest attainments in the same line in the new, brought near enough together to make comparison inevitable, and the contrast very evident. The disparity in merit was so great as to raise the question: Are our American composers doing the best they can for the national standing in the art world?

The "coming" American composer seems in these days to be an object of considerable interest. As the years roll by and we feel ourselves to be gaining upon foreign nations in so many particulars, the spirit of nationality enters into our art worship, and we ask: When will America be able to show some great works in this field? The answers to this query are various; but there seems to be no disagreement as to what the "coming" American composer should do to prepare himself to compete with foreigners. He should imitate the foreigners.

This American program was made up of a symphony, a dramatic overture and a symphonic poem, together with two vocal selections—one from an American oratorio and one from an American opera—thus affording specimens of work in all the highest forms of musical composition. The music presented was all good, and in many places strikingly well conceived and scored, and—supreme excellence in the eyes of many—it was all in strict imitation of European masters. The symphony was as orthodox from the Beethoven standpoint as the author could make it and maintain his individuality and express himself in modern phrase. Even the title of the work was translated into German; and instead of that preliminary step toward American music which we might take with perfect confidence, viz., an American title, we were confronted with the caption, “Im Fruehling.” The dramatic overture was as faithful to the German modes of thought and expression as a Goldmark, for instance, could be, and the symphonic poem would not allow one to forget Liszt for a single moment, unless it might be to remember Saint-Saens.

There was an unbroken succession of the musical phraseology with which foreigners—especially the Germans—have made us very familiar: The ponderous unison passage *alla recitativo* of the basses; the little duophonic snatches of the *cors de chasse*; the portentous shiver of the violins; the impressive *ensemble* of brass instruments; the rush of the strings borne upon a tumultuous crescendo of wind instruments through a frantic rattle of the triangle to the culminating point of an enormous percussion, from which one descends upon a roll of the *tympani diminuendo*, to a boding silence, broken at length by a low wail of clarinet or bassoon; this at length draws to itself other melancholy sounds from the sympathetic instruments about it, weaving with them a harmonic maze which at last unfolds in a broad sweeping melody for the 'celli, with, so to speak, embroidery by the first violins, and passementerie by the flute and oboe.

Now all this musical phraseology is undoubtedly good, and these models are unquestionably the best; and it cannot be gainsaid that such American composers as we are considering

are close students and skillful workmen; but if they are pursuing the right course, then our nation has not arrived within fifty years of the time when her composers can furnish a program that will bear comparison, even among their compatriots, with the best that foreign countries can offer; and when such a program is presented, it will bring us nothing new nor characteristic. But I do not believe they are taking the right course.

Why, with the buoyancy, energy and youthful vigor of this nation, can it not be allowed a single instant of naive musical expression? Why should its art productions be redolent of conventional scholarship? and why can they not escape for one minute from the atmosphere of European concert halls? There must be something for us in music besides copying European masters.

There is a glaring incongruity in the idea of native American composers, supposably the spokesmen in art expression of the inner life of a great, hopeful and prosperous republic, producing a series of such gloomy and overwrought tone pictures as were offered as America's best gifts at the concert under consideration. These writers fairly out-Heroded Herod, and the wailings of Melpomene and Francesca da Rimini were as dismally despairing as the most effete nation would conceive them. Even "The Springtime" was lugubrious. In it the minor mode predominated, and it conveyed the idea of faithfulness to musical scholarship rather than to an artistic conception of the vernal season.

Parenthetically let us say that much solemnity should be forgiven the man who lives where east winds are familiar to him during the spring time of the calendar!

The inspiration of mythological subjects, Grecian history and mediæval romance are well enough, but these sources have been drawn upon so exhaustively that they can hardly suggest anything that is new and characteristic.

As soon as our composers conclude to learn all they can from European art without slavishly imitating its forms of thought and subjects of musical portrayal, they will, perhaps, come to realize that in our national history are some grand inspirations for the native artist; and that in our folk

music there are melodies which, however unworthy they may seem from certain affected standpoints, are yet dear to the hearts of our people, and are pregnant with patriotic significance. Moreover they may realize that in this direction lies something distinctively characteristic.

We shall yet see him—the American composer who has acquired all the necessary musical erudition, but who has also the heart, brains and spirit to give musical expression to that which excites generous and loyal emotion on this side the Atlantic.

Is there no inspiration in the idea of the young American colonies, at first dependent, always religious, even to fanaticism, groaning for a time under oppression, but at length catching a spark from the torch of Freedom and bursting their bonds?

Some day we shall hear the tone epic of the birth of our nation. In this portrayal there will be the sounds of the primeval forests and the undertone of the ocean dashing upon "a stern and rock-bound coast"; and there will be themes which shall suggest the rugged faith bequeathed by the Pilgrim Fathers. There will be interpreted the gathering strength in the life of this embryo nation as it struggles with the aborigines and conquers material obstacles, until it reaches a climax in the political event which was one of the greatest steps in the world's progress.

There will be no dearth of themes and subjects here. As the shepherd song in Rossini's overture is interrupted by a thunder storm, so pastoral conditions will be sharply intersected with a call to arms as the minute man forsakes his plow and shoulders his musket. And if our composer succeeds in doing justice to the spirit manifested in the picture representing the old grandfather, with his son and grandson, marching with drums and fife up to the British regulars at Lexington, he will be able to enshrine even Yankee Doodle among the classics! More than that, a grateful nation will applaud him for clothing its dearest sentiments with adequate expression.

Other episodes in our history are not wanting. "From Slavery to Freedom" is a title immediately suggesting

strong musical treatment, upon which the colors of the stars and stripes should be distinctly impressed. There are the negro melodies so characteristic of this country; and there is a background of Creole music and the rhythms of the Antilles which Gottschalk knew how to put to such good use.

Into the portrayal of this subject there would come the themes of peaceful homes and loyal brotherhood, but with an undercurrent of dissonance which shall at last assume a martial flavor and develop into a tumultuous struggle, progressing with the alternations of despair and hope to the mighty climax of the emancipation of the slaves.

Any one who has witnessed the effect upon an audience of Mr. Sousa's "Marching through Georgia" shot through with strains of "Dixie," must realize what a mine of artistic power is in this idea.

It is in this direction that our native composers may hope to compete for public favor with those of Europe, aye, and may give American music a distinctive position in Europe without waiting until our native artists can contend with the Europeans on their own ground and with their own weapons.

If there is any one who finds it impossible to accept an idea in this line which has not been sanctioned abroad, let him refer to works like Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen," where a simple folk-song with a strong local color is used with great dramatic effect; let him observe how Luther's melody to "Ein feste Burg" runs through German composition, always appealing to the hearts of German hearers, not alone by the beauty of the music, but by the associations of a national character which cluster about it.

Rossini's pedantic master would have kept him copying the German models until he had crystallized in a mold not fitted to his genius. But he broke away from the conventionalities of Mattei, and instead of becoming a second-rate composer of the German school, to be speedily forgotten, he honored himself and his country by following the impulse which made him a first-rate composer of the Italian school and secured for him a permanent place in history.

Another idea connected with American music comes in this wise: Involved musical composition has undoubtedly

reached its ultimate development. There can be no new harmonies, for we can get no further than the chord of the thirteenth, already in use, which includes every tone of the scale. There are two reasons why polyphonic treatment will never develop anything startlingly new; one of these is that Bach and Wagner, like Phidias and Praxiteles, are not likely to be surpassed in the lapse of time in their mastery of technic. The other is that already the element of dissonance which is attendant upon contrapuntal work has been carried far beyond the normal proportion, taking that amount of dissonance as normal, which corresponds with the pains and unfulfilled longings of human life. Certainly no musical composition of the future will be any broader or more indefinite in form than Wagner's, and none will be more restless in modulation.

It would seem that the time has come when further progress must be in the direction of a simpler and more heart-felt utterance in music. Indeed, we already see this change in many ways; strikingly in the pianoforte compositions of Grieg, who has put a host of such charmingly imaginative and original ideas in so simple a form that amateurs of small technical attainments can gladden their souls by contact with them.

So, if I were called upon to give advice to a young and ambitious American composer, I would sum up, thus: Learn all you can from European composers, past and present, make yourself familiar with their musical phraseology, their forms of composition, their treatment of the orchestra, their dramatic ideals and sources of inspiration; then fill your head and heart full of American subjects, American ideals, American aspirations and speak what is given you with simple eloquence, free from pedantry or servility. Make yourself familiar with the musical germs which have assumed distinctive character upon this soil; the psalmody of the Puritans; the reels, hornpipes and country dances of rural New England; the melodies of the negroes; the patriotic and other songs of the people; and even the music of the Indians, in which, as Mr. Fillmore and other scholarly musicians can tell you, there are interesting peculiarities. Use this

material freely; it is local in color and is full of sentiment to an intelligent American. Put brains into your treatment of it, and you can show the world that this material may occupy a place in high art.

There are many nooks in America as beautiful as the Trossachs in Scotland. Let but an American Scott arise and throw a halo of romance about them, they will appear transfigured. And so it is with our native music.

Among our more gifted American composers there are two classes who do not give any thought to the future of American music. One of these, prominently represented by Mr. Arthur Bird, frankly expatriates itself; while the other, among whom, I believe, is Mr. E. A. McDowell, does not believe in bringing questions of nationality into musical composition. These gentlemen will not lend themselves to any plans in this direction; and their attitude is perfectly consistent with the views of musical art which have hitherto prevailed, but with which I am venturing to disagree.

American compositions of certain grades already bear comparison with the best that is produced anywhere; and possibly these exhibit distinctive characteristics in some slight degree. It may be that before long we can say as much for our home-made symphonies and larger works. But for that purpose we must protect and foster our native art germs. Possibly Mr. McKinley could help us!

FREDERIC W. ROOT.



To Mr. Wilson G. Smith,  
Sacrum esse voluit Autor.

## SCHOPENHAUER IN RELATION TO MUSIC.

Thirty years have passed since the remains of Arthur Schopenhauer, the great thinker and profound disciple of Kant, were interred. Schopenhauer, the idealist *aus pessimismus*, is the most striking illustration of the apothegm, "What commences late, will survive."

During his life-time, he was generally misunderstood and ignored. To-day he has made triumphal entry in the halls of continental universities. His philosophy, according to his belief the inheritance of the few (*paucorum hominum*), has become to some extent fashionable literature. Without fear of contradiction it may be claimed that his monument in the Walhalla of science will withstand the storms of centuries.

Richard Wagner prefaces his festival-monologue "Beethoven" with Schopenhauer's "Doctrine of the nature of music," which has since become, with many, an "article of faith." The works to be consulted are:

- (1) The World as Will and Representation, I<sub>3</sub>, the Platonic idea; the object of art.
- (2) II<sub>3</sub>,<sup>39</sup>, Metaphysic of music.
- (3) Parerga and Paralipomena II, 222.

The contention between the adherents and opponents of Schopenhauer's views is still in progress in transatlantic circles, and it remains for us to state that the purpose of this article is not to criticize, but simply to present the views of Schopenhauer. To further the intelligent study of the subject of this article, it is absolutely necessary to introduce it with a general sketch of Schopenhauer's philosophy and its underlying principles.

Kant taught that the cognition of things rested solely upon their appearance, and not upon "the thing itself." Schopenhauer, on the contrary, asserts that we can grasp the "thing-in-itself," *i. e.*, the inner essence—according to the analogy of our own inner self. The kernel of our



nature reveals itself in our inner self as "will." The true and indestructible essence of "ego" is the will. Aside from this, the cognoscent subject has received in another manner the "ego," viz., as representation. With every act of will corresponds an act of the body. The volition and the bodily motion are not two different conditions objectively perceived, but one and the same thing presented in a two-fold manner; once directly, and then as a representation for the mind. The action of the body is only the objectification of the will evolved into representation. The objectification of the will, this two-fold cognition of our "ego," gives us the key to the cognition of all objects and of the world.

The world, aside from being our representation, *i. e.*, conditioned by a subject (our conception), is something in and of itself, and in this case not conditioned by a subject. According to its inner nature it is will, a blind working energy, from which results all representation, all object, appearance, visibility and objectivity. The will is the innermost, the kernel of the single and the whole, appearing in every blind working energy of nature, as also in the deliberate actions of men, which, notwithstanding their great variety indicate the degree of objectification, but not the nature of appearance.

This will, when considered as separated from its appearance, lies outside of time and space, and knows no multiplicity—hence is one—but not as an individual, not as a conception of one, but something that is foreign to the possibility of multiplicity, to the *principium individuationis*.

The multiplicity of objects in space and time, which are collectively the objectification, does not refer to the will, and it remains, notwithstanding this, indivisible, not appearing as a diminutive part in a stone and a larger one in man. The more and the less relates only to the objectification, the appearance of which is manifested in a lower degree in the plant and in a higher one in an animal.

The objectification of the will is a graduated one, from the faintest twilight to the brightest sunlight, from the strongest tone to the softest echo. These different grades of the objectification of the will, which represent the eternal forms of things, are not subjected to change—and are nothing

else than the Platonic Ideas. The general forces of nature, like gravitation, impenetrability, electricity, magnetism, are the lowest grade of objectification of the will. From this upward to animal nature the will exhibits itself, but without cognition, as a blind force, an unconscious striving and flight.

In animal nature the will creates the intellect through the nervous system and the brain, and here for the first time the world appears as object.

The will-manifestations are also induced by a new kind of causes, called motives. With animals these motives are of a sensual nature; with men only, another class of motives is found, viz., abstractly conceived representations. With animals cognition remains subject to the will; with men the cognition does not rise above the measure of the requirements of the will. The will is the master, the intellect the servant. Schopenhauer insists that men in judging of things and persons are more led by inclination than by logic. Only with higher and nobler spirits, with genius, a surplus of cognition over volition and its aims is found; the intellect is emancipated from the bondage of will, and enters upon a purely objective contemplation of things.

Single things and their relations are no longer the object of consideration, but instead general types (Platonic ideas), and in this kind of contemplation the contemplating subject passes into the realms of unconsciousness, and becomes a pure object of cognition. This is the bliss of æsthetic contemplation; this cognition is the fountain of art.

Art, grasped in pure contemplation, repeats the eternal ideas, the essential, the residual in all manifestations of the world; and, according to the nature of her working material, art is plastic or poetical or musical.

The mission of art is to communicate this cognition.

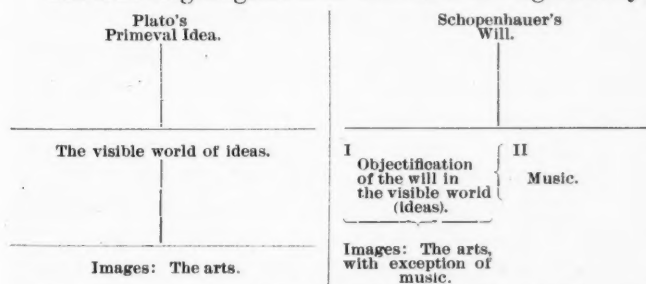
In sciences every place of destination reached, proves a mere guide-post to further destinations. While here a final and absolute end and perfect satisfaction can no more be realized than to reach by running the point where apparently the clouds touch the horizon, art is everywhere at its destination, because art snatches the object of contemplation out of the world-stream in order to consider it singly.

The cognition of the Idea is, however, possible only when the subject merges completely into the object. This capacity genius alone possesses, therefore genius is nothing else than an objective direction of the spirit (as opposed to the subjective, and a following of one's own will), the ability to disrobe one's self of one's own personality for the time being, in order to become a pure intelligent subject.

We now arrive at the consideration of the art of music in its relation to these art theories!

Music stands apart from all other arts. We do not recognize in it the imitation or repetition of an idea of the "*Wesen*" of the world; but that music is related to the world in some way, like a copy to the prototype, is evident from its analogy with the remaining arts, which have this character in common, and which affect us similarly, save that in music the effect is stronger and quicker. As said heretofore, the mission of all arts is to urge the cognition of the idea of the thing which they represent. They all represent the will only indirectly, viz., by means of ideas; and as our world is nothing else than the manifestation of ideas in space and time, music, as she surpasses the ideas, is independent of the visible world, and could in a certain measure exist if the world were not existing. Hence music takes a pre-eminent position above all other arts. She is direct objectification of the will, just like the world or the ideas, while other arts are only images of ideas.

The following diagram is to illustrate this figuratively:



In consequence of this high rank of music in the Kosmos, her effect is mightier than that of other arts, because while the latter treat only of the ideas contained in the visible

world, music is the expression of the idea itself—direct objectification. Between the ideas and the music (which are different objectifications of the will on the same level) there must exist a parallelism or analogy.

In the deepest tones of harmony, the fundamental bass, Schopenhauer views the lowest objectification of the will, the inorganic nature, the *materia* of the planets. The higher tones result from side-vibrations of the deep fundamental tone, and vibrate along whenever the fundamental tone is sounded. The case with nature is similar. All bodies of nature must be looked upon as a gradual development out of the "*materia*" of planets—their support and origin. Likewise the fundamental bass is support and fountain of the higher tones. In the depth beyond a certain limit, no tone is audible; again, no matter is perceptible until it expresses an idea, hence no matter can be without will. From a tone a certain degree of height is inseparable, as from matter a degree of expression of will.

Tones which lie between the bass and the voice forming the leading melody, and complete the harmony, are to be compared to the graduated sequences of ideas in which the will is objectified. Those near the bass are the lower steps of objectification, those lying higher represent plants and the animal world. The definite intervals of the scale, Schopenhauer compares to the different species of nature. The departure from arithmetical correctness of the intervals, caused by temperament or by a selected key, is analogous to the departure of the individuum from the type of species.

The impure dissonances that admit of no definite interval can be compared to monstrous abortions of two animal species, or of man and animal. The bass, analogous to crude matter, moves ponderously and in great strides, viz., in thirds, fourths and fifths; while the melody, a voice presenting entire completion, is the highest degree of the objectification of the will, viz., thoughtful life and noble effort of man.

As the nature of man consists in striving, in becoming quiescent and then striving anew, the nature of melody exhibits constant deviation from the fundamental tone, finally returning to the same.

The invention of the melody is the work of genius, whose activity is, in a certain measure, inspiration. The composer reveals the innermost essence of the world, and expresses the deepest wisdom in a language his reason fails to understand. Like a magnetic somnambulist, he gives disclosures about things of which he is not conscious when awake. Hence in a composer, more than in another artist, man and artist are distinctly separated.

As quick execution of a wish produces happiness, rapid melodies deviating but little from their key give rise to joyfulness. Slow melodies deviating through many measures from their key before retracing their winding passage back to the key, are analogous to sadness, to "labored" satisfaction.

The delay of a new will excitation could result only in the prolongation of the fundamental tone, whose effect would prove intolerable.

The inexhaustibleness of possible melodies corresponds with the inexhaustibleness of nature, its diversity of individuals, physiognomies and life currents. The transition of one key into another, he likens unto death. Death terminates the existence of individuals, and a new key suspends the connection with a previous one. The change of key is like the will, appearing in one individual and manifesting itself in another—without connection of consciousness between them.

Music never voices the appearance, but the essence itself—the will. Music does not express this or that precise pleasure, but pleasure and pain in general. This is a cause of excitation to our phantasy and its endeavor to give directly body and form to the world of spirits communicating with us.

This is the origin of "songs without words," and of opera. In opera the text is not the principal matter to be considered—nor music simply a means of expression. The text is to occupy a subordinate position. Music expresses the quintessence of life and its events, but never, however, events in themselves. Rossini and Haydn belong, therefore, to the best and finest composers, because they kept aloof from the mistakes above mentioned.

The world and music are two different expressions of one and the same thing. In the degree that the composer understands how to voice the "will excitation" in the language of music, the melody, the songs or the music of an opera are expressive. The analogy between the will and music must result from the immediate cognition of the essence, and can not be imitations due to conceptions, because music would not voice the will itself, but simply imitate its manifestations, like music used in a pictorial sense, as for example, "The Seasons" of Haydn and many places in Haydn's "Creation," which Schopenhauer rejects.

KARL JULIUS BELLING, PH.D.

DETROIT, MICH., April 15, 1892.

## JENNY LIND AND THE OLD SONGS.

(By permission of the John Church Co.)

The dialogue in the April number of MUSIC "*apropos* of Mme. Patti and the old songs," is bright and interesting, but I would like to make the following comments upon it, viz.:

The statement that Madame Patti is "on the make," as the slang phrase is, and that Jenny Lind had motives which did not include that state of mind, is calculated to give a wrong impression. I do not know what Jenny Lind's mission to Germany was, but she came to this country to make money, a large sum had to be deposited in a London bank before she would start, and it was a good while before the arrangement could be completed so that she did come—all of which was legitimate and honorable in her, and in no way inconsistent with her being one of the best women in the world, as I think she was.

I heard her many times, and there was no evidence in her selections or her manner of singing that she had any other object than concert singers usually have, viz.: To please her audiences and meet and satisfy their expectations. That she accomplished these results under the circumstances to the extent she did, was simply wonderful. I do not believe there was another woman in the world that could have done it.

To those who do not know the circumstances, that will seem a strange statement, but it is only necessary to say that P. T. Barnum was her employer and manager, to have it understood. That extraordinary manufacturer and manipulator of public opinion had so raised the expectation of the people in regard to her angelic qualities that many were bound to be disappointed if her voice sounded anything like that of a human being. It is certain that no generous impulse or act—no high aspiration or noble desire—of the lovely Swedish singer was permitted to go to waste. Every one was



heralded—was placed, so to speak, “where it would do the most good.” All such things were in line with the plans and wishes, and were not unlikely sometimes suggestions of her arch counselor, to the end that she might be beloved by the people and so put money in his pocket. That she was universally beloved is most true. She was and still is my admiration—to me altogether the greatest singer I have ever heard.

Jenny Lind sang all the old songs that Mme. Patti sings, and more; and several simple Swedish folk-songs besides. Her operatic selections and higher music, too, were all understandable to the great majority of her audiences, for she was noble enough to wish to please and benefit them by her singing, and intelligent enough to know that this could only be done by keeping near them musically.

It is noticeable that when “Philistine” accuses “Critic” of ridiculing Mme. Patti’s selections and her for singing them and the Philistines for enjoying them, he does not deny it, but says his intention has been wholly mistaken. He then proceeds to make clear his point of view, and presumably to justify his disapproval of Mme. Patti, by instituting a comparison between her and Jenny Lind. He speaks well and truly of the latter when he says: “It was her constant custom to delight popular audiences with simple music which they loved; yet neither he nor any other critic ever found fault with her for doing so.” And he goes on with true eloquence to describe her earnestness and sincerity—that she considered herself a divinely appointed interpreter, etc., and that she mastered the best art of her time, etc. All true, and she might have mastered the highest art of the present time had she lived with all her powers until now, which, as Critic very justly shows, would be a very different thing from mastering the highest art of her time. But what has that to do with the point under discussion? If Mme. Patti has decided not to subject her voice to the strain of singing Wagner’s music, or for any other reason has preferred to not undertake it, but to keep on with what she sings easiest and best, and what the great majority of her audience like best, how can that be a subject of fault-finding to a fair-minded man?



Critic speaks forcibly and truly about the enormous advance that a certain kind of music has made in thirty years, and of the great genius of Wagner and his triumphant success, but for the reasons given above, the inference that Mme. Patti is unworthy because she has chosen to take no part publicly in that advance, and the disparaging tone in which Critic speaks of her trading on her professional capital acquired when she was young, are—well, about as fair and generous as the critics of whom I complain generally are when speaking or writing on this subject.

It is encouraging, though, that the critics, as represented in the dialogue, say that it is all right for the people to have simple songs well sung, and that there will be no unfavorable comment when a Jenny Lind sings them. It is *very* encouraging that disapproval will only be shown when they, the critics, dislike the personal character of the singer.

I do not see how the incongruity between the words and music of some of Rossini's compositions is pertinent to this discussion. The question here is of the kind of music that the people may enjoy without unfavorable or contemptuous comment. Supposing the fact stated (of the incongruity) does give the critic an opportunity to instruct the people on that subject, how does it affect their right to enjoy the music without the words, as they practically do in that case, and in most music of that kind?

I really think that Critic here takes an unfair advantage of the simple-minded Philistine. I wonder the latter did not see it and ask if such as he might not be permitted to enjoy music, admitted to be beautiful and the work of a genius, if they do not understand the words or, in case of "Cujus Animam," if words of congruous spirit and sentiment were set to it, as perhaps, "Hail with Joy Our Festal Day!" or "Sing with Gladness, Spring is Here!" or something of that kind. I wonder too, if, when our Philistine comes to think over the matter as he promises to do, he will not be puzzled that he is not able to find the "conscienceless tinsel" that Critic speaks of, in the "Prayer from Moses in Egypt" and in much of the music of "William Tell," and even in much of "Semiramide." The ethical conditions of

Rossini's mind and of Mme. Patti's we cannot know about, but that he set about conscientiously to write beautiful melodies and succeeded, and that she sings selections from them delightfully, are patent to the world.

That some music is more sensuous than other is true, but music is wonderfully elastic in this respect (if that is the right word). The same music will appeal only to the senses or external mind in one, and go deeper in another. It is (without words to guide the thought and feeling) to a great extent, like the sun, a blind force. Its effect depends upon its reception. The sun shining into one set of receptacles produces one set of results—healthful grains, pleasant things, and into another a totally different set—poisonous plants, disagreeable things, etc. The same musical number will incline one man to the pleasures of his fireside and another to the Bacchanalian revel.

When our tractable Philistine thinks still further over the sweeping statement of his mentor in regard to the sensuousness of Rossini's compositions, I think he will be puzzled again to account for the fact that to many in his state no music goes so far into the heart and moves the emotional nature so deeply as does the "Prayer from Moses," already alluded to.

It is surprising that increase in knowledge and attainments in music seem to make some people grow more narrow and selfish, instead of more open-minded and generous. They begrudge every number in a Thomas programme, for instance, that less favored people can understand; and seem to consider themselves defrauded or unjustly treated to be obliged to sit through it. The thought that there are many present to whom that music is useful, and that they should "do as they would be done by," never seems to enter their mind, where music is concerned, generous as they are in all other matters. I have abundant evidence of this every day. Some young people very dear to me are in that category. Apparently they see the truth intellectually, but their feelings are too much for them. They can't seem to help half despising people who know so little of music as not to like what *they* like.

The reason for this, so far as it applies to a certain class of musicians and critics, is, I think, that they do not give proper consideration to the great anomaly that there are thousands of grown up men and women, cultivated and refined in other respects, who are still children in music; that is, their real musical likes (without taking words into account) are for what really belongs to childhood. Were all such people as highly cultivated in music as in other things, there would be no simple music (as that term is now understood) for adult concert audiences, unless for "auld acquaintance" sake, or for some special purpose an old song might be brought forth as, on occasion, a simple keepsake of childhood is shown among more valuable treasures. But we must take the world as it is, and as music is designed to be a universal blessing there ought to be some way by which the less favored musically can share its benefits without the annoyances to which they are often subjected.

I am quite aware that I am not on the winning side in this general discussion, for those who think as I do are not people who speak in magazines like *MUSIC*, and could not with any hope of success in the newspapers that employ the kind of critics to which I have referred; all for the reason that the majority of those who are advanced in the science and art of music "hold the fort," and cannot be made to look with favor upon concerts of simple music by fine musicians. They may deny this, and say with Critic that it is all right for the people to have simple music; but let the Chicago orchestra or the Apollo club give programmes of the really good simple music that the thousands could enjoy, or even make half programmes of such music, and how quickly would the cry arise of "lowering the standard," "degrading the art," etc.

On the subject of educating people musically by concerts, there is this to say: First, all education must be gradual, and the orderly way is to begin near the learner. No one would put Milton and Shakespeare into a child's hands as the best way of teaching him to appreciate those works. Second, those who go to concerts of music that is difficult to understand, do not need educating, or at least they know enough

already to enjoy it. The others who most need educating will not go to any extent. Third, the concert is not a place primarily for education, but for entertainment, and in consequence there are always present people of various grades of musical attainment, and while one grade is being educated some in the others are impatient or dissatisfied. Still even in this irregular way and under these disadvantages, some musical education goes on where people can be induced by one means or another to listen year after year to music which at first they do not understand or enjoy. Mr. Thomas' wonderful career has demonstrated this.

GEO. F. ROOT.

---

### SWEETEST VOICE I EVER HEARD

---

Wouldst new joy from music borrow?  
 From old airs familiar, fine—  
 "Voices of the Woods," "Love's Sorrow,"  
 "Sing to Me," "Nun bist du Mein"—  
     Hear my singer!  
     Angels bring her  
 Inspiration for each word—  
 Sweetest voice I ever heard.

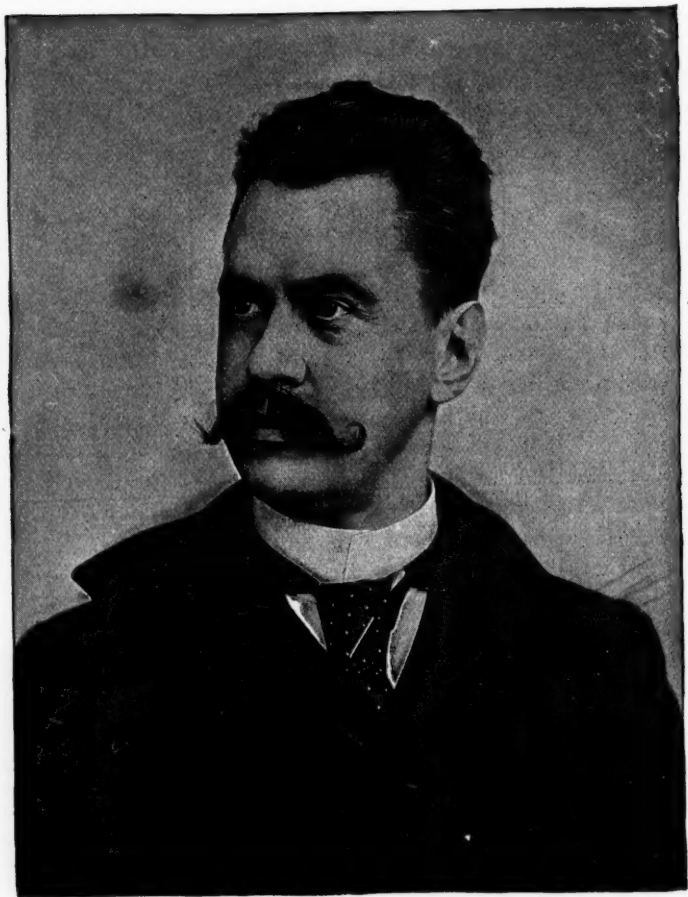
Sweetest voice! Its lightest cadence  
 Holds th' ecstatic senses bound,  
 Till each pulsing note doth fade hence  
     Into outer realms of sound;  
     Then I hear it  
     In my spirit,  
 Though she utters not a word—  
 Sweetest voice I ever heard.

O, my singer! souls terrestrial,  
 Borne on music wings, arise  
 To the height of bliss celestial  
     In the voice's paradise;  
     Upward flying,  
     Care defying,  
 Every fount of feeling stirred—  
 Sweetest voice I ever heard.

Though I heard a thousand voices  
 Utter forth the heart's acclaim,  
 Till the coldest soul rejoices  
     In the glow of music's flame,  
     Of all voices  
     Still my choice is—  
 Over seraph, human, bird—  
 Hers, the sweetest ever heard.

SAM. M. GAINES.





CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, PIANIST.

## WANTED—A REVISED EDITION OF SCHU- MANN'S PIANO WORKS.

The very words "revised edition," applied to a critically reviewed re-publication of the musical classics, has once (and it was within the writer's lifetime) given rise to a long and widespread controversy, to a dispute in which at the time all musical Germany took sides. At first, a multitude of minor considerations divided the participants into small factions; some were willing to accept one part of the "revision"; some others denounced just this one part as musical blasphemy, while they were ready to accept another part; others again championed the revision as a whole; and still others cried it entirely down with upturned eyes and folded hands. By and by the divisions grew less in number, but larger, and the different "schools" asserted themselves, which meant that the demigods (of which each conservatory had to possess at least one, to be at all respectable, no matter whether he had progressed with the times or whether he still preached the stiff wrist to the piano pupils, like old Papa Moscheles, bless his dear old soul!) had spoken, and their pious disciples faithfully brayed their Ee-ah! especially those who did not understand the question—the writer knows whereof he speaketh, having done considerable of the braying himself at that time (but then, he was at an age which Jean Paul aptly denotes as "*Flegeljahre*"). Leipsic swore by the Moscheles revision, Stuttgart by the Lebert & Stark edition, and so forth.

Finally, however, these petty arguments became threadbare, and then the parties, dropping their little particular grievances, joined hands here and there, until the field was divided into two camps, the orthodox and the progressive. The former worshiped the letter, even when it was a misprint (as in Mozart's string quartette in A\*); the latter championed the spirit!

\* Which Ferd. David boldly corrected.

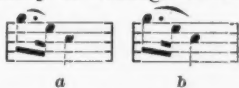
The dispute has found its settlement in the course of time, the revisions are all in daily use; the fittest among them (Buelow) bids fair to survive the others. The original versions (like Litolf's and Peters') exist nevertheless, as is right and proper; for the conscientious student of a Beethoven sonata will always read both versions, and then accept generally the Bulow revision, and thus the progressive party be, as usual, right. *But the two camps still exist!* Genius supplies them with a sufficiency of objects to fight about, and thus prevents their swords from rusting. The question of Liszt (the composer) followed soon, then came the Bach-Spitta and Bach-Chrysander dispute, then the great Wagner fight, in which many good and brave men wrote themselves down as asses (on both sides, too). And at present it may be Brahms or something else that occupies them. Orthodoxy is a wholesome element in musical life; it will prevent young musicians from running helter-skelter into extremes; it will teach them to walk before they can run, and all that—but when they have learned to walk it is inclined to prescribe the beaten track as a daily promenade (and to zealously insist upon it), and then it is high time for the musician to bid a grateful farewell to orthodoxy (in music always) and strike out for a path of his own, if he can; if he cannot, why he will stay, become a musical goody-goody, and turn with zealous fervor against his progressive brethren, of course.

Progressiveness, on the other hand, and a free conception of the works of the past, have sufficiently asserted their rights to make further comment unnecessary. The Bible had to be revised more than once, Shakespeare had to be purged, the "Nibelungen Lied" is to-day only known in the Jordan edition, Chaucer had to be translated into modern English, Dante's "Divina Commedia" can hardly be found without foot notes and commentaries, old paintings had to be transferred to new canvas, Bach's and Händel's oratorios cannot be performed at all without reconstructing their scores, the need of new librettos for most of Mozart's operas becomes daily more apparent, Chopin's concertos are played with Tausig or Klindworth's orchestration, and it is only a question of time when Wagner's re-orchestration of Beethoven's symphony (as



played in Bayreuth in 1876) will be accepted—because all these “revisions” tend to free the thought of the original creator from the fetters and limitations imposed by the imperfections of his materials, and to let its beauty and force beam out upon the world free and unrestricted. None but a devoted lover of a master’s works can ever undertake a revision, for none but a devoted lover will be sensitive enough to feel its need, while a strict adherence to the letter does not even prove a thorough acquaintance with the spirit and meaning of a work.

So much for the known arguments. To find a new and very powerful one, it will be well to look the composer up while at work in his studio; not any particular one, but as a representative of a class of men. He is possessed of a great sentiment or emotion (our philosophers do not yet agree on the vocabulary) which gradually takes shape as a musical thought; the process of affixing this to the paper is a slow, tedious, and often vexing one, and, if he wants to grasp and hold his fleeting visitor from an unknown world, he cannot stop at expression marks (except in the most urgent cases), or phrasing slurs, or fingering, etc. These things are attended to afterward, in a calmer mood, but because of the calmer mood they are frequently different from what they might have been if noted down under the heat of creative passion, and this difference is sometimes strongly noticeable. In a great many instances, however, the manuscript had to be sold for reasons not over difficult to guess, and the editorial part of the work remained altogether undone, or was very imperfect. Moreover, it is extremely difficult for an author to find ambiguities in his own work, to see where he might be misunderstood, and where not. In addition to all this it must not be overlooked that, for instance, Beethoven’s phrasing marks are all influenced by the manner customary in writing for the violin, as at *a* instead of as at *b* as a



Among modern composers, the writer had frequent occasion to observe that they regarded the editorial part of their work as a necessary evil, or as a very tiresome and tedious

necessity, and that sometimes they left that part to a trustworthy friend, which would not be an unwise thing for all composers who have too much to say to stop for "that sort of thing." (This statement greatly relieves the writer's feelings of remorse at his own sins on that score.)

Thus it might as well be taken as an axiom that all piano composers were poor "editors" of their own works, and this for the general reason that an "editor" is, in a certain sense, a pedagogue, and an objective thinker, and because objectiveness and creative power very seldom dwell in the same mind. Composers who wrote for the violin, or who played the violin, have generally edited their compositions far more carefully, because the bowing marks in a violin piece are too important a matter to be overlooked, inasmuch as the bowing frequently decides the character of a phrase; hence Haydn's piano works show more careful editorial attention than Beethoven's. But what shall be said of Schumann in this respect? If negligence in minor details is a privilege of genius, he, of all composers, certainly made the most extensive use of it. At the beginning of a piece he puts down "Ped," and remains "Yours truly," to the end of the chapter; a phrase recurring several times changes its aspect every time, until he finds the exact form of graphic demonstration, but as to going back and changing the first versions accordingly—oh no! the player has to find it out for himself; a suspension carried on during two bars he suddenly abandons without any rhyme or reason, but resolves it later on just the same\*—of course, the pianist is supposed to understand! Well, the pianist does understand, but not his pupil, nor all those who are not quite pianists, in the European acceptance of that term. In short, the student is half the time at sea when studying a piece by Schumann, and no question asked by a pupil can be more perplexing to the teacher than when it concerns Schumann. Goodness! there is already so much to be explained, Romanticism, Kreisler, Davidsbündler, Chriarina, Nov. 4, 1847, Abegg, Asch and no end of imaginative poesy—and then comes the dear pupil and asks in a wondering tone: "Is that pedal to be held

\* See "Arabeske," bars 9-11.

down *all* the time?" or plays the principal part of the "Arabeske" through without a stop, just because there is no "rall" and "a tempo" annotated—oh, the joy! Speaking of the "Arabeske," it may be pointed out that there *is* a *ri-tar-dan-do* to be found in the first part, even two of them in succession, but they extend over the entire second section of the first part, which cannot in all common sense have been Schumann's real intention; neither is there any indication as to the culmination point of this extended ritardando, nor of the return to the original tempo. And the metronome figures! 152 quarter beats per minute for the first part, and 144 for the second minor, when 104–108 and 92–96 respectively are the figures after which, according to Wieck, Schumann meant it, and which the author of these lines found corroborated in Mrs. Clara Schumann's playing of this piece.

The first "Novellette" in F opens with three chords, each one-quarter beat long, and *each* marked staccato. Innumerable are the pianists to whose rendition of this piece the writer has listened, and not one of them ever played those three chords according to their first notation, but all seem to have accepted the notation as it appears in the seventeenth measure, which puts the third chord in half-notes. Why? First, because the latter notation indicates more clearly the martial and firm character of the subject and motive. Second, because a musicianly player instinctively searches for the physiognomical traits of a motive, and accepts the strongest as a model. Third, because there is no discoverable reason for the different appearance of the same motive in the same paragraph, especially not at the end of it, where a reiteration of the subject in its original form was undoubtedly meant by Schumann, who uses this formation of a section so often. Fourth, because it can be, in all fairness, supposed that the last version occurred to Schumann as a better graphic demonstration of his thought, an improvement (not of his thought, but of its notation), which he failed to apply to the previous versions, for one, or some of the reasons previously mentioned.

Furthermore, the subject opens forte, rises in a crescendo, and concludes nevertheless (and without any interceding

diminuendo) forte; the pianist has to make an ascent to arrive on the same dynamic level from which he started, without any means of descent. How? That is his own lookout! All pianists of repute whom the writer has heard in this beautiful and formally clear work, extricated themselves from this impossibility by starting piano, much more in keeping with the gradual rise of the subject, indicated by its low beginning, than an "adherence to the letter" *f* would be.

With such evidences of editorial carelessness, Schumann's works are fairly teeming; but enough of illustrations. Schumann has acknowledged the necessity of a revision of some of his works by himself revising his Sonata in F minor, and Papillons, and if an early death, preceded by long and intense suffering, had not prevented him, he might have revised more than those two of his works.

In conclusion, the possible reproach of musical irreverence may be again touched upon. What is irreverence? A feeling that has nothing in common with that pure love that one mortal can feel for the works of another. Can we disdain what we love, in art? And what other feeling can prompt an artist to revise a master's life work? Where is the Solomon to judge in this case? Aye, the purest love would rather see the child *live* under another name, than killed under its own; and how many children of Schumann's imaginative genius are killed, butchered, daily and hourly, because no foster parent claims authority to care for them. What is it that the revisor has to add to the departed master's works? Something which the *works* need, to be beautiful? No! but something that the *world* needs in order to perceive and fully recognize their beauty; a commentary becoming more needful day by day, a means of preserving their mystic exquisiteness and romantic loveliness, lest the time may come all too soon when the world will have lost all understanding for them; for, to speak with Ehler, "every age has its ideals, and all ideals have their time." We live in a brighter, bolder light than did he; we possess no cosy corners, no "twilight spreading its wings." The locomotive rushes over the Roman Campagna; soon it will pursue its way over the homes of our cities. Where, amid

all this noise shall we find repose and *taste* for "still life," for the poetry of the home as Schumann so deliciously depicts it, for the Manfred moods, for the dreams in mysterious forest paths, for the coy love, and for the chivalric masculinity in his creations? Where? unless some earnest man steps bravely forward and records how the many ambiguities in Schumann's works have been interpreted by the best minds of this age, aided by a tradition which—as yet—is a direct one with many.

The revisions of Schumann's piano works so far published, confine themselves principally to fingering, or a few more or less vague punctuation signs, but this is not what the writer alludes to in these lines. It must be a revision from a careful, loving hand, guided by a reverent spirit, which wisely but fearlessly deals with dynamic and phrasing marks, with touch and pedal signs, with the differences in the versions of similar phrases—in short with all that is necessary to rescue Schumann's specific poetry from the horrible fate of soon becoming the defenseless prey of every musical outlaw (shades of Beethoven and Mozart!); and if orthodoxy should raise its ever protesting voice, it could be silenced by the simple remark that in this case a question of poetry is involved, and what knows the roundhead of poetry beyond the dead "letter"?

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG.

PHILADELPHIA.

## MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The fact that music is now recognized as an important branch of elementary education by the majority of leading educators, must be a source of gratification to all lovers of the beautiful in artistic culture. Not many years ago the cry was frequently raised that music was occupying too much of the time of our children, to the exclusion of what were termed the "practical studies," which were considered all that were necessary to equip the child for the battle of life. Now, however, a better state of affairs prevails. It is now generally admitted that the school curriculum which fails to provide for the development of the musical faculties which an all-wise Providence has supplied to the majority of His children, is not to be tolerated in this age of culture and progress. The fact that music is now studied in the majority of public schools is not, however, a guarantee that the best available means are being employed for the advancement of true musical culture. In many instances, it is to be feared, the manner in which the subject is taught can be productive of little that is good, and much that is to be avoided, from a musical point of view. The point of most importance to the musician should be to have music well taught, not simply introduced. There are so many rival systems (!) of teaching music advocated nowadays, each claiming to be superior to all others, that school trustees are frequently led to believe that they have only to introduce a particular set of text books, and every individual teacher will be enabled to teach music and secure results which will be the admiration of all beholders. This brings us to the question:

*Who should Teach Music in the Public Schools?*—Should the work be done by the regular teachers, or only by specialists? My experience of the matter is, that the most satisfactory results are only obtained when both are interested in the subject and coöperate in the endeavor to advance the cause

of music. When we take into consideration the amount of technical skill required to direct the singer in the use of that most delicate of all musical instruments, the human voice, and to analyze and define the subtle psychological processes involved in the mere act of reading music, can we reasonably expect the ordinary teacher to be capable of performing the task? At what period in the preliminary training of teachers is there an opportunity afforded of acquiring the knowledge and skill necessary for the work? Then again, if we have to depend entirely upon specialists for the teaching of music, how is the expense to be met? The only practical method of overcoming the difficulty is to provide supervisors who understand how to teach the subject and make it interesting for the pupils and teachers alike. When a properly graded course is mapped out and the teachers instructed how to teach it, the supervisor's work has but begun. His duty should be to visit each class separately, giving words of encouragement where necessary, praise where due, and at all times to act as the helper and guide of the teachers with whom he is privileged to cooperate. Frequently on visiting a class my ears have been tortured with the discordant noises which an untrained teacher had allowed her pupils to produce under the impression that she had actually been teaching music. On such occasions, what is to be done? No words of advice, unaccompanied by a practical demonstration of how to develop the sweetest possible quality of tone, can be productive of any satisfactory degree of improvement.

*What to Teach.*—First in the order of subjects must be placed Voice Culture. As an essential element of voice production correct breathing should be insisted upon. I have found some of the Delsarte chest and arm exercises of great benefit when used in connection with breathing gymnastics. They serve to promote correct habits of breathing without any unnecessary directions as to what muscles are to be employed. The principal difficulty which I have experienced with school teachers is not what to teach, but *what to avoid*. Unnecessary talk about the registers of the voice can only lead to confusion. The point to be avoided is the straining of the voice by the forcing of the registers upward beyond



their natural limits. Singing the scale ascending and descending is one of the most fruitful causes of forcing. Then, the most popular key with untrained teachers is the key of C, in which the octave from the key note is just above the break between the lower and upper thin registers. The exercise which I have found most helpful in correcting the forcing habit is one in which the ascending phrase moves by *leap* and the descending phrase by *step*.



In this exercise the upper E is well within the compass of the upper thin register, and cannot be reached by forcing the lower register. If sung softly the second phrase will begin on the upper register and in the descending passage this will be carried to the fourth of the scale. After singing the exercise several times in the key of E, using various vowels, the pitch should be lowered by a semitone at a time until the key of C is reached. By this method the habit of using the upper register is formed, not on the tones above C, but downward to the natural blending with the lower register. Not only should breathing and vocal gymnastics commence every class music lesson, but every tone sung throughout the lesson should be of the same quality as those produced at the outset. The production of impure quality of tone should be nipped in the bud, and the formation of a pure flexible quality should become a habit. Were this properly attended to in the primary classes, the voices would grow and develop with the physical development of the pupils, and so-called voice building exercises would be found unnecessary.

*Reading Music.*—In teaching the art of reading music there are many points to be considered. The art of reading music *vocally* is altogether different from reading *instrumentally*. In the latter the mere act of reading consists of *locating* the tones on the keyboard in accordance with their *location* on the staff; in the former the act consists in first having a definite *concept* of the tones, and then producing them. It would be possible to teach a person altogether devoid of musical ability to *play* a series of tones mechanically, but



such could never be taught to *sing* them in tune. Here we have the essential distinction between playing and singing. But, unfortunately, many teachers attempt to teach both by the same processes. The first thing to be done in assisting the child to gain a correct mental concept of a tone is to study the mental effect of that tone in its relation to a given tonic. Each tone should be studied separately and compared with the other tones of the scale until the pupil can recall it and produce it without effort. This is accomplished by two separate processes, viz., the *thought* process and the *work* process. In the first the teacher should sing a phrase of several tones while the pupil listens and concentrates his attention on the tone which is being studied until its location in the group is discovered. This is termed ear training, and should be continued until the pupil can name any single tone or group of tones which may be sung or played. In the second process the pupil is drilled in singing any desired tones which the teacher may point on a blank staff or other device adapted to the desired purpose. In the tonic-sol-fa system the tones are arranged vertically on a ladder or modulator. This should be continued until the pupil can sing any desired interval at sight. Practice in reading from printed notes should be given concurrently with the ear training and note drill. The same methods should be applied to the teaching of rhythm, the simple forms of two and three-pulse measure being studied by comparison. Then the various divisions of the pulse should be studied until the pupil has a definite mental concept of each in comparison with the others.

To explain the various methods of carrying out the above suggestions would occupy much more space than is available in an ordinary magazine article, but space may perhaps be found in a future number.

TORONTO

ALEX. T. CRINGAN.

## THE STUDY OF MUSIC, A FACTOR IN INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

We often hear it said that as many languages as a man has learned, so many times a man is he. Yet the man has by no means trebled his potentiality by the fact that through the operation of fortuitous circumstances he is able to speak to his family in French, to his servant in German, and to his neighbors in English; for this he may do and know merely nothing about any of the languages through whose media he bandies words. There is an off-setting truth which we quite as frequently hear. It is this: The limit of a man's education is the thoroughness thereof, not the comprehensiveness. The one truth is an expository comment on the other.

We call a man a linguist when he has investigated the sources of the languages he professes to know; has acquainted himself with the idioms thereof; comprehends the principles which control their syntactical relations, and can employ the several languages as independent vehicles of his best thought. Then he multiplies his power by the number of languages he knows.

Music is an independent, intricate, competent and universal language. It has its grammar, laws of phrasing, forming clauses and rounding periods; it has its rules of position, agreement, government and progression; its principles controlling climaxes, repetitions and other rhetorical figures; nor is it wanting in idiom, as we shall realize when we compare oriental and western systems, ancient and modern, or note the peculiarities of the different western schools. It has also its mannerisms or provincialisms, so that a tyro may readily know whether he is listening to a Scotch, an Irish, an Italian or a German melody. As an organized and veritable language it manifests its strength in its ability to express thought, portray feeling and arouse

emotion. In all these it is the superior of verbal utterance. The eagle of intellectuality, it soars into those regions of exalted thought which verbal formula cannot penetrate, and where logic would droop on weary wing, it beats the pulseless ether of abstract thought, with confident, buoyant pinion.

Added to this potent comprehensiveness as a language, in its physical features music involves mathematical relations and complexities; the acoustic principles of resonance, vibrations and concords; the subtler influences of overtones and interferences.

In the mechanical appliances by means of which its multifarious relations are represented to the eye; and in the construction of, and giving temperament to the instruments through which its harmonies are presented to the ear, some of the most intricate problems of the higher mathematics find their solution.

Further, in the physics of music, discrepancies between harmony, the latest and richest development of the science, and melody, the original science of song, exist. These discrepancies are irreconcilable with the theory of absolute pitch, as generally accepted by scientific musicians in former times.

Helmholtz, in his researches into this department of the science, has discovered that the harmonies in western music are not perfect, and implores the musicians to change this condition of things. The perfect modulations in the melodies of the far east, contrasted with the imperfections in our system, suggest that a system of absolutely perfect progressions might be arranged, and various schemes have been proposed for its accomplishment. But the infinitesimal gradations in scales and instruments thus effected would necessitate a new or highly improved power of discrimination in a race like ours, the majority of which cannot grasp intelligently, nor recognize when produced, a smaller interval than a semi-tone, nor can detect with surety nor put into practice with accuracy the variations of sound in the phonic system of its own language.

But the collateral fact, or probably we would better say, the fundamental fact exists: That the science of music in

the ancient nations and in the oriental nations of to-day, is merely the science of melodies; while the western theories involve the richer and much more complicated system of harmonics, and the concession we have to make to this more comprehensive system is a compromise, resulting in a scientific imperfection allied to that apparent imperfection in the movements of the heavenly bodies which causes the precession of the equinoxes. This principle of the shifting key note, which unsettles the theory of absolute pitch, is as yet undreamed of by the many, apprehended by few only, thoroughly comprehended, perhaps, by none.

Thus physical problems open before the student of the science of music, and the physicists and scientific musicians are giving their profoundest thought to the effort to solve them, as did Pythagoras, Euclid and other physicists centuries before Christ.

This will serve to give a hint of the intellectual work which awaits one who may desire to make himself a student of the physical features of music alone. But music has its intellectual basis. As stated above, it is a thoroughly organized language, and the province of language is to give expression to thought. In its intellectual phases it involves the exercise of the imagination in author, interpreter and listener. Some one has said: "One cannot sing and think; he can only sing and feel." I say that one can neither truly sing nor listen without thinking and feeling. To make intelligent observations in the realm of song requires perceptive faculties as acute, and logical acumen as profound, as those of a successful investigator of the principles of natural or metaphysical law. To comprehend the symphonies of Beethoven or the fugues of Bach demands, if not a higher, still an equal degree of mentality with that required to grasp the underlying principles of the profoundest philosophies, and when music, as in the present day, reaches out and lays hold upon lines of thought and effort heretofore thought peculiar to other sciences, this mental power is more severely taxed.

Thus far we have been considering music as music purely, unassociated with words. The union of words and music

furnishes a still wider field for intellectual exercise, and one embracing mental operations not included in the above discussion.

In this field of more varied effort one of two factors is given, the other to be produced, which shall harmonize with the existing conditions of the first. Either the melody exists, telling its thought story to the mind of the one who can read, and he, that others may know in part what this soul oracle says to him, puts into verbal form the thought of the song; or the poetry exists in its unwedded state, speaking with half-voice only to the world; the one able to read between the lines and grasp the finer thought and feeling, weds a melody therewith, and the two go forth upon their thought-bearing mission. The intellectual effort necessary to accomplish this duplex existence and still preserve the unity of the sentiment, develops the judgment and cultivates the power of discrimination.

The union of words and melody should be such that each shall intensify the effect of the other. In this respect German ideality stands in strong contrast with French frivolity and Italian sensationalism.

The study of music is equal to the study of literature and language as a means of intellectual growth, superior to the study of mathematics, and in no way inferior to the study of the natural sciences. It is more available and adaptable than the study of psychology, because, while calling forth the intellectual powers it engages the emotions and assures that condition necessary to the best development of thought, viz., genuine enjoyment of the means employed.

That we may more thoroughly comprehend the intellectual scope of this noble science, it were well to recall to mind that music in its highest functions deals purely with psychological and ethical conditions.

It takes the problems of being as they exist, and without essaying the solution, represent their effect upon life. The analytical title given by Spohr to one of his symphonies—

“The Earthly and the Divine in the Life of Man.”

Part I. “The World of Childhood:”

Part II. “The Age of the Passions.”

Part III. "The Final Triumph of the Divine Principle,"—suggests the intellectual and psychological sweep of a purely musical composition that essays to portray life.

In a similar manner the critics suggest lines of thought which discover to us beauties of design in some of the better poems of our literature, and that make them ever after live and throb in our minds as creations which exist for some higher purpose than to please the fancy. For example, Browning's exquisite little drama, "Pippa Passes." To the many who read this it will simply be a pleasing story told with some obscurity, and also, it must be granted, with some felicity of expression. But to the few who can read between the lines, the sublime truths which we apprehend as the motives of the drama will be suggested. With God there is no respect of persons. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has ordained strength; He has chosen the weak things of this world to bring to naught those apparently more powerful, and the words which close the drama give the poetic paraphrase of these divine truths:

"All service ranks the same with God;  
With God, whose puppets best and worst  
Are we, there is no last and first."

The generally accepted idea with regard to music is that it is adapted to the gratification of the emotional nature only, and that, as some one has said: "When music rises from sensation to idea, none but persons of genius can listen." If this conception be true, the position taken in this paper is chimerical, which we are not prepared to concede. Certain melodies by their adaptive intellectuality gain a hold upon cultured and uncultured alike; that is, they have something worth the hearing to say to the heart and mind of humanity. Others, possibly of greater melodic beauty, please the outer ear only, like a succession of dulcet tones from a silver bell, but awake no thought, and hence fail of genuine or permanent popularity.

No one would claim that this intellectual element in music would result in any defined argument or line of special thought. It interprets abstract, unrelated thought to the recipient mind, and each mind gives the thought concrete

form in accord with its own nature. This process of assimilation and transformation in the mental realm is entirely analogous to the mysterious processes of nature by which the same nourishing element is converted here into the rippling life of the wheat field, there into the stately grace of the field of maize, and is subject to certain well defined limitations, such as these. Simple, chaste melodies will arouse emotion and awaken thought of like character; voluptuousness of song will result in voluptuousness in feeling, in degrees to which the individual soul is subject to such influences.

This abstract quality makes the study of music the more useful as a factor in developing the intellectuality of the student. Any agent that withdraws the mind from the concrete to contemplation in the boundless realm of the unrelated, gives enlargement that can be gained by no other means.

The fact that the thoughts and emotions awakened by music cannot be completely imparted to another, is one of its chief merits. It allies the soul to the divine to have emotions too lofty for expression, and the mind to have thoughts too large for utterance.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?"

That accomplishment, mental or physical, however grand, that gives us satisfaction is in the worst sense a failure, for it leaves us at rest in nature, when it should give us still unsatisfied longings for something beyond.

In every science which unites with itself an art, there are two distinct lines of training: the one resulting in the power *to judge*, the other in the power *to do*.

While not all may become artists, or, in any very exalted sense, connoisseurs in music, more than in other of the sciences in which intellectual appreciation and physical skill are necessary, yet all may get what music has for the *outer court*, culture, ingenuity, breadth of thought, discriminating power, logical strength. In order that these scholarly attainments may be made, and that the people shall themselves reap the intellectual benefit which the study of music has to give, it must be recognized as something more than a pastime, something of greater possibilities in



mind culture than the practice of gymnastics; and further, music must be recognized by our educators as one of the legitimate sciences, the foundations of which should be well laid during the early years of the student's life, as is the case with the other sciences.

Let the thoughts suggested in this paper be apprehended and acted upon, and we shall no longer find the study of music viewed with contempt, indifference or mere tolerance. We shall find the people elevated into genuine musical appreciation; as this appreciation advances popular music will assume a higher tone and those conditions which are in a people the exponents of true culture will be strengthened.

In the above discussion I have endeavored, as far as possible, to avoid all the purely moral and spiritual phases of the subject. The field presented by these considerations would have been too wide for exploration within our necessary limits.

Before determining the value of any branch of study as a factor in mental development, it is necessary to gain some definite idea as to the trend of its influence. This I have tried to do in this paper, and as a guide in conducting this scrutiny the following questions have been ever present in my mind.

1. Does the study of music strengthen the memory?
2. Does it bring the reason into lively play?
3. Does it favor habits of exact thought?
4. Does it inspire the imagination?
5. Does it enhance the perceptive faculty?
6. Does it facilitate physical expression?
7. Does it arouse the emotional nature?
8. Does it cultivate the æsthetic principle?
9. Does it give breadth of mental comprehension?

I would convert these questions into postulates, and assume that music stands in the front rank of the sciences, as a factor in intellectual growth, if it does not lead them all, in its ability to develop the many-sided nature of the man intellectual.

R. P. RIDER.

WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE,  
LIBERTY, Mo.

## A FEW AMERICAN VIOLINISTS.

The most musical of all musical instruments, the violin, is, at the same time, the most difficult one to learn to play well. "That you practice twenty-five hours for twenty-six years, you learn," says that queen of violinists, Camilla Urso.

The American young man and the American young woman have been practicing for 400 years, shall we say? and behold at last the result—above the musical horizon, a bright galaxy of stars upon whom the title of "violinists" has been conferred without fear or favor.

Of the young women American born, who have a reputation, Maud Powell stands first. She is indeed musical to her finger tips, possessing not only a wonderful amount of musical understanding, but also what the Germans call "temperament." Miss Powell, however, is so well known to the readers of *Music* that an account of her career would only prove a repetition of what has been said before.



MAUD POWELL.

Two young American women who might have achieved fame—who did, in fact, achieve fame—as violinists, are Madge Wickham and Nettie Carpenter; but they have, wisely or unwisely, shall we say? chosen matrimony and abandoned a public career. They occasionally play at private musicals or in public, at charitable entertainments.

Madge Wickham and Maud Powell were classmates at the Royal High School, Berlin, and a photograph which the two had taken together to give to their teacher, Joachim, on his birthday, June 28, 1884, shows two very youthful and demure young damsels dreaming then possibly of their future triumphs. Soon after finishing her studies in Berlin, Madge Wickham made a concert tour of Germany, France, Spain and Russia. In Berlin, she played at the palace of the Emperor Wilhelm I, and also before the then crown prince and princess. In London, she played at Clarence House, before the duke and duchess of Edinburgh. In the duke she found a particularly interested listener, as his royal highness is something of a fiddler.

After conquering royalty she returned to America, where she made her debut about five years ago with the Gericke orchestra. She is now Mrs. Watson and resides in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Nettie Carpenter Stern lives in London. She last played in this country in 1888, when her artistic phrasing and delicate distinctness of touch won her friends and fame.

The purpose of this article, however, is rather to give a little account of the young women and men who are gaining their laurels as violinists.

The two young women, Geraldine Morgan and Leonora von Stesch, have just made their debut, and doubtless they will soon prove their right to the title of violinists.

All Americans at present in Berlin are proud of their young countrywoman, Miss Carrie Duke, of Louisville, Ky. She made quite a sensation by her phenomenal playing three years ago, at which time she went to Berlin to study under Joachim. She recently played Bruch's second concerto with the composer himself, and when she had finished, old Bruch, wild with enthusiasm, jumped up from the piano, embraced her, and said she was an artist, a real artist, a *great* artist. Miss Duke is a frail little body, whose whole soul is wrapped up in music.

Another fair young violiniste is Dora Valeska Becker, with a modest, unassuming manner, a grave face and large, earnest eyes. She comes of a musical family, and it was not surprising that she should evince as a child a predilection

for music, but it was nothing short of a wonder to see her make her first public appearance when she was only nine years old, when she played a melody, a fantasie of De Beriot's, with much expression and even with precision of execution.

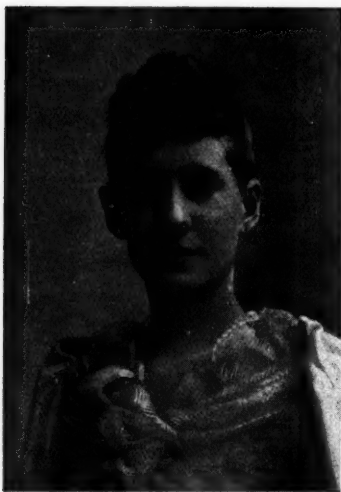
The south claims her, for she was born in Galveston, Tex., just twenty years ago. She studied in New York and appeared at several public concerts. Then she went to Berlin, where she studied with the great Joseph Joachim; in 1890 she made her debut in that city at a Philharmonic concert. The *Reichshote*, a Berlin paper, said of this occasion: "The Philharmonic orchestra counts among its members so many distinguished artists and soloists, and the popular symphony concerts are in substance and execution of such acknowledged artistic significance, that there seems to be no occasion for other support. But according to the principle that variety is delightful, a pupil of Professor Joachim made her first public appearance at the Philharmonic concert last night. The 'violin-virtuosin,' Miss Dora Valeska Becker, played before a large audience the difficult 'Scotch Fantasia' in E flat, by Max Bruch; it was her first number, and behold, she did full justice to her work; the young artist exhibited musical conception as well as artistic zeal. A brilliant future is sure to rise before her."

Miss Becker has played frequently in concerts in New York upon several occasions with Thomas' orchestra, as well as at private musicals. Her repertoire comprises the whole of the violin literature—Ernst's *Elegie*, the Mendelssohn Concerto, Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dances, Vieuxtemps' *Fantasie-Caprice* and the Beethoven Concerto, etc.

Lucille du Pré is a young southern girl, now residing in New York, who has met with great success as a violinist. She possesses all the innate requisites for a musician, and has a bright future before her. Miss Du Pré is a prize pupil of the Cincinnati College of Music, where she studied under Henry Schrädieck, and was awarded the Springer gold medal. Soon after her graduation she was selected to play the G minor concerto of Max Bruch, at the musical convention, Columbus, Ohio, where she created quite a furore by

her masterly rendition of this composition. Her tone is broad and full, while her intonation is always as correct as her style is chaste.

A clever young violinist is Laura B. Phelps, daughter of the well known American composer Mr. E. C. Phelps, of Brooklyn. She was a pupil of Jacobsohn, and afterward studied in Eu-



MISS LAURA B. PHELPS.

rope with the Belgian violinist, Ovide Musin and with Dr. De Mainville. She plays frequently with the Van Der Stucken orchestra. A slender slip of a girl, she makes a pretty picture upon the stage, with her white dress, her two braids of light hair hanging down her back and her eyes all aglow. Her repertoire includes modern and classical masterpieces. The poetic quality of her style ought to place her in the first rank of violinists.

In Boston, the most successful violin soloist, among women, is Miss Marietta R. Sherman, who conducts an orchestra of fifty young women, many of whom are prominent in Boston society. With rare executive ability, and large orchestral experience, she has made this club one of the most artistic and attractive musical organizations now before the public. "The finest ladies' orchestra in the world" is the popular verdict regarding this organization. An orchestral club composed entirely of women is certainly something very new and unique. It is especially remarkable for two things: First, the players are for the most part American, and secondly, it possesses a large number of fine performers on wind instruments. Women who play, much less play well, on wind instruments, are very rare. Miss Sherman is the possessor of great musical ability, as well as a magnetic personal presence.

With all these fair wielders of the bow, the young men must look to their laurels, or, as one said, not long ago, "We shall have to hang up our fiddles and our bows and give place entirely to the ladies." Among the young men, American born, who have attained distinction and honor in the profession are Leopold Lichtenberg, Michael Banner, Max Bendix, John Rhodes, Willis Newell and William F. T. Mollenhauer; the latter is a composer as well as a musician.

When little more than ten years old, Master Michael Banner was named the "The rising Paganini." He was born in Sacramento, Cal., in 1868. When he was five years old, his father commenced giving him lessons on a quarter-sized violin; four years later he gave a public concert. On the advice of August Wilhelmj, who heard him play, he was sent to the Cincinnati College of Music, where he studied for some time under Professor Jacobsohn. At the Paris Conservatory, in 1884, at the annual competition for the highest grade of scholarship, he obtained *haut la main*, the first prize and the highest honors, a distinction never before conferred upon one so young, with the exceptions of Wieniawski and Sarasate. About this time he played Bach's Chaconne—"the great chaconne," in a manner that elicited the greatest enthusiasm; the different melodies of this polyphonic suite being brought out on the four strings of the violin with remarkable clearness and brilliancy.

In 1890, Mr. Banner had his own string quartette. About a year ago, he retired temporarily from the concert stage to devote his time to musical composition, to study and to work more seriously than he could do while engaged in giving concerts. He hopes to make something of a school himself, and has put for his ideal the old Italian school, which was divided into two classes, the Piedmontese and the Florentine, and comprised such names as Vivaldi, Tartini, Pugnani, Locatelli, Nardini and Campagnoli. The German school starts with Johann Sebastian Bach and goes down to Spohr and David.

In his style, he hopes to combine German breadth and depth of feeling with Italian virtuosity—one being the complement of the other. Mr. Banner has already composed

some etudes, a concerto and an Italian polyphonic suite, although he has as yet published nothing.

While in Berlin, the young student played the Max Bruch concerto No. 2, with the author himself. This is the concerto dedicated to Sarasate. The original score belongs to Banner, having been presented to him by Max Bruch. Ernst's arrangement of the "Erl King" as Mr. Banner plays it, more nearly resembles a song, so well are the different passages portrayed; the passionate phrases of the father and son as they ride through the forest are in delightful contrast to the wooing of the "Erl King."

The violin he uses for the greater part is an Amati, which was given to him by a friend. Mr. Banner is also very fond of one of American make—a Joseph violin—and uses it frequently. He carries a note book always with him, which he uses whenever the genius of musical inspiration is upon him.

California also claims another violinist and composer who stands in the first rank—Leopold Lichtenberg, the violin virtuoso. He was born in San Francisco about thirty years ago. He appeared in concert in his native city when only eight years old. About this time the celebrated violinist Wieniawski visited San Francisco. Little Leopold's father took him to see the wonderful artist, with a view to obtaining a critical opinion of the boy's talents. When he heard the child play, Wieniawski was delighted, pronounced him a genius of the highest order, and asked to be allowed to have him for a pupil. To this spontaneous proposal the astonished and happy father gladly assented, and the great artist devoted himself to the instruction of the boy, who proved to be a pupil after his own heart.

Leopold was now twelve years old, and such was his progress that his master took him on a professional tour through the United States. Subsequently, Wieniawski accepted the position of head master of the violin department at the Brussels conservatory, just made vacant by the resignation of Vieuxtemps. Lichtenberg soon followed, and met his master in Paris; he studied with him constantly for three years, at the close of which he was awarded the first prize of honor. So great was the master's faith in his pupil, that



when he received an invitation which he could not accept, to make a tour of Holland, he sent Lichtenberg in his place, and everywhere the youthful substitute was most enthusiastically received. He was summoned to appear before the king and queen of Holland, and performed in their presence at the royal palace to their great delight. He also appeared before the king and queen of Belgium. When he returned to America he accepted an engagement as soloist with Theodore Thomas, and throughout the tour of this orchestra he created a furore by his splendid playing. Mr. Lichtenberg is seldom heard in concert, his time being very much taken up at the Conservatory of Music, of which Mrs. Thurber is president—here Mr. Lichtenberg has a professorship.

Mr. John F. Rhodes is another violinist of the first rank, where great talent, when a mere child, excited much attention in the musical world. In Europe and Australia, as well as America, he has been instantly recognized as a great player, whose breadth of tone, wonderful technique and fiery interpretations are remarkable. He has played with the Boston Quintet Club, and is now a member of the Mozart Symphony Club, of Brooklyn. Mr. Rhodes was born in New Jersey.

Everybody in the musical world knows Max Bendix, the young, popular and good-looking concertmeister of the Thomas orchestra, now in Chicago; yet a few years ago, he was a mere lad, a student in Philadelphia, playing in a local orchestra. Mr. Bendix has recently organized a string quartette, which is named after him. He received his first instruction from his father, and afterward studied with the best teachers in New York. After a three years' engagement in Philadelphia, he returned to New York, and was connected with the German opera orchestra. He then became concertmeister of the Van der Stucken orchestra, and finally was offered the position as leader of the violins in the Thomas' orchestra. Concert masters are born, not made, and from the first he evinced a natural ability as a leader. He is considered one of the best if not the best reader of orchestral scores in the country. The chief characteristics of his playing are an absolute purity of intonation, a flawless technic, a boldness and surety of *attaque*, and a very musical style.



MR. MAX BENDIX.  
(Concertmeister of the Thomas Orchestra.)

A young violinist and composer who is making a name is William F. T. Mollenhauer. He has recently given a public performance of his concerto—his principal work—and a Rhapsodie No. 3, with Seidl's orchestra. The concerto is in three movements. "The work is essentially modern in form, also the general spirit of the music, yet always within the bounds of good taste, and never verging toward the extremists of any school. The fire, brilliancy and romanticism of the composition are, however, unmistakably modern." The work fairly entitles him to a high place. His Rhapsody No. 3 is poetic in style and treatment. He has composed various other works, a rondo in A major; an adagio for the violin and piano, a rhapsody militaire and a fugue for the viola. With a clear and refined touch, this gifted young composer has woven into sympathetic, romantic and beautiful strains his attractive themes, ever working with a decided object in view, and never for a moment forgetting his subject.

Mr. Mollenhauer comes of a musical and highly gifted family. His father is the well known violinist and composer, Edward Mollenhauer, while his mother was a famed Shakespearean actress. The principal work of the elder Mollenhauer is a symphonic tone painting, "The Passions."

Mr. William Mollenhauer was born in New York city; he is a young man, having only just attained his majority. He studied harmony with C. C. Muller, counterpoint with J. J. Bott, and orchestration with his father. He has studied music in Germany, where he played at a public concert when about eight years of age. A few years later he appeared in public in New York, where he played the Mendelssohn concerto.

His appearance upon the stage has been likened to that of Paganini, "the wonder of the world," of whom his admirers used to say that he could play upon his violin even if all its strings were taken off.

Another member of the Mollenhauer family is Mr. Louis Mollenhauer, who was born in Brooklyn not quite thirty years ago. As soon as young Louis could fiddle, he had placed in his hands a miniature violin, according to the

custom of the family, which has been musical from time immemorial. Before he was six years old, he was wont to astonish and delight his friends by the wonderful acuteness of his ear.

Upon his first appearance in public, when he played what might be justly styled difficult solos, he was greeted not merely as an infant phenomenon, but also as one in whom was manifest a born instinct for art.

Mr. Mollenhauer's performances on the violin possess the merit of breadth, distinctness, correctness of phrasing and a masterly technic. He can on occasion, by reason of his perfect knowledge of the instrument, accomplish many of the feats too often resorted to, to astonish his listeners, but this he does in a spirit of humor, the bent of his mind being in favor of the grave and severely classical. In the orchestra he is as much at home as he is in the performance of a Wieniawski concerto, which author seems to have attracted a more than ordinary share of his professional attention.

The young violinist whom Boston delights to honor is Willis Nowell. He had many honors thrust upon him at the recent Paris exposition, where he was chosen as the representative American violinist to interpret the music of our American composer Henry Huss. Mr. Nowell was born in New Hampshire. After studying with Julius Eichberg in Boston, he went to that Mecca of all young violinists, Berlin, where he studied with Joachim. His American debut was made in Boston at a symphony concert, when he played Mendelssohn's concerto. In New York he has played with Thomas' orchestra. He seldom plays in public nowadays; he has a professorship in one of the Boston seminaries, which leaves him little time for public performances. His violin is a "Strad." of the grand pattern, date 1715, the "Elijah Strad.," as it is called. Mr. Nowell owns the "Nero," a violin also made by the great Stradivarius, whose calling was more to him a religion than an art, and who worked so many years in quiet and solitude in far Cremona.

Before closing this brief sketch of young American violinists, we must mention two of the latest recruits to the

ranks—Master Leon Marx, aged sixteen years, of Chicago, and Master Arthur M. Hartmann, aged ten years, of New York. The playing of these two youths passes beyond superficiality, and can be truthfully termed superior and artistic.

Master Hartmann was born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 23, 1882. His parents are Hungarians, that nationality which has given those wonderful musicians to the world—Joachim, Remenyi and Liszt. At four years of age Master Hartmann commenced to study music. When six years of age he performed in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Shortly after he played in New York with Mr. Otto Floersheim. At a recent concert in New York he played Concerto No. 7, by De Beriot and a cavatina by Raff, besides Tschechenlin's "Alla Zingaresca."

Master Leon Marx was born in Cincinnati, where he first studied the violin with Schradieck. In Chicago, where he now resides, he is a pupil of Jacobsohn. While in Cincinnati, he received the "Springer Gold Medal," for best playing on the violin. Leon Marx is a graceful boy, with an artist's head and bearing; his manner is free from consciousness. The boy seems to possess the qualifications necessary to make a great artist, for he has musical intuition and intelligence to a rare degree, an acute ear and great suppleness of finger.

He is the happy possessor of a genuine Cremona violin of 1712, valued at over \$1,000, which he has nearly paid for with his own earnings.

Master Leon's thorough musical nature is most apparent when he plays, for then he is completely lost to all



MASTER LEON MARX.

surroundings. When he has finished his performance, the young player comes back to the world again. Well might Longfellow in his lines, "The Violinist," have written of him.

"Before the blazing fire of wood,  
Erect the young musician stood,  
And ever and anon he bent  
His head upon his instrument,  
And seemed to listen till he caught  
Confessions of his secret thought,  
The joys, the triumphs, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain."

---

## TWO SONNETS.

---

Music is silence etched with witching sound,  
Or silence painted—either, as you will—  
And yields a charm to penetrate and thrill,  
Like beauty in a sterile fastness found.  
As some rude steep, with fragrant flowers crowned,  
Becomes immured from thought, by these, until  
But these remain: so melody may fill  
The unshared thought, and time itself be bound.  
  
A language—yet for words too eloquent—  
In music breathes what words may not express,  
Though rich with lore, and resonant with time.  
In music are the primal forces blent,  
Which waken rapture—words but bid us guess  
The runeschrift of the soul, the truth sublime!

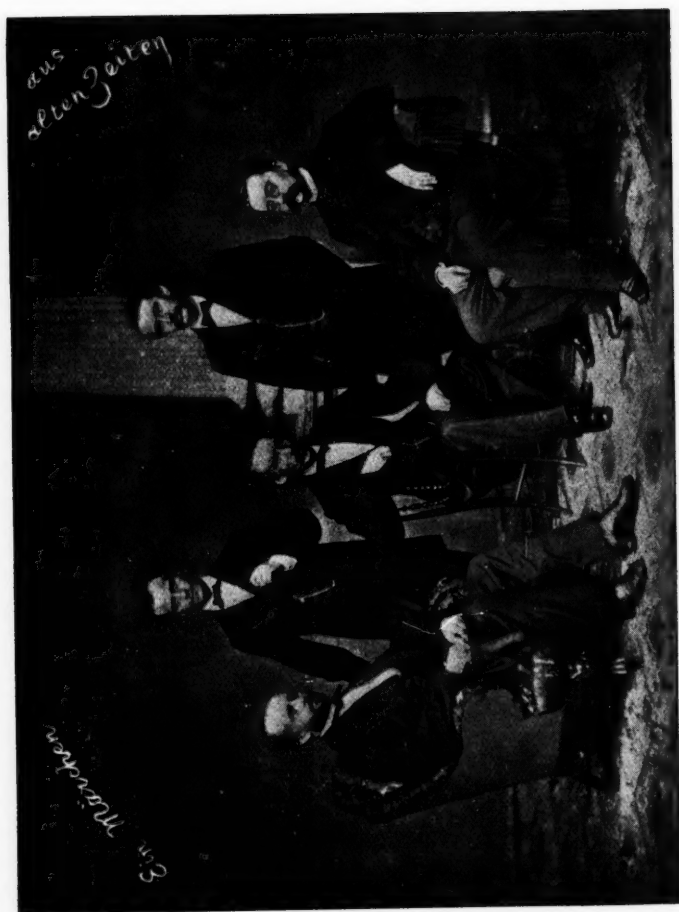
---

The music of a muse-enchanted valley—  
A river-gliding melody upborne  
By sympathetic airs, that with the fern,  
And flower bells, and singing grasses dally;  
The music of an Oberonian ballet,  
With glow worm foot lights in the midnight corn;  
Sprite nocturnes which the reveille of morn  
Brings to a swift and scampering finale.  
  
The fantasies of primal lute and horn;  
The airs of Psyche, murmurous and shelly,  
Within her temple's arcane nooks, where dwell  
The echoes that are never quite outworn—  
Sweet airs that but a prosy mention earn,  
We hear, but seek in vain for words that tally!

PHILIP BACON.







THOMAS. MASON.  
THE MASON AND THOMAS QUARTETTE.  
(From a photograph in 1856. By permission of the *Presto*.)

## AN OLD PROGRAMME BOOK.

### THE MASON AND THOMAS CONCERTS.

On Tuesday, the 27th of November, 1855, in Dodworth's academy, New York, a company of young musicians began one of the most important series of chamber concerts ever given in this country. The head of the enterprise, at the beginning, was William Mason, then a young man of twenty-six, just back from extensive studies at Leipsic, Prague and Weimar. At the latter place he arrived in 1851, when the young musical world was full of the enthusiasm awakened by Wagner's "*Lohengrin*," then just performed under Liszt's direction. Schumann was still alive, Mendelssohn only three years dead, the works of Schubert just beginning to be known, the later works of Beethoven still a sealed book to the great mass of musicians, and Brahms, a youngster of sixteen, just brought to Weimar by Remenyi, with his first trio to show Liszt. That the unfortunate young Brahms should have disgraced himself and ruined his immediate prospects by falling asleep while Liszt was doing him the rare honor of playing, as to a brother genius, his then most highly prized composition, the dreary sonata in B minor, is another story, having nothing to do with the present case. And so after three or four years at Weimar, in the musical atmosphere which was then redolent of the young Richard Wagner, and amid the companionship of such talented fellow-students as Karl Klindworth, Joachim Raff, Tausig, Hans von Buelow and Dionysius Pruckner, we find the young Mason stirring up other young musicians in New York to undertake chamber concerts, with the avowed design of presenting the very best music of this class, giving especial attention to those compositions which had been previously neglected as caviare to the general, namely, all the best part of the literature of chamber music.

He chose his helpers and companions wisely, as the later history well shows. The first violin was Theodore Thomas, then a boy of nineteen, a good violinist, and a musician of irreproachable taste. Next to Mason, the leader of the earlier years of these concerts was Carl Bergmann, who had been conductor of the little Germania orchestra, that clever body of players, twenty-four in all, which first presented Beethoven's symphonies in America with something resembling finish of performance. Bergmann afterward became conductor of the New York Philharmonic, as also did Thomas. He was a solid musician, and a good 'cellist. Mason took the lead because he came fresh from European surroundings of a higher musical kind than either of the other players had ever had; and because he was well connected and able to command certain social consideration, at that time beyond the control of the others. Later, after about two years, Mr. Thomas' taste began to rule in the arrangement of the programmes and all the players were equally fastidious in seeking finish of ensemble.

The prospectus gives no uncertain sound. It says: "The novel and most important feature of these entertainments will be the presentation of such music—quartettes, trios, sonatas, etc.,—as opportunity is rarely afforded to listen to, except in some very select circles in Europe. The later quartettes of Beethoven, rarely heard in public even abroad, the works of Schumann, Schubert, Frank, Volckman, Brahms, Rubinstein and Berwald will form the leading features of the programmes. Two leading compositions, quartettes or trios, will be given entire at each performance, while the programme will be completed by compositions of a lighter character. In short, it is intended to arrange these matinees after the celebrated ones of Liszt at Weimar."

A splendid start was made. The first programme began with the Schubert D minor quartette for strings ("Death and the Maiden") and ended with the Brahms trio in B major, then first performed in this country. There was a vocalist, Mr. Otto Feder, who sang the "Evening Star Romance" from "Tannhaeuser," and Nicolai's "Feldwaerts flog ein Voglein." Mr. Mason played the Chopin Fantasia

Impromptu in C sharp minor, and two preludes by Heller, Op. 24, in D flat and G. Mendelssohn's "Variations Concertantes" for 'cello and piano were given by Bergmann and Mason. Here was a programme having much solid meat, yet with much lighter matter, which latter, however, had the merit of not being inconsistent with the more serious business of the concert. The rehearsals had then extended over about six weeks, and a very respectable standard of performance was reached. Mason had had considerable experience in concerted playing abroad. The second programme was quite as good. It contained the Beethoven string quartette in F, No. 7, Op. 59; the Bach-Gounod Meditation upon the Bach first clavier prelude, the Chopin Ballade in A flat, and the Schumann quartette, Op. 47, for piano and strings. At the third matinee the programme contained Mozart's string quartette in E flat, No. 4; Miss Maria Brainard sang the "Softly, Softly" aria from "Der Freyschuetz," and the Cherubini "Ave Maria"; Mason played his own "Grand Valse Bravour" and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, and the Rubinstein trio in G minor. The fourth programme was more advanced. It had the Beethoven string quartette in F minor, Op. 95, the Rubinstein trio in G minor (repeated by request), Heller's Fifth Tarantelle for piano, and the Bach triple concerto in D minor, for three pianofortes and string quintette. The pianists besides Mason were Messrs. Scharfenberg and Timm. The fifth programme contained the Haydn string quartette, No. 63, the Schubert piano trio in E flat, Op. 100; the Mendelssohn quintette for strings, Op. 18, and Mason played the Chopin Impromptu, Op. 29, and the Valses, Op. 64. The season ended with one of the last Beethoven string quartettes in B flat, Op. 130; the Schumann quintette, with two songs and a piano number in the middle, the latter consisting of Mason's "Silver Spring," "Lullaby," and "Etude de Concert." The second season began where the first left off, the principal pieces of the first programme being the Beethoven string quartette in F minor, Op. 95, and the Schumann piano quartette, Op. 47.

In the third season Thomas begins to come out as a solo artist. In the last matinee he plays the Bach Chaconne,

with piano accompaniments composed by Mendelssohn. In the second concert of the third series there was a Haydn string quartette in B major, the Beethoven trio in D major, Op. 70, and the Mendelssohn octette for strings. In short, the programmes are of the highest possible order, and well arranged, and according to all accounts extremely well played. Moreover, the concerts began to be in demand out of town. At Farmington, in Miss Porter's school, under the inspiration of Mr. Karl Klauser, the cream of these programmes was given for several years in succession. In the third season Mr. Thomas plays the Bach Chaconne with accompaniments by Schumann.

In the fifth season, 1860, the matinees were changed to evening concerts, the encouragement seeming to warrant this modification of plans. Among the vocal attractions appears the name of Mme. De Lussan, mother of Zélie De Lussan; the Bach Chaconne is repeated by request. In the sixth season the programmes continue mainly busied with the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert and Schumann. Thomas plays the Tartini sonata, the Raff sonata for piano and violin is given, as also a Bach sonata for the same combination. In the second concert of this series Theodore Thomas appears as composer of a *Divertissement* for viola, played by Matzka. The Schumann sonatas for piano solo, and for piano and violin are played. The pianoforte, which at first was Chickering, has now been changed for one of Steinway's. In the sixth season, 1861-62 the piano solos take on a more classical character. The Beethoven sonata, Op. 31 in E flat, appears, and the Schumann Romances, Op. 28, and the Beethoven sonata in A major, Op. 101. In the seventh season the concerted numbers follow the same precedent excepting that more of the later works of Beethoven are included; but the piano takes a wider range. A suite by Handel and Schumann "*Phantasiestücke*," Op. 12, and the Novelettes, Op. 21, are found. Moreover, many out-of-town repetitions are given, and Mason and Thomas give classical concerts by themselves in Orange, where Mason then lived. As an illustration of the programmes of the latter the following of June 29, 1862, may be taken: Beethoven sonata for

piano and violin, Op. 30 in G; Schumann Novelettes (selections unspecified), Adagio for violin, Spohr, Chopin Valses for piano, Op. 34 and 64; the Tartini sonata for violin, E minor, Op. 1, No. 5, and the Schumann sonata in A minor, Op. 105, for piano and violin.

In the tenth season, 1865, at the fifth concert the Raff quintette closes the programme, and August Kreissmann sings Schumann's "Waldeggespräch," "Mondnacht" and "Spring Night," and three songs of Robert Franz: "Frühlingsgedraenge," "Fuer Musik" and "Gewitternacht." At the closing concert of this season the programme contained three works: The Schubert trio in E flat, Op. 100, Beethoven's string quartette in C sharp minor, Op. 131, and the Schumann quintette. In the season of 1866 the name of Brahms figures more extensively, the sextette for strings, Op. 18, having been given January 10, and the quartette for piano and strings, Op. 28 in A, on February 21.

In order to understand the relation of these chamber concerts to the Weimar standard the following four programmes of 1853 may be quoted:

I. Haydn quartette in D minor, Bach triple concerto for clavier and Beethoven quartette, Op. 74 in E flat.

II. Mendelssohn quartette in D major, Beethoven sonata for piano and violin, A minor, and Schubert quintette in C major.

III. Mozart quartette in E flat, Schumann trio and Beethoven quartette in E flat, Op. 127.

IV. Schumann quartette in A, Schubert trio in E flat, and Beethoven quartette in C sharp minor, Op. 131. Mason played in the Bach concerto with Klindworth and Pruckner.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be that Mason was the first American pianist to give recitals exclusively composed of pianoforte music. A specimen programme is at hand. It was in the Musical Fund hall in Boston, April 18, 1855. The first part contained De Kotsky's "Caprice Heroique," Willmers' "Sehnsucht am Meere," a "Pensée Fugitive" of his own and a Liszt rhapsody. The second part had Handel's suite, in F minor, No. 8, the Chopin impromptu, Op. 29, Dreyschock's "Zum Wintermarschen," and Improvisations on themes handed in by the audience.

These programmes appear somewhat insignificant in the light of the present day, but those of Thalberg, admitted master that he was, were no better. For instance, in Boston, January 17, 1857, nearly two years later than Mason's programme, just given, Thalberg's programme was the following: Fantasia "Don Giovanni," "Folks' Song" and "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn, his own Andante, Etude in A (with repeated notes), and fantasia on themes from "L'Elisir d'Amore." At the second matinee his programme contained fantasia on "Massaniello," quartette from "I Puritani," Beethoven's "Adelaide" and "Sonnambula" and "Norma"—all his own transcriptions or arrangements. The last named was for two pianos, and Mason was the second player. He was generally credited with having greatly distinguished himself, perhaps by some listeners on the same principle as that mentioned by the old gentleman who compared Mason with one of his own pupils, who played with him in a duo at Buffalo in 1855. "I watched him all through that very long piece," said the astute critic, "and he came out hardly a note behind. If he keeps up that close at his age, Mason had better look out. The young man will surpass him some day."

In this list of programmes perhaps the following from Theodore Thomas' orchestra concert in Irving hall, New York, September 18, 1862, will be read with interest. The orchestra played a symphony in D major by C. P. Emanuel Bach, the overture to "Oberon," Meyerbeer's music to the tragedy of "Struensee," and a march by Auber. Mason was one of the solo attractions, playing Liszt's arrangement of the Schiller march and two pieces of his own. Among other appearances of Mason may be noted his playing of the Schubert Fantasia, with Zerrahn's orchestra in Boston, in 1862. These indications are perhaps sufficient to explain the very important influence which Dr. Mason has always exercised in New York, and his own peculiarly commanding and distinguished position. But to return to Thalberg:

One of the most curious of the Thalberg performances was that of his third matinee in New York, February 27, 1857. The programme is headed "Scheme" where the word "Programme" would ordinarily be. Then follow the numbers: The



Hummel septette, with Thalberg at the piano, and two solos, his own fantasia on "Moses," and his transcription of Beethoven's "Adelaide," most likely from his "Art of Singing Applied to the Piano." Then follows "Intermission for Lunch." After lunch No. 4 comes. It is the terzette from "Robert le Diable," performed upon an Alexandre harmonium, with a long explanatory paragraph concerning the instrument, then generally unknown in America. After the organ performance there was another intermission, and then two piano pieces, his Tarantelle and the "Norma fantasia" for two pianos, Mr. Mason at the other. Thalberg played an Erard pianoforte brought with him from Paris. This is perhaps the last concert tour in which an artist played any foreign piano in America. The Steinways and Chickering's were making good grands at the time, and the Steinways had introduced their overstrung scale which revolutionized the art of piano making throughout the world.

Among the fragments in the collection whence the previous citations have been made are many musical criticisms. Some of these, from German papers, speak of the novelty of hearing an American pianist in Mr. Mason, at the Dreyschock concerts in Prague, and at other places in Germany. All speak highly of his talent and the beauty of his touch. In America the notices naturally dwell upon other points, and are so much like the productions of the present morning papers as hardly of interest from any novelty they contain. Occasionally the critic gives the artist some good advice—a proceeding not yet extinct. The following, from the *New York Times* of January 20, 1856, is a very good example of newspaper recognition of a new force in art: "The feature of the matinee was a trio by a new composer, Anton Rubinstein. It is one of the best characteristics of Messrs. Mason and Bergmann's series, that they are not satisfied with the ordinary levies on Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and the old masters, but carry chamber music a step farther than it has yet gone in New York by playing the best works of the most promising young composers of the day. Thus on a previous occasion we were introduced to that fine and in many respects remarkable trio by Brahms, the same

that has since carried consternation into the camp of the Bostonians. On the present occasion we were favored with a taste of Mr. Rubinstein's quality. Mr. Rubinstein is a Russian, quite young, highly gifted, thoroughly cultivated. He has from a child been a remarkable performer on the pianoforte, for which instrument he has written some pieces. Of his other works we know but little, although he is said to have written largely for orchestra, etc. The trio played yesterday is admirable. Its proportions are so exact, its elaborations so artistic, and its design so clear that we are quite sure that Mr. Rubinstein is no novice in this form of composition. We have seldom listened to a new work that satisfied us so completely," etc. "Taken as a whole the trio is a work which must make its way in the world of art."

At times, as already intimated, the critic waxes instructive. For example, the following from the *Express* of March 26, 1856: "We wish to say, *apropos* of the Mason and Bergmann matinée yesterday afternoon, that although its aim was of a very elevated character and though the execution of the occasion probably reached well toward the high aspirations of even the artists themselves, there was one drawback which in view of its recurrence upon these occasions we will venture to point out. Messrs. Mason and Bergmann, we think, greatly overlook the nature of their audience, which must necessarily be composed of miscellaneous persons of all ages and dispositions. They select the programmes of their concerts, it would seem, almost entirely with reference to their own development and culture, not sufficiently taking into account the practical utility of their concerts as an educational means. They offer a programme of some three or four selections of the highest class of music, any one of the pieces being more than any of their audience, with a few exceptions, could well digest after repeated hearings. In short, we think Mr. Mason presents too much of the material of his own advanced culture, rather than that which will most readily develop the taste of his hearers. He forgets himself too much in the production of the abstruse works which he seems anxious to naturalize here. He seems to

lose sight of the fact that it is chiefly for the pianist, and not so much for all this aspiration in music that a majority of people go to the matinee. His attainments as an instrumentalist are, of course, well known. The expectation of finding these more prominent as an element of the concerts will be after all a stimulus to a general attendance at them. We could therefore desire to see his programmes more imbued with himself, and more varied, whatever may be the style of that variety," etc.

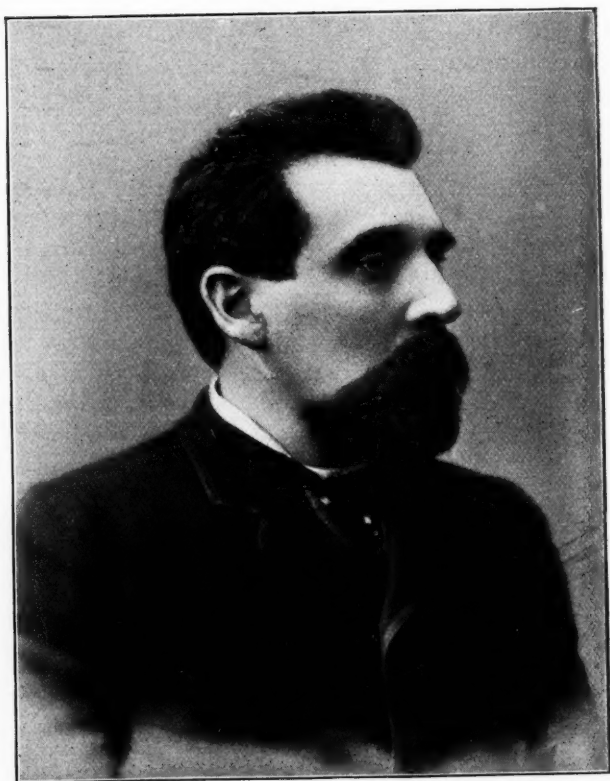
The opinions which occur now and then concerning the new productions of Wagnerian excerpts, are curious and instructive. For instance, the following from the New York *Times* in 1856, *apropos* of the Philharmonic concert at which the "Tannhaeuser" overture was played, Carl Bergmann being conductor: "The 'Tannhaeuser' overture by Richard Wagner opened the second part. At the present moment anything from this new light is interesting to the *dilettanti*. He is talked about in Europe, and people want to talk about him here. We have already put our readers in possession of a *resume* of Richard Wagner's career. He has struggled through the obscurity which at one time seemed in a fair way of settling down upon him, and now basks in the sunlight of popular favor. For some perfectly inexplicable reason he has been appointed director of that particularly orthodox body, the Philharmonic Society of London. He has directed two of their concerts with eminent success, and is undoubtedly a lion of magnitude. The British public has a marvelous respect for a good conductor, and this Richard Wagner undoubtedly is. But it seems to us extremely improbable that he will excite any enthusiasm as a composer, notwithstanding the fact that selections from his 'Lohengrin' have been received with favor. They were undoubtedly curious—as selections from an opera composed entirely from recitative must be—and some novel orchestral effects may have given them piquancy. Except as curiosities, we cannot perceive how these selections could be endurable. The entire opera of 'Lohengrin,' from beginning to end, does not contain a dozen bars of melody. It is the wildest kind of rambling, utterly destitute of form

or sequency," etc. And again of the "Tannhaeuser" overture: "The opera is not so 'characteristic' as 'Lohengrin,' and is written with greater respect for received models. This is clearly perceptible in the overture, where there is not only vigor of harmony, but abundant passages of pure melody. The latter are remarkable in their form, and generally of a very evanescent character to boot, but they are singularly effective, and treated with consummate ability, particularly in their distribution among the wind instruments." The opinion that Wagner would scarcely attract much attention as composer may be put with the unfortunate "break" made by the late William H. Fry in the New York *Tribune* of December 23, 1863, *apropos* of Gounod's "Faust," performed for the first time in New York the evening before. Amid seven complete columns of matter relating to the opera, several opinions are given with no uncertain sound, of which the following may be taken as the keynote: "Among all these nineteen pieces [of which the opera is composed] we look in vain for a first-class memorable melody, the prime requisite in opera, without which it cannot live."

All of which goes to show that critics are but mortal and fallible, after all. When they do not find melody of a cut familiar with them, they are no better than other men; the new style is a weariness to them; but wise are they when they go upon the record somewhat more ambiguously, for posterity will set them right. But enough of ancient history.

WESTERNER.





WILLIAM L. TOMLINS.  
(Choral Director of the World's Fair.)

## HOW TOMLINS' CHILDREN SING.

### I.

If birds were blossoms, and babes were both;  
If all of joy were growth—  
And flowed through every living thing,  
To break into a single flower at the laugh of spring;  
If one rare pearl could burst its glowing heart,  
And let its only drop of light pour out;  
Or should the azure heavens start  
Forth as a single violet, with stars about;  
If trembling stars should start within a violet,  
Mistaking it to be the whole wide sky;  
If dew should single out the mignonette,  
Nor give a reason why;  
If every whit of sweetness were in one bee's bag;  
If melody should flag—  
Refuse to speak, save from the feathered throat,  
Its one rare wild-wood note;  
If Song herself should stoop to sing,  
Proclaiming her eternal youth—should bring  
Her infant form before the eye so clear  
That sight might hear;  
Were Youth into a voice beguiled,  
That found its body in a child,  
With throat of bird and lungs of fire,  
Which, swift and ready, speak its heart's desire;  
If thousand throats like this were blended into one,  
With melody enough to light the sun—  
And one great master soul  
Did prompt them to the whole—  
Then would there something be  
To match this infant minstrelsy.

### II.

A lover of youth, of childhood and of art—  
He hath humanity close at heart,  
Who stoops to lift up infancy,  
E'en hush its tears and turn them into melody.

ANDREA HOFER.

April 14, 1892.



## MR. TOMLINS' WORK WITH CHILDREN.

About twelve years ago Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins began in Chicago one of the most remarkable works with children's voices that I have ever known. To the superficial observer he seemed to be conducting a singing class, with especial emphasis upon the verb *sing*. But to those who talked with him, or, still better, watched the work from week to week, it soon appeared that he had in mind something much more important than merely occupying a few scattered hours of the child's life. He aimed at *education*, at taking hold of the growing boy and implanting the seeds of a better and more refined and unselfish life, and for this evolution using the art of music as a channel through which such a better life might come to expression. The singing itself proceeded from a very different motive from that which generally governs elementary classes. The first intention was to get the children to sing musically, and above all to sing with a voice in some just degree representing a spiritual quality, as distinguished from mere brute force and rowdy spirit, such as the natural boy brings to his play, and such as too often characterizes the untrammelled expressions of the grown man. Everything turned upon the true sentiment and spiritual interpretation of the song expressed through the awakened individuality of the child. Vocal technics were not forgotten; indeed, he carried the children through a far greater range of vocal technic than schools are ever allowed to undertake, and not only attempted but accomplished these tasks. But after all, the result when it came, while it was a musical result, and a civilizing result, was in a much greater degree an inner education, whose value lay in its preserving to the child something of his intuitional nature.

The work was the outgrowth of many years' study and much early acquaintance with children and child life in music. Mr. Tomlins had himself been a London choir boy, and to his early training in that relation he, no doubt, owes

much. He was early engaged in the musical inspection of the London board schools, and in this capacity collected a great deal of material of a highly suggestive quality in the direction of what to avoid. He had been a Tonic Sol-Fa student and teacher, and in this capacity came in contact with the greatest of popular musical educators, the late John Curwen. Still later he was connected with the Royal Academy of Music. Thus a variety of high-minded influences concentrated in the early training of this remarkable man, and fitted him for bearing the distinguished part he has borne in our highest musical life for the past eighteen years. So after coming to Chicago and getting the Apollo Club into working order, his mind ran much upon a work with children, whose first intention was mainly that of establishing in childhood normal habits of using the voice, and opening the channels of musical expression, thereby laying a foundation for the individual's better musical success in later life.

It was in 1882, I think, that the work began. A class of carefully chosen children, numbering about 250, was trained for one hour a week in singing, together with a selection of physical exercises of a Delsartian character, calculated to render them more sympathetic with each other, and more responsive. The results were very remarkable. The quality of tone speedily became refined, and a musical intelligence far beyond the supposed capacity of children was manifested in songs of a very refined character. Various visitors were afforded an opportunity of listening to the singing of this class, and the Chicago press, with a unanimity and cordiality which did honor to the various writers, testified to the inestimable value of Mr. Tomlins' work.

Very naturally this was a trifle too much. It awakened the slumbering "Old Adam" of criticism, especially in professional circles. Indeed, it could not well have been otherwise. For when a teacher arises and declares that he can make children sing with a refinement and intelligence of so high a grade that it is very rarely manifested by even the solo pupils of the highest priced teachers, he will awaken opposition—the more surely if he actually *does* it, the people see that

he does it. This was Mr. Tomlins' case, but he did not even stop with this, but went on boldly to affirm that much of the current instruction in singing was positively harmful to the voice and the musical capacity of the pupil; not only failing of positive results, but actually placing him in a condition and attitude which made it much more difficult for him to receive artistic education later—should his talent prove to be capable of such development. So they said that Tomlins had a picked class of well bred children, out of the finer circles of city life, with a more productive heredity of capacity and refinement than average children could expect to have. This was true in a degree of the first class, but it did not detract from the goodness of the results attained, and the fact that they were very much better than those which had been attained by other teachers of children, even when they also had had the advantage of selected capacities and voices. This led to extending the work.

In place of one class Mr. Tomlins collected three. And in place of carefully selected children from the well-to-do circles, he made a large number of free scholarships which were awarded to poor children out of the public schools, and it is not too much to say that very many of the scholarships were awarded to children who were positively unmusical. Nevertheless the work had the same result. After a few months' teaching, advantage was taken of Mr. Theodore Thomas' presence in the city to afford him an opportunity of examining it, for he had for more than two years been highly interested in Mr. Tomlins' theories, and desirous of seeing them tested upon a practical scale. Accordingly he attended one of the Saturday classes, and put himself on record concerning the unprecedented results and artistic value of the work in terms of no uncertain sound.

Later, in the musical festival of 1884, the first large exhibition of this work was made. There were about 1,000 children who went through their exercises in breathing, and arm and body motions, to the great delight of the audience; and the singing culminated in a lovely canon by Cherubini, "Like as a Father," which was not only sung successfully, but with beautiful phrasing and fine shading of the

various parts, with an intelligence in following the indications of the leader, such as few choirs are capable of.

It was just previous to this that Christine Nilsson happened to attend a mass rehearsal of these children. She was delighted with the singing, and with the intelligence and sympathy with which they sang, and she finally evolved the following in her own well chosen and cordial words, and sent it to Mr. Tomlins:

"I must send you a word of congratulation on the marvellous result you have attained with your excellent method. The smoothness of the singing, and the perfection of the *ensemble*, were revelations to me. I recognized at once the careful training the children had gone through. You are now doing a good to the future generation that Chicago, and the whole nation, ought to be proud of; and you deserve all our respect and admiration. May you long live to continue your noble work. Yours sincerely,

"Feb. 4, 1884.

CHRISTINE NILSSON."

In order to understand the commendation above specified it is necessary to point out the kind of work which Mr. Tomlins carries forward with these children. To begin with, all the songs are carefully chosen, from an artistic standpoint, as well as essentially from a correspondence and adaptation to the moods of the children that sing them. Coupled with this use of highly artistic material, never for a moment is forgotten the *real* child, which with sympathies alive and awakened by the genial understanding of the master, revels in the new-found freedom of its own artistic nature.

Hence such an interpretation of child song by these children is more than singing or interpretation, ordinarily considered. It is the life feeling and spontaneity of the child embodied in an art form—the very essence of art. That a work of this sort undertaken in childhood and carried forward throughout the growing years of the child must have an almost unlimited formative influence upon his character and capacity for art, is too evident to need argument.

The class of children which made its first appearance at the Auditorium Wednesday evening, April 13, numbered something upwards of 1,200. They had been trained in

five classes. Every child had been at one class rehearsal every week and about two sub-rehearsals per month since September, 1890, saving only about half of them forming the free department; and these had had less training because they had not been selected until January, 1891. When the audience gathered at the concert there were no children visible except a few in the corridors, and 200 or thereabouts on seats coming out in front of the curtain line, and filling several rows of the parquette. A few minutes before eight, however, the great iron curtain and the "reducer" began slowly to be raised, and behold! the entire expanse of the stage far up in the rear was filled with children, upon each side the boys, and in the center the girls. The programmes were in three colors, red for the singers on one side, white for the middle divisions, and blue for the other side. The colors and the many-colored dresses gave the whole an effect like a vast garden of daisies—to which indeed an artist present likened it. When the curtain began to go up and the children were revealed, by the same motion the audience was in turn revealed to the children, to their equal delight, especially as quite a number of them had never before seen the Auditorium lighted up at night. Then arose a murmur of astonishment from the children, and of applause from the audience. The concert opened with an overture by the orchestra, led by Mr. Thomas. Then came the songs. There were three at the first rising: "Morning," a waltz and "Good Night." These, so different in style, were beautifully sung, and with delightful obedience to the leader.

The next appearance of the children brought to notice certain other features of the training not less pleasing. The physical exercises, led by Miss Lizzie Nash, were Delsartian exercises in breathing and motions of the hands and trunk. The hand motions particularly, carried out by 1,200 children at once, were singularly striking to the eye. The most important and beautiful of the songs was the Cherubini trio, "Like as a Father," which, in spite of some forebodings on the part of the leader, was successfully sung, with the same kind of care and taste as that already recorded of the predecessor of this class, ten years before. As the evening wore on, the excite-

ment of the children became more marked, and when the closing songs were sung, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Mr. Tomlins made no effort to restrain the almost brutal joviality with which the 1,200 voices gave it vent.

It is the intention of the World's Fair authorities to have this children's chorus take part in the dedicatory exercises next October, and in certain of the musical festival performances during the fair proper. It is for this that Mr. Tomlins is training them, and it sufficiently illustrates his sincerity and unselfish regard to the value of his work that much of the expense of this great philanthropy is charged to his own private expense account. This, of course, is all wrong; but as yet no public way has been found to provide for the great expense of these continued rehearsals and sub-rehearsals.

W. S. B. M.

## A PIANISTIC RETROSPECT.

### III.

It may be safely assumed that if artists had the choice between selecting their critics from their peers (thus availing themselves of the privilege accorded by common law to criminals) or among the journalistic fraternity they would unhesitatingly prefer the latter. Professional musicians are apt to become too technical in their criticisms; what the public desires to read is an entertaining record of the impression which a performance has left on the average listener of culture, intelligence and experience; the trained journalist will almost invariably furnish that. The critic of a daily paper is neither expected to be a sympathizing friend, nor a combination of judge and executioner; if he gives a readable and faithful record of passing events the average newspaper reader will be satisfied; scientific dissertations may well be left to musical journals; the astute critic hardly ever attempts to anticipate or mold public opinion; he will guide it better by remaining slightly in the wake. The English proverb, "Whoever complains too much finds no sympathy," applies to the captious critic who makes up his mind never to be pleased; his utterances are soon discounted; occasionally we find the musical column of a paper intrusted to the tender care of some charming feminine writer, who would be more at home in chronicling the latest fashion in Easter bonnets; about that time look out for severe "roastings" and fulminant adjectives.

The strong respect criticism, the wise profit by it and the weak fear it; in Europe strange customs still prevail, which throw a strong light on the singular relations existing there between artist and critic. When any one is about to give a concert he dons his dress suit (if he has one) and makes personally a formal call on the leading critics, inviting them to hear him. No wonder that men like Hanslick and Ehrlich suffer from what is commonly called here "an enlarge-



ment of the head"; it is this mistaken estimate of their own fictitious importance which has led to such scandals as the late Ehrlich-Rosenthal imbroglio, which was kept up too long for the reputation of either party. In this country some clipped tickets inclosed in a one-cent envelope answer the same purpose, and an artist who would by obsequious demeanor or an oriental salaam curry favor with his critics, would soon furnish material for the "funny man" of the paper. Give me the American critic every time, who, untrammelled by ossified traditions, makes up by vigorous original thought what he may be lacking in experience; we can even forgive him his liability to go to extremes.

As between the artist and the critic the former has the advantage; to some degree they supplement each other, and it is a matter of doubt who was on the ground first. I have no doubt that when Jubal struck the lyre (a most praiseworthy act) some prehistoric critic was laying for him, and David's harp solos seem to have received rather a pointed reception at the hands of Saul. We can readily imagine the artist existing with a fair degree of comfort without a critic, but just realize the utterly sad, lonesome and unprofitable condition of the latter, when he finds himself stranded without any one to write up or down, as the case may be; a critic without a victim, Othello with his occupation gone, a king without a horse. Perhaps a wise and mysterious dispensation of Providence intends him to furnish that stop-cock or safety valve which is to keep the artist from getting too proud, and if he may not represent the sword of Damocles, he yet may furnish the balance wheel.

But yet the artist is at least known by name; he is not a mysterious force, which hurls its thunderbolts (often as harmless as stage effects) from a clouded sky; he is a living personality, he has a name; but alas! the critic, like royalty, travels incognito; his identity is swallowed up by his paper, and only a few know him; perhaps the realization of this sad fact has given rise to the irrepressible conflict between the two contending forces; it is hardly to be doubted that even the trumpet solo which Gabriel is to furnish on the day of judgment will be duly criticised and reported. I sometimes

wonder what dire consequences would ensue if a courageous theater manager or artist would put the matter on a business basis, and instead of furnishing passes to his entertainment to the city editor and his sweetheart, put them on a level with the rest of mankind, claiming that as long as he had to pay for his advertisements the paper ought to pay for the tickets. It is a little difficult to understand the *raison d'être* for the wholesale deadheadism enjoyed by the press in the way of amusements.

The smaller artists are but caricatures of the great, whose excellencies are given as distorted a reproduction as the badly reflected lines from a faulty looking glass; thus we have been inflicted with brutal fortissimos and inaudible pianissimos, and performances in which limited intelligence, puerile interpretations and false readings played sad havoc with the works presented. These men certainly did hit the piano, but yet made no hit. They court disaster by overconfidence and a curious undervaluation of their surroundings, just as others invite failure by anticipating it; in this regard playing in concert is like seasickness, for if you think that you are liable to have it, you will never escape. With the real artist confidence is simply want of fear, and nerve the absence of nervousness, negative forces.

Of late years programmes have assumed a different complexion, and furnish selections which, while old, are yet new to the public; they are pieces which on account of transcendent difficulties had not been played; to some extent the artist makes a "sacrifice hit," by presenting them, for they are not usually taking, in the ordinary sense of the word.

Schumann sent his second Novelette to Liszt as a "welcome to Germany," and Liszt played it several times in public, but soon abandoned it; the public were not ready; our modern virtuosi are more brave, even going to the extent of "rubbing it in." When Klopstock, the German bard, had written his epic, "The Messiah," some one said to him: "My friend, the German nation will not understand your language." "Then let them learn it," was his proud reply.

The day has gone by when such pieces as Raff's "Polka de la Reine," Liszt's "Tannhauser March" and "Faust Valse"

were considered the highest tests of a pianist's ability and endurance; and yet these very compositions were played and thought a great deal of, not so very many years ago. The new kind of technic which we have just referred to is represented in such pieces as Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody," "Feux Follets" and "Au Bord d'une Source," of which the first two have just received a marvelous interpretation and illustration of pianistic possibilities carried to the highest degree by D'Albert, whose grim intensity pervades his rendering of all modern music, as well as his own transcription of the Bach Passacaglia. Rosenthal had the courage to play the Brahms variations on a Paganini theme in public, and the ability to make them interesting and clear to an audience to whom this work must have been caviare, indeed. All these pieces contain a species of technic which is far beyond any difficulties contained in the ancient pot boilers. Rubinstein and Henselt have not, of late years, figured much on concert programmes. The former has almost entirely been represented by a few of his Barcarolles, and the latter seems to be remembered mainly by the "If I Were a Bird," which is invariably played too fast. Splendid examples of this new kind of technic may be found in the etudes of Schloezer, Schytte, Kopylow and Liadow.

The public have rather a sweet tooth for music, and require a good deal of condiments to take the bitter taste of a fugue or sonata out of their mouths.

Admirably arranged programmes have been given by Adele aus der Ohe, who in a comparatively short time has gained an enviable place among our birds of travel. She is essentially a masculine player, and excels in works requiring great bravura; another lady is entitled to mention—Mme. Helen Hopekirk, who couples a thoroughly musical organization with a sufficient all-around technic. Of our native lady pianistes Mme. Rivé-King has undoubtedly been the most useful; she has for a number of years played programmes of great variety in large and small cities, upholding a high standard of music with uniform artistic excellence. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler is always interesting and brilliant, and her influence will be very great when she has been longer in the field. On the other

hand Messrs. Sherwood and Perry, and also the late Dr. Maas have been of the greatest service in developing a serious and healthy interest in good piano playing. Mr. Sternberg also is beginning to be looked to for valuable work; he has all the qualities necessary to insure success.

Take it all in all, the two artists who have so far exerted the most powerful influence on the piano playing in America are the two musical antipodes, Rubinstein and Joseffy. By this I mean that a greater number of pianists have striven to play like one of these two giants of the keyboard, than to follow any other man of eminence. In second line follow Buelow, Rummel and Pachmann. D'Albert could work great changes were he to remain long enough; but these visitors are like the Chinese, who live on rice while here, amass a fortune quickly and make provision even for their bones to be returned to their native country in case of death. They take our money and we take our choice. I suppose a howl of derision would go up were any one to propose in earnest to tax the enormous receipts of a Patti or Paderewski. These people take a pot of money out of the country, and a good many of them blackguard us into the bargain; they simply come over and milk the musical cow; they come high, but we must have them; they belong to the luxuries which every one must have; the necessities (local teachers) will take care of themselves. Even such palpable frauds as the late alleged Strauss orchestra, which consisted of a lot of immature boys under the direction of their jumping-jack leader, made a pecuniary success of their American tour. Perhaps Mr. McKinley may find a new source of revenue by acting on the above suggestion; it is undeniably good statesmanship to keep the money in the country, and as long as the balance of trade is so decidedly against us in pianistic matters (Carreno being the only American who is at present gathering foreign shekels) we ought to have something more tangible to show for the enormous outlay in the way of "value received" than the mere vague recollections of sounds.

Of late years there has been a commendable effort made to stimulate an interest in the works of native composers.

Where this has been done in a dignified way with good judgment and properly, as in the case of the New York Manuscript Society, a fair degree of success has been obtained. It is, however, to be deplored that in many instances the movement has degenerated into a kind of musical chauvinism and know-nothingism. It is undeniable that the foreigner of ability has had no difficulty in keeping ahead of the native without ability, but where the American possessed sufficient attainments he has more than held his own against all comers. There has never been a specific prejudice against a work because it was by an American composer; therefore there is no reason why it should possess especial interest on account of the accident of birth. I remember the case of an American, who while in Germany wrote an overture in Norwegian style; it would be difficult to pass definite judgment as to the proper nationality of the work. Musicians who touched the pulse of the public have never failed of success. This is exemplified by George F. Root and Stephen Foster, whose songs are household words. Americans are loyal, where loyalty is worthily bestowed; take Chicago, and neither Mr. Eddy, nor Gleason, nor Fred Root has ever been under the necessity of "firing the patriotic heart," and our Mr. Harrison M. Wild has been and is likely to continue in perfect unity with his church, not to mention his work in other directions. All these men simply stand upon the broad ground of ability and honorable competition. It is the same in all other cities; and Mason, Buck, John K. Paine, Chadwick, Foote, Gilchrist, MacDowell and B. J. Lang furnish proof of the above assertion. Any of these artists would disdain to accept the success of a work on account of its American origin. Their platform is on higher grounds. Not long ago a journal was started in our city, whose motto reads: "America for the Americans." It was ably edited and attractive, and a good example of book making; but somehow the Americans failed to indorse the sentiment by buying a sufficient number of copies to pay publishing expenses, and the capitalist of the concern, having parted with a vast sum of money (but presumably gained in experience) got tired and lay down. Side by side

with the above American artists have stood in hearty co-operation such naturalized foreigners as Foerster, Bruno Oscar Klein, Frederic Brandeis, S. B. Mills, Asger Hamerik, Sternberg. The absurdities which are practiced at some of these picayune so-called "American societies" might be even extended to serving a purely American supper after the musical menu, consisting of peanuts, chewing gum and popcorn.

The ruthless march of time will eventually even up all things; ages ago our forefathers thought that they had heard all that was possible of achievement; later on when Beethoven's music will be to following centuries what Orlando di Lasso is to us now, when Chopin, Schumann and other masters will have become an empty succession of historical names, when our present pianoforte will be looked upon with the pity we spend on the worm-eaten virginal of centuries ago, very few of those who are now of much import will be remembered, and certainly not the casual chronicler of the present hap-hazard observations. EMIL LIEBLING.

(THE END.)

## THE HIGHER MUSICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

### I.—THE CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Within the past few years, facilities for the higher education in music have been multiplied in America, and imperfections of one kind and another removed, until at the present time there are perhaps a dozen places in this country where the higher education in music can be obtained equal in thoroughness, balance and in artistic productiveness to that of the best schools in Europe. Of course as between the advantage of study with private teachers and in a good school, there is the same room for difference in America as in Europe. As a matter of fact the most strongly original and inspiring teachers are scarcely ever found in a conservatory. The great original teacher has his own way, which is often an innovation, fitting but poorly into the plans of a great school. When it is possible for a student to come under the continued instruction of a high-minded and original private teacher, he will obtain something which no school will give him; something which it is not easy to describe or account for. Perhaps the mental stimulus of contact with a first-rate mind is the source of the quickening influence exerted by such a teacher as the late Theodore Kullak or by our own Dr. Mason. Mr. Scharwenka, also, attained his fame as teacher before dividing himself up among the multiplied demands of his conservatory. But a school, in turn, does something for a student which a private teacher does not, however eminent and painstaking. It gives a well rounded training, and provides musical education of at least a respectable quality upon a large scale—upon a commercial scale. The much vaunted musical atmosphere of Germany is in reality the musical atmosphere of the music schools; and it is only in connection with a conservatory that corresponding musical atmospheres can be created here.

The weakness of American conservatories until very

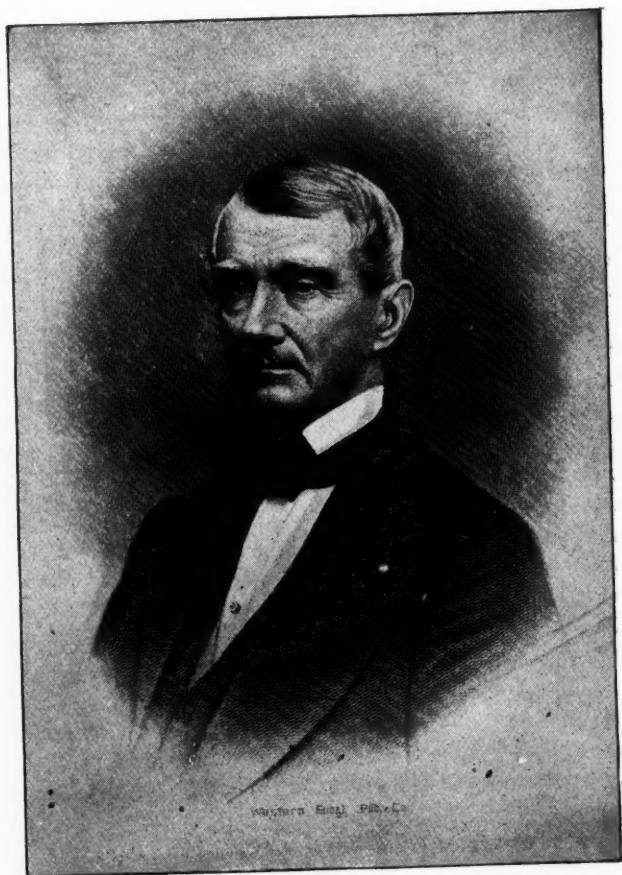


recently was the same as that of the American colleges. Until very lately no American music school had any endowment funds whatever. Nearly all American so-called conservatories have been the enterprises of smart teachers, who associated other teachers with themselves, and taking showy rooms and advertising freely have succeeded in attracting considerable numbers of students. In these schools, where all the income is derived from fees for instruction, there have to be large commissions taken off the fees paid the less eminent teachers, in order to provide for rent, advertising, profits and cost of the accessory free advantages which have to be added to the direct instruction. Hence it is generally the rule that for lessons from one of the less eminent teachers the student pays a higher price than he would have to do for private lessons from a better teacher outside. His only advantage lies in the expectation of a more evenly balanced education, and in the emulation and class spirit of a large school. In most of these schools, moreover, the student derives very little advantage indeed from the eminence of the chief teacher—*his* time being in such demand that in order to convey the impression of impartiality his lessons are reduced to the shortest of passing examinations under the principal, an examination too often of a merely perfunctory character, the time of contact between the much occupied teacher and the pupil being too short for the master to arrive at a just idea of the student's state.

Moreover, the popular idea that the same advantage follows the class system in music as in other studies is erroneous, and this is one reason why the expectations awakened in the establishment of new conservatories have not always been realized. At Leipsic, where class lessons are given in instrumental music to six pupils in an hour, each pupil takes four such lessons per week, and of two different teachers. This increases the contact time between the teachers and the taught from twenty minutes' actual personal teaching per week to forty, to the great advantage of the student. In America, however, the class system has been generally given up in all good schools. To play or to sing is a personal matter which cannot be taught but by much personal

interchange of illustration and criticism, for which the ten minutes of the class lesson (each pupil of six being reduced to one-sixth of the hour, or ten minutes) are entirely insufficient. Something of this kind exists in the literary school, also, where there is a distinct lack of individual teaching. This educational defect reaches its maximum in the public schools, where nearly all the instruction is given by teachers comparatively inexperienced, and without incisive personality. The result is the production of a type of scholarship largely conventional, commonplace, and without the germs of later development into something higher. Here, however, we are verging upon too large a question for unsanctified handling. Therefore let us return to our conservatory.

The Cincinnati College of Music is one of the most instructive illustrations of music progress which this country has yet afforded. It had its origin in the Cincinnati May festivals, which in turn had their source and inspiration in the German saengerfests, of which a great one was held in Cincinnati in 1880. This led to the suggestion of an American festival of similar or larger scope, which was carried to a successful conclusion in 1882; and this, in turn, to the formation of the Cincinnati Biennial May Festival Association, with the first festival in 1873, and the second in 1875. Very naturally the first lack experienced, aside from the necessity of importing the entire musical apparatus except the chorus singers, was that of a suitable hall, which was remedied by the generosity of the late Reuben Springer, who built and presented to the city the beautiful Music hall, holding 4,400 listeners, and furnished with a first-class concert organ and a large stage. This enabled the festivals to be given under conditions favorable in the highest degree to intelligent and satisfactory hearing. The place having been provided, the next effort was devoted to the organization of a festival chorus upon a permanent basis; and this again naturally brought out the fact that there was no place where the higher musical education could be pursued without going abroad. One of the leaders in the May festival enterprise was Col. Geo. Ward Nichols, a man of great force, address and brilliancy. Allied to one of the wealthy families, he was



*R. R. Springer*

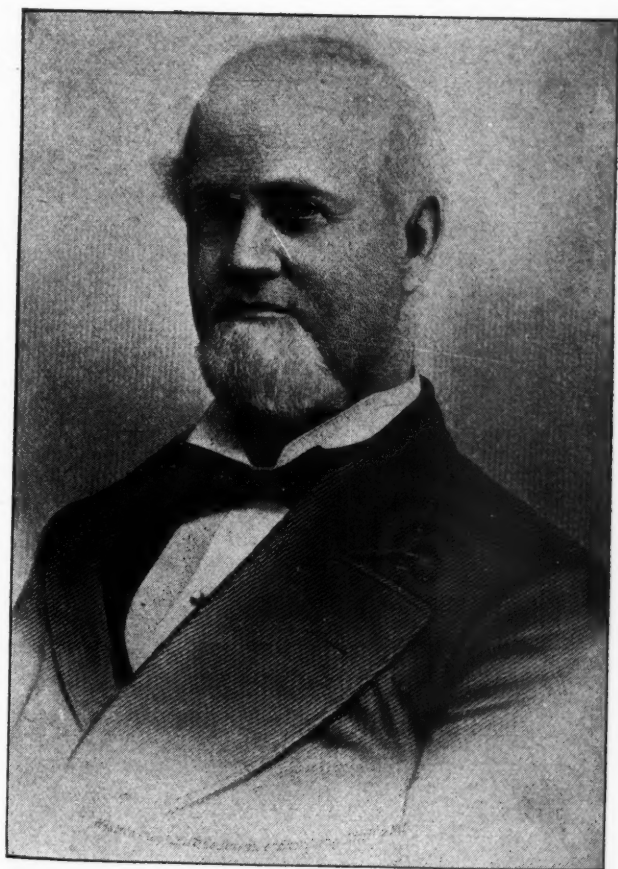
(By permission, from "One Hundred Years of Music in America.")

fortunately able to control his time, and was only too glad to be able to use it for the credit of the city. So, largely through his efforts, the College of Music was organized in 1878, Mr. Nichols being its chief executive officer. The head of the educational department was Mr. Theodore Thomas, who was induced to accept the position, with a liberal salary, in the hope that here he would be able to establish a high standard of musical scholarship. His plans were conceived in an elevated spirit, but for a long time it appeared doubtful whether the territory naturally tributary to Cincinnati would furnish a sufficient number of students properly prepared for admission to its advantages. At the head of the violin department was Mr. S. E. Jacobssohn, one of the most successful and distinguished teachers of his instrument in the world—and it may be added, one of the most productive. Mr. Thomas' connection with the college ended three years later, in consequence of differences between him and Col. Nichols, and in further consideration of his not finding the position altogether satisfactory to him upon the side of its artistic possibilities. It was too soon for Mr. Thomas to be at the head of a musical college, except for the sake of widening his own experience.

From the first, Mr. Springer took a great interest in the College of Music, and at the first annual commencement in 1870 he made his first donation to its endowment funds, appropriating the sum of \$5,000 for medals and other honors for superior diligence and scholarship. For three years the college was located in Music hall, where it was annually interrupted for several weeks by a great exposition. This led to the erection of the first college, etc. The cost was about \$20,000, of which Mr. Springer contributed three-fourths. Then a need was felt for a smaller hall, and this led to the erection of the Odeon, having a very comfortable theater, seating about 1,200, with a practicable stage and scenery, and a good two-manual organ concealed in the rear. There were also in this building a large number of teaching rooms. Of this also Mr. Springer defrayed a considerable part of the expense. In 1889 still another addition was made in what is called the Lyceum, a small hall holding about 400, and containing an excellent two-manual organ by Roosevelt.

The movement to endow the college fully took form in 1882, when Mr. Springer made his first donation of \$60,000, the income of which was to be permanently devoted to educational uses. This was supplemented by other sums from him and from the wealthy citizens of Cincinnati until the endowment has reached a little over \$300,000, being the largest trust fund for musical education yet realized in America.

Upon the death of Col. Nichols, Mr. Peter Rudolph Neff was elected president of the board of trustees and chief executive officer of the college. Mr. Neff was chosen to this position, he declares, because no other member of the board had leisure to attend to the duties of the office. Most likely, however, the trustees had a well founded confidence in his sterling good sense, public spirit and patience—qualities never at a loss in dealing with musicians upon a large scale. The fiscal affairs of the college are in admirable shape. They are managed by a board of fifteen trustees, each of whom must own one share of the capital stock of the college, which is not transferable, but at the death of the owner reverts to the college, to be awarded to his successor. All the income from endowment and tuitions must be employed for the legitimate expenses of the college, *i. e.*, for enlarging its educational resources. In the early days the income was meager for the needs; but since the increase in the number of students, the tuition fees cover the cost of the instruction, so that the college is now in position to employ whatever grade of instructors they may desire, and especially in position to facilitate the education of talented students without means. In this respect they are both generous and public spirited, believing that if by good chance out of ten talented students, one good composer is evolved, or one great teacher; or if even in a much larger number one musical genius is found, the country will have been fully repaid for all that has been consumed in educating those who while at first promising did not prove to have the germs of originality in them. The present attitude of the college is that of not desiring a larger number of students, the actual attendance comfortably filling its classrooms. But what they do desire is to improve the average



Peter Rudolph Hoff

quality of the students. They want specially talented students, who desire to study thoroughly and go on to high attainments. Such students they will welcome with open arms, and no question of pecuniary resources is permitted to interfere with the completion of the musical education to the fullest point.

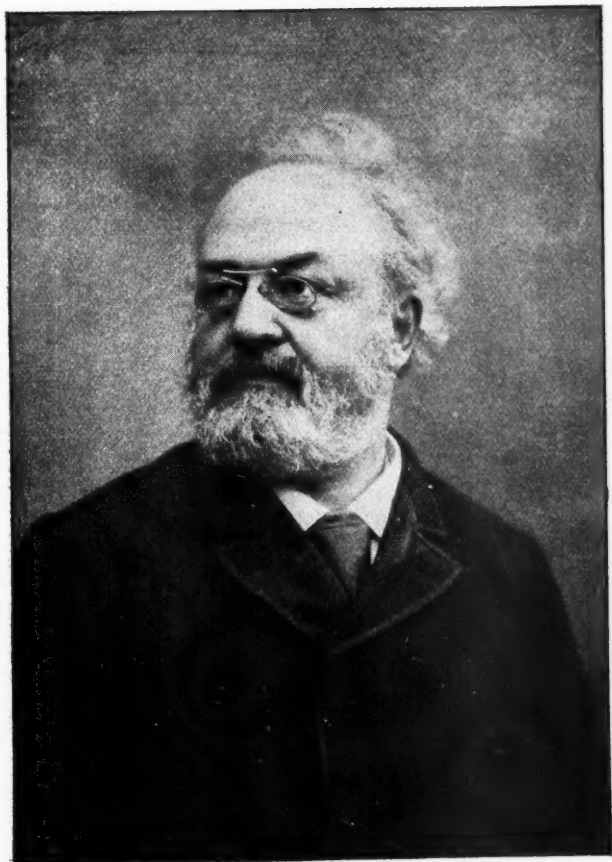
All the professors and teachers of the college are paid salaries, and their full time is at the disposal of the college. Hence reasonable hours are observed, and if a teacher fails to produce results it is his own fault. Perhaps the best known of all the members of the college faculty is the veteran director, Otto Singer, who, as composer, teacher and conductor of choruses and festivals, is known in all parts of the musical world. It is unfortunate that present space does not permit a proper record of the career of this eminent man, but it is not so important as it would be if the honorable facts of his long career were not so generally known.

Another member of the faculty who deserves an attention which it is not possible to afford at this time is Mr. B. W. Foley, head of the vocal department, but of his work there will be something more to say upon another occasion.

The dean of the faculty is Prof. C. P. Moulinier, who was born in Florence in 1831, and has been connected with the college ever since its foundation. It is perhaps in part due to his influence that so large a representation of Italian musicians appears on the list of instructors and professors. One of the best solo artists in the institution is Signor Albino Gorno, who was originally engaged as vocal teacher, at the recommendation of Mme. Patti, with whom he traveled several seasons as accompanist and pianist. Signor Gorno represents the traditions of a good Italian method for the voice, and is also a very brilliant and pleasing pianist. His employment in the latter capacity in the college arose incidentally from his attractive style of playing.

At the head of the pianoforte department is Mr. A. W. Doerner, who was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1852, and after early studies at Cincinnati went abroad and studied with Kullak in Berlin, at Stuttgart and later at Paris, distinguishing himself in all these schools by his diligence and the ar-





OTTO SINGER.

tistic quality of his playing. He was one of the first professors in the college, and is undoubtedly one of the most influential forces in the musical life of the school. He is also director of the ensemble classes.

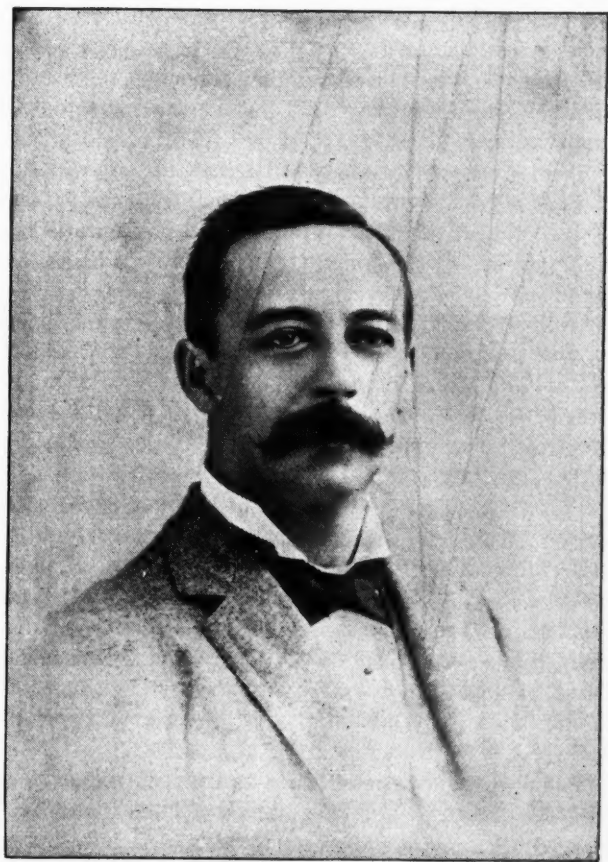
There are more than fifty pupils in the violin department, of whom about thirty-five are in the *ensemble* class. On Saturday mornings performances of chamber music are given in the Lyceum by pupils selected for the purpose. I had the good fortune to be present at such a performance, and found it extremely creditable; a young lady performed a difficult violin concerto, with string accompaniment, and an octette by Spohr was given—all the players save one being pupils.

This flourishing department, which was formerly in charge of such eminent artists as S. E. Jacobsohn and Henry Schradieck, was two years ago intrusted to a young Italian musician, Leandro Campanari, a consummate violinist, both in solo and *ensemble* performance, a broadly educated musician and an indefatigable worker. He is still a young man, having been born in October, 1857, at Rovigo, in the state of Venice.

The first unfolding of his musical talent was under the watchful eye of his father, a musician of sterling ability. His first concert appearance was at the age of



LEANDRO CAMPANARI.



*Armin W Doerner*

twelve, at Milan, in 1869; and in 1876, at the early age of nineteen, he received the highest diploma from the Conservatory of Milan. While there he studied under the celebrated masters, Corbellini and Bazzini. After winning these academic laurels he was appointed *chef d'attaque*, or *concertmeister*, as the Germans call it, or leader of the first violins, in the Milan orchestra under Carlo Andreoli; and at the same time he plunged heart and soul into the very highest of musical employments—namely, the study of Beethoven's last quartettes in a quartette led by the world-renowned Wilhelmj. Thus upon the mind of the ardent young Italian was engrafted the most precious growth of high German genius in the department of pure music.

Phillippo Phillippi, the eminent Italian critic, joined with his teacher, Bazzini, in prophesying that he would become one of the world's greatest quartette players, and Sir Julius Benedict, who heard him in England at the age of twenty-one, gave him the *soubriquet* of "the Italian Joachim."

In 1881 the Boston symphony orchestra was organized under the directorship of Henschel, and Campanari was engaged as the leader of the first violins. In these famous concerts Annie Louise Cary, William H. Sherwood and Campanari were the first three soloists. He was afterward appointed musical director at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in which post he was succeeded by George E. Whiting, and he was also appointed director of the violin department at the New England Conservatory.

His health failing, he returned to Italy, intending to remain but one year, though the event proved that it was three. He organized the first Italian string quartette, and did some heroic work in the way of leading Italian taste up to the mountain summit of German instrumental music. Sofretini, critic of *La Gazette Musicale*, published by Ricordi, of Milan, spoke of him with the most glowing and poetic enthusiasm; and, in fact, his success was universal. During one season in Florence he gave no less than twenty concerts made up from the new and the old, culled from every region and every period of history. On one occasion he was intro-

duced to the composer Verdi, who expressed great astonishment at finding so eminent a master to be so young a man. Campanari had the honor, when in Genoa, of playing upon the jealously guarded violin of Paganini, one of the city's treasures. This honor was never given to any other violinist but Sivori. The members of his famous quartette were: Second violin, De Guarnieri; viola, Andreoli, and for 'cello, a Hollander, Gerrard Vollman, who was afterward first 'cello of the Berlin Philharmonic, under the direction of Von Bülow. This quartette was engaged by Campanari and under his complete control. It was his custom to drill and practice five hours a day. Hear this aghast, ye self-complacent American artists, who think that two or three scant rehearsals, with all the slipshod carelessness which comes from semi-contempt for your public, is suitable preparation for a so-called "high art chamber concert"! Is it not certain that one active and most operative cause of the indifference shown by our musical public to string quartette concerts may be found in the fact that the players, though virtuoso soloists as individuals, and eminently interesting to hear, utterly fail in so uniting themselves and annihilating themselves that the music is brought out as a new somewhat, by the magic of imagination and the chemistry of the beautiful? Signor Campanari returned to America and was engaged by the College of Music of Cincinnati, in 1890. Having thoroughly acquainted himself with the conditions and possibilities of this western city, he has entered heart and soul into the cause of high art education and has recently signed a contract for three years, extending to 1895. Campanari is a man who, though an exquisite and most careful performer upon the violin, disclaims any Paganini-like reputation, but desires to influence the world as a master of *ensemble* work. His displays of talent in that direction have charmed the Cincinnati public, and much is anticipated from his future connection with the college. He is a man of the loftiest ideas, the most contagious enthusiasm, and that singleness of aims which, alas! characterizes so few of the profession in our country.

## SIGNORINA TECLA VIGNA.

Since the year 1882 an admirably educated Italian lady, Miss Tecla Vigna, has been a prominent member of the vocal faculty of the college. Miss Vigna came to America after several seasons of pronounced success in her native land, with the glow of early enthusiasm still unabated, and not, as many come, in those years when lessening powers are beginning to fade and ambitious ardor to fall into lassitude and ennui. From the first her many musical gifts and her magnetic personality created a strong impression upon her students.

Her Italian career was, in brief, as follows: She was born in Piedmont, coming of a musical family. At the Milan conservatory she received two silver prizes, one for pianoforte playing, which she studied under Sangalli, the other for singing, which she perfected under Leoni. She made her debut in Brescia the same season in which Scalchi made her first appearance in Italy. Miss Vigna's first important role was that of La Cieca in "La Gioconda" of Ponchielli. This role she had the distinguished honor of creating to the Florentine public under the directorship of Faccio, with the celebrated company from La Scala in Milan. She was re-engaged to sing "La Favorita" in Florence. With Madame Wild at Trieste she sang in the opera "Il Trovatore," this being her last Italian appearance; and in one important season in the city of Rome with an American lady, Madame Urban.

In America, however, it is the voice, voice, voice. A wretched stumbling amateur who cannot make three tones alike in any part of the scale or in any required phrase, but is by nature luckily endowed with a voice of delicious sweetness, and having that pathetic thrill in it which the French so admire and call "the tear" in the voice—any such amateur can charm the generality, although the critic may grieve much at the evident and all-pervading crudities.

Miss Vigna's success as a teacher has been something phenomenal. In addition to an accurate knowledge, an extensive acquaintance with music and a practical acquaintance with the stage—for she sang in public three years in

Italy—she has a still more important gift for a teacher, namely, strong personal charms, awakening the most enthusiastic devotion, both personal and musical, among her pupils.

There is at present in Cincinnati a new and flourishing organization, called the Euterpe Society—a chorus of about fifty voices which is composed almost entirely of her pupils. It was organized this year, and has been one of the prominent features of the season. Some of her eminent pupils are the following: Mrs. Jessie Bowren-Caldwell, Miss Emilia Groll, who is on the stage with the name of Rita Elandi, Miss Ada Fieldelvey, stage name Glasca, Miss Ranchfuss, stage name Mantell, Miss Lottie Adam, of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Rimanoczy, of Cincinnati.

The great merit of the Cincinnati College of Music is the well balanced activity in all departments. The organ is well represented; there is a fine vocal society under the direction of Mr. Foley, and every orchestral instrument has students devoted to its mastery. The school is a matter of just pride to the citizens of Cincinnati, and of congratulation to outsiders. It is President Neff's idea that any city of 300,000 inhabitants may have just as good a school by taking proper steps; and that if once established it will return to the community many times its first cost, and after a very few years of careful administration become self-sustaining.



## FIRST YEAR OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

The first season of the Chicago symphony concerts closed April 23. The newspapers, as usual upon such occasions, devoted considerable space to a review of the season as a whole, and as usual arrived at widely different opinions concerning the nature and value of what has been accomplished. Mr. Falkenau, of the *Herald*, regards the season as a failure in every way; the programmes having been too severe, the playing not up to the mark of a proper standard, and the financial part injudiciously conducted. The *Tribune* contains an article of totally different tenor, apparently not by the musical critic lately in charge, Mr. Hubbard, but by some one more nearly representing the views of the orchestral association. Its view is that about all has been done that could have been in the time and under the circumstances—which is gratifying, if true. The *Times* takes exceptions to the programmes as having been too severe and too exclusively German in their constitution. The *Inter-Ocean* takes a more optimistic view, and regrets that carping criticism should be permitted to undermine Mr. Thomas' influence at the beginning of so great an undertaking as the establishment of a first-rate symphony orchestra in this city.

The list of pieces presented during the season is as follows:

BACH.	Suite, No. 3, D major. Concerto, G major. Fugue, A minor. Symphony, from Christmas Oratorio.
BARGIEL.	Overture, Medea, Op. 22.
BEETHOVEN.	Symphony, No. 3, Eroica, Op. 55. " No. 5, C minor, Op. 67. " No. 8, F major, Op. 93. Overture, Leonore, No. 3. " Coriolanus. Septette, Op. 20, Tema con Var. Scherzo. Finale. Adagio Prometheus. Theme and Variations, Op. 18, No. 5. Andante Cantabile, Op. 97. (Liszt.) Song, Adelaide.
BERLIOZ.	Symphony, Harold in Italy, Op. 16. Romeo and Juliet: Ball scene. Damnation of Faust. Invocation. Minuet. Dance of the Sylphs. March.
BRAHMS.	La Captive, Op. 12. Reverie. Symphony, No. 3, Op. 90. Hungarian Dances, first set. Song: Meine Liebe ist gruen.
CHADWICK.	Dramatic Overture, Melpomene.
CHOPIN.	Concerto, No. 2, F minor, Op. 21. Marche Funèbre, (Theo. Thomas.) Last Mazurka, Op. 68, No. 4. (Theo. Thomas.) Valse in A minor, Op. 34, No. 2. (Theo. Thomas.)

- DELIBES. Ballet: Silvia.  
Intermezzo et Valse. Pizzicati. Cortège de Bacchus.
- DVORAK. Symphony, No. 1, D major, Op. 60.  
Dramatic Overture, Husitska.  
Scherzo capriccioso, Op. 66.  
Concerto for violin, Op. 53 (new).  
Air from Ludmilla, O Worant Me.  
Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 3, Op. 45.
- GLEASON. Aria from Otho Visconti, Act III.
- GLUCK. Overture, Iphigenia in Aulis. (Wagner Ed.)  
Aria from Paride ed Elena.  
" " Iphigenia in Tauris.
- GOLDMARK. Symphony, A Country Wedding, Op. 26.  
Overture, Sakuntala.
- GRIEG. Suite: Peer Gynt, Op. 46.  
Largo.
- HANDEL. Symphony, G major, 13 (B. and H.)
- HAYDN. Symphonic Poem: Les Preludes.
- LISZT. " " Mazeppa.  
Fantasia on Hungarian Airs. (Piano.)
- MACDOWELL. Suite, Op. 42.
- MASSENET. Suite, Esclarmonde.
- MENDELSSOHN. Symphony, No. 3, A minor, Op. 56.  
Overture, Melusine.
- MOZART. Symphony, E flat (Koechel, 543).  
Marriage of Figaro, Rec and Air: E Susanna non Vien.  
Marriage of Figaro, Aria: Voi che Sapete.
- NICODE. Symphonic Variations, Op. 27.
- PAINE. Symphony, No. 2, Im Fruehling, Op. 34
- RAFF. Symphony, Im Walde.
- RUBINSTEIN. Symphony, No. 3, Ocean, Op. 42.  
Concerto for Piano, No. 3, G major, Op. 45.  
" " No. 4, D minor, Op. 70.  
Ball Costumé, Second Suite.
- SAINT-SAENS. Symphony, No. 3, C minor, Op. 78.  
Symphonic Poem: Rouet d' Omphale.  
" " Phaeton.  
Tarantella, for flute and clarinet.  
Air: Sampson and Delila.
- P. SCHARWENKA. Fruelingswogen, Op. 87 (new).
- SCHUBERT. Symphony, No. 8, B minor (unfinished).  
" " No. 9, C major.  
Theme and Var., from D minor quartette.  
Songs, Der Wanderer.  
" Gretchen am Spinnrade.
- SCHUECKER. Fantasia di Bravura (harp).
- SCHUMANN. Symphony, No. 2, C major, Op. 61.  
" " No. 4, D minor.  
Overture, Manfred, Op. 115.  
" " Genoveva.  
Song: The Two Grenadiers.
- SERVAIS. Fantasia: Le Desir.
- SHELLEY. Symphonic Poem, Francesca di Rimini.
- J. STRAUSS. Walzer: Sphaerenklaenge.
- R. STRAUSS. Concerto for French Horn, Op. 11.
- SVENDSEN. Carnival of Paris.
- TSCHAIKOWSKY. Symphony, No. 5, E minor, Op. 64.  
Fantasia Overture, "Hamlet."  
Suite Mozartiana.  
Concerto No. 1. (Piano.)  
Fantasie de Concert, Op. 56 (new). (Piano.)

92 FIRST YEAR OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

WAGNER.

A Faust Overture.  
 Rienzi, Overture  
 Tannhaeuser: Overture, Bacchanale.  
                     Aria: Dich theure Halle.  
 Flying Dutchman, Overture, Recit. and Aria,  
                     The Term Is Past.  
 Lohengrin, Vorspiel.  
 Tristan and Isolde. Introduction and Closing  
                     Scene.  
 Meistersaenger, Introduction, Monologue, Vor-  
                     spiel.  
 Walküre, Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire  
                     Scene.  
                     Ride of the Valkyries.  
 Goetterdaemmerung, Morning Dawn, Sieg-  
 fried's Rhine Journey, Siegfried's Funeral  
 March, Finale.  
 Parsifal, Vorspiel.  
                     Good Friday Spell, Transformation  
                     Scene.  
 Siegfried, Idyl.  
 Kaiser March.  
 Huldigung's March.  
 Invitation to the Dance (Berlioz).  
 Overture: Oberon.  
 Concertstueck, Op. 79.  
 Polonaise Brillante, Op. 72 (Liszt).  
 Scena Oberon: Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster.  
 Air Varié, Op. 15.

WEBER.

WIENIAWSKI.

Upon the whole, this list must be regarded as a credit to Mr. Thomas and the orchestra. All schools of music are well represented. The preponderance of German music is only accidental, and due to the fact that the entire fabric of modern instrumental music is German through and through, and the most that can be said of orchestral music by French, German, Scandinavian, Italian, English or American composers is that it is German in scope, but with slight drawbacks of national accent. The French have indeed quite a large repertory of cleverly written orchestral music of a light character, and this class has been liberally drawn upon by Mr. Thomas, as also have works of the northern nationalities—on the whole, in just proportion to their importance in the general field of instrumental music.

It is understood that certain modifications in the details of the management have been determined for next season, and the orchestra will go on for three years, as originally contracted; and now that the foundations of a repertory have been laid, so that everything will not need to be practiced with so much repetition, there will be time to bring the really difficult passages to a finer finish. If, now, corresponding modifications can be introduced looking to securing a wider *clientele* for the concerts without materially impairing the artistic standard of selection, the entire problem will have been solved.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

### CHAPTER XXI.

The most influential family in the Orthodox church of Chester, was Mr. Dulcimer's. He did not give any more money than Deacon Fultz, or Mr. Gregg, or Mr. Podd, but from some subtle reason, whatever was undertaken was always in agreement with Mr. Dulcimer's wishes. That gentleman was fond of declaring "that he carried the church on his heart," and perhaps he did. It is certain he always contrived to have his way, in all its concerns. His wife was very prominent in all so-called "church work," and his sons, especially Alic, were relied on to furnish a strong bass, when that part of the chord was required at church entertainments. Still these services were no greater than those rendered by other families that were held less valuable.

Mr. Dulcimer owned the barbed wire factory, and was known to have done his best to keep that useful product up to the highest possible price. He had barely escaped disaster in more than one hotly contested lawsuit, but it was difficult to suspect such a gentle-spoken, generous-appearing man of ways that would not look well in broad day. Much as he was deferred to in the church, and fond as he was of his own opinion, Mr. Dulcimer rarely expressed his views, save privately to individuals, and when convenient he certainly forgot these confidences. Whenever circumstances compelled him to express himself in public he used vague, circumlocutory

\* Copyright, 1891, by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

phrases, which might have more than one meaning, and which he explained as occasion suggested. A baffling man to understand was Mr. Dulcimer, unless one had the power to exactly overlook his individual comfort and interest.

Mrs. Dulcimer was not quite so much of a riddle as her husband, because if her effusive geniality met all comers with smiles, and gracious words, it was impossible for her to refrain from expressing her real opinion of them the moment their backs were turned. Distress brought sympathetic tears to her eyes, and she was quick to give assistance, but the generous moment over she could not help commenting upon the appearance of the sufferer, how his mouth was distorted when he groaned, and how grimy and big was the hand that received her alms. A comely woman, always adorned with ribbons and twinkling ornaments, she worked very hard making and especially remaking her own and her children's clothes. She also made a great deal out of her duty to her two tall step-sons. With Mrs. Podd she was recruiting from these exhausting labors at a southern pleasure resort when Huldah gave her recitals at Chester. She had often complained that there was no pastor's wife at the Orthodox, and when Mr. March's approaching wedding was announced, she said as often as she had opportunity, and with the little catch in her breath which was one of her affectations, "that she hoped Mrs. March would be a center."

Though she was comparatively a new comer in Chester, Mrs. Podd was, next to Mrs. Dulcimer, the most influential lady in the church. She carried herself in a stately, high-stepping fashion, which her friends called swan-like, and sour critics compared to a more domestic and perhaps more useful bird. She was certainly a fine woman, and in the tightest variety of the narrow skirt then fashionable, would have been a noticeable figure anywhere. Like Mrs. Dulcimer she enjoyed church work, or what passes for such, and with a skill that did her acuteness credit contrived to do only showy parts of it. So it fell out that

Mrs. Hollis, and other women having lean pocket books, or those sisters who had arrived at an age when it is supposed that vanities are no longer enjoyed, and there is very little left to do save to prepare by good works to leave this world to younger and more flexible joints, were appointed to wash the dishes, boil the coffee, and perform the various obscure duties inseparably connected with modern church undertakings.

In Chester Mr. Podd was spoken of indefinitely, as a speculator. He had come with the new railway, and had astonished that not easily astonished city by the size of his diamond shirt studs, and the brilliancy of his equipages. Save that he owned stock in a pestiferous glucose factory, built just outside the city limits, the sources of his prosperity were unknown. But he was supposed to be the owner of at least one silver mine, and was believed to hold secret but important relations with the Chicago Board of Trade. He spent money lavishly, except in the matter of downright benevolence, and Chester, accepting him with true western unreserve, had made him twice her mayor on a fusion ticket gotten up in the interest of reform. Nature had furnished his stumpy body with short and stumpy legs. His big head was as round as a cannon ball, and his wide forehead was very white and wrinkleless, save a few lines about his vivacious eyes. Though clever, he had never learned the wisdom of concealing his lack of education and breeding. But he had in a high degree composure and self-assertion, and his peculiar use of words, and his table manners were, if spoken of at all, described as "original."

When the day of Mr. March's wedding was set, he bustled about and soon had a long list of names, and the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. "It's my idee to buy the bridal pair a neat silver tea-set," he said at the close of a trustee meeting when the gentlemen were stretching their legs after a somewhat acrimonious consideration of the church debt. "Of course I mean triple plate, not solid, which would hardly be what you could expect from us, or to see on a minister's board. We ought to buy one

of Tarbox cheap just now, you know. He ought to be willing to let us have one at cost. If he is, why you know, we'll have enough to add something in the ice pitcher line, or salad bowl and fork and spoon way. I can't say as I'm particular, so's't what we git looks well."

"Wouldn't it be better to give Mr. March the money, and let him and his wife choose what they want?" suggested Mr. Fultz. "They may prefer something quite different from a tea-set. And as he is to marry, it seems to me we ought to increase his salary."

Mr. Dulcimer blinked, and put his hand nervously to his lips. It had been by his advice that David March had been called to Chester, as, being a single man, he could live on a small salary.

"H'mah!" snorted Mr. Yates, who was in an uncommonly bad humor, "I s'ported my family of five on thirteen hundred last year, an' I guess two folks can live on fifteen."

"I p'sume his wife has been earning something," interposed Mr. Gregg cautiously. "And perhaps she'll keep on a-earning."

"Tain't likely she'll have much time to gallivant around the country givin' concerts when she gits settled here, and into our church work," said Mr. Podd, with much decision. "I shouldn't approve of that. Not by no means."

"Then I suppose you are in favor of giving him enough to live with some degree of comfort, and suited to his position," persisted Mr. Fultz. "We can pay him twenty-five hundred, and ought to."

"I don't think we ought to," cried Mr. Podd, jumping up and facing the lawyer aggressively. "We've paid him a pretty bit of money since he come here. Why, the Baptist man don't git but twelve hundred, and he has a wife that does a sight of work for the church."

"March must 'a' ben a-layin' by something," lisped Mr. Shaw, a large and lardy man, who bore a secret grudge against the pastor, because he took high ground on the temperance question, and advocated measures



which, if carried out, would be destruction to the malting business.

"I sh'd like to know what's to hinder a-layin' by!" cried Mr. Yates. "With \$600 a year interest on our debt, and the music to provide for, there's some of us have got tired of reaching down into our trousers pockets."

Mr. Dulcimer coughed and gently nodded, and Mr. Gregg observed that a minister ought to be willing to set an example, and that he did not think a church was bound to cripple itself to give him money to hoard up, or to live on luxuriously.

"I don't think we are setting a very handsome example by asking him to practice all the self-denial," said Mr. Fultz, quietly. "We are in his debt some \$800, and he has in a way, perhaps, laid that sum by. If his salary is not to be increased, I am extremely sorry he is to marry."

"Perhaps you mean you are sorry he is going marry the person he is," corrected Mr. Gregg, who had been much disappointed that Alice Garnett had not been the minister's choice. "Well, if his wife comes for'ard, and saves us expense, we may be able to do something later."

"Yes, time enough to do that, when we find out what we are going to have," said Mr. Podd. "As for the money I've picked up, we can invest it so's't it'll help both ways. A tasty tea-set put on the communion table the first Sunday of his return'll in my opinion draw a crowd. Of course there'll be cu'rosty to see the bride, then, the tea-set, and it'll look well for our people. Look what I call handsome."

Mr. Fultz gave up the battle, and withdrew, but Mr. Yates said, in his opinion the money ought to be used to pay on the church debt.

"You're crazy, Yates, about that debt," said Mr. Podd, frowning. "Land o' Goshen! Who ever heard of anybody foreclosing a moggige on a meetin' house! If a man is fool enough to take sech a moggige, an' gits to the pint of sellin', I say let him try it on. There ain't no market for meetin' houses just now in Chester. I don't fret my gizzard about no church debt."

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.\*

### AN INTRODUCTION.

#### IV.

"The circles of that sea are laws  
Which publish and which hide the cause."

—Emerson: *Celestial Love*.

In searching to discover the mechanical means or physical cause sustaining unified passing effects in nature and in art, highly organized rotations of force are recognized as the plasmic influence, or "harmony-working-as-cause," of the living unity. In the case of musical tone—regarded as an organism or living unity—the real form of motion with which metallic energy causes and upholds a musical tone and its overtones, is found to be a compound of vibratory rotations. In the case of pure light, regarded as an organism or living unity—the compound rotations of the sun impinge upon the surrounding ether in such a manner as to create, or influence, the involved series of disparate undulations producing the sense impression light. So, also, in the case of art—regarded as an organism or living unity—in order to embody "harmony-working-as-cause," several and various forms and degrees of natural or curving motions, efficient as changeable and continuously working power, are requisite. Their harmonious coördination by means of compound envelopment is also requisite. This can be fully accomplished by means of the envelopment in harmonic ratio of disparate and variform rotations or cycloids. The form of motion which may be successfully employed in the art of presenting naturally constituted effects, will necessarily be natural curving or rotary. Curved motions, when working with absolutely continuous influence by virtue of their natural form, concentrically, that is to say harmonically, arrange the dynamic variations or various degrees of tone volume they cause, thus constituting musically formed tone effects. Various forms and amplitudes of natural or rotary motion enveloped in one unified working, express a composite expenditure of power, and cause the tone masses produced to be composed and welded in harmonic successions.

The contents of the musical form are varied in ratios, symmetrically arranged and harmoniously mixed and enveloped within each other; and a faithful practical presentation of these contents, or the constitution of the musical form, in successive masses of tone effect, takes place only by means of an organism of motion which is similarly differentiated and unified. When various physical parts

\* Copyright, 1892, by Frederic Horace Clark.

whose different magnitudes are in a compounded ratio to each other as are the above noticed parts of musical form, and whose different forms of motion being all variations of natural\* motion can work harmoniously together—when these are enveloped in a system of motion, an organism of relation is constituted among them and a mass system of motion is created, composing a form, which may be employed as an efficient cause (or working form) for musical expression upon the pianoforte.

A system of moving masses, so freely organized as to compass innumerable degrees of work, which take place at numberless points of contact, arranging or composing the expression of energy so as to create and harmonically group and envelop numberless successive degrees of tone volume, with the same means and during the same time used in and for producing them, is inconceivable unless all its mass forms, motions and relations are constituted on the principle of universal form and natural motion, the line of which is in every case some compound harmonic variation of the curve.

Therefore a true pianoforte technic will be couched in a mass system of motion, wherein no member remains at rest, but all are preserved in harmoniously composed motions, and work synthetically, and are related in mixed ratio to each other, for only in this way can a flowing envelopment of power be generated, and its unfolding be distributively expended upon the instrument, thus assuring the natural cause of a musical effect; for if any one of the members of a mass system work alone or remain fixed, the soul or whole harmony of the working is dissolved and a dissolute or correspondently degraded expression of power, influence and effect will be caused.

The constitution of the human organism in its capacities of motion is such as to invite and promote among its members the exercise of a naturally involved mass system of motion, whose composite formation, presence, and working are necessary to enable the pianist properly to present pure musical forms and ideas. The different proportions of the bodily members determine different amplitudes and forms of motion, which cause various degrees of tone volume; the members are so freely organized that they can exercise more or less motion, or modify this form of motion in relation to each other. The trunk or torso is able to express the largest amount of power, the arm motion produces less force than that of the body, more than that of the forearm, and far more than that of the hand, which latter emits the smallest measure of power.

In an initial form or measure composing the unified motions of the pianist's bodily members, there may be one elliptical motion of the torso, two rotary motions of the arm and two exhalations and inhalations of the breath; and during the time of each arm rotation two half spiral oscillatory motions of the forearm, and, several minute cycloidal impulses, by the hand, which are generalized by two opposite lying double-curves, or a motion in the form of a figure  $\infty$ . These are all rhythmically unified, free forms of motion, and by virtue of their

\* Rotary or curved.

## 100 THE PHILOSOPHY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

natural relations to each other, they compose and produce in dynamic variations of tone volume, the effects of the disparate, simple, combined and compound rhythms or form parts, and highly differentiated unities of tone effect, which are essentially necessary for the true presentation of classic musical ideas.

This organism of motion exercised among the members of the pianist's body originates a spontaneous and composed handling of material which is sublimated by it, to a high state of mobility. By this means the working expression of the art is caused to correspond to the musical intention in all its parts and gradations. It is because of its natural formation and essence—the sympathetic welding of all its elements or parts—that this art process imbues with unity and a sustained physical temperament \* the dynamic which it expresses, and the manifold compound composition of tone successions thereby rendered. The term "sublimated" here refers to material, which is altogether inspirited with motion, carried by the motion of elements underlying it. In the highly organized mechanism of natural art pianism, the expressions of force are spontaneous curving impulses, emanating from centers in motion, which are living centers themselves supported in curving motion by higher powers or curving motions proceeding from remote centers, similarly sustained in motion. In this way all expressions of power emanating from the several centers are blended and gradually combined into one continuously sustained yet harmoniously composed, and ever varying form succession or symphonie of temperamental dynamic influence.

In pianoforte performance this system of enveloped motions enters into certain extrinsic relations; for example, it must retain sympathetic working association with the instrument, during which the points of contact are continually changing. As these various points or keys of the instrument are touched, each one forms an exterior transient center, to which the motions constituting the inner harmony of the system must regulate themselves. This contact of the natural art organism of freely centered motions, with outward unstable or continually changing centers—the pianoforte keys—corresponds to the opposition of forces constituting the Rhythmic in-spiral swing of the force and effect in nature, and arranges the numberless differentiations of the expenditure of power, in accord with spiral asymmetry, which molds the physical basis of nature's unified or rhythmic audible form effects. It is only away from the keyboard that the fully curving forms of the various ideal motions in the system can be (absolutely) fulfilled. As soon as these are instrumentally applied the contact modifies the forms and reduces them, more or less, and the curve lines receive extended, that is to say, gradual manifold and beautiful variations. The moving, living, interrelations among all the parts of this involved system must be faithfully preserved. If any member neglect to fulfill its proper share of this duty, it misses its sympathetic relation to the other members, and thereby an organized harmonious working of the system is lost, and consequently a purely musical effect cannot be produced.

\* Rational mixture of dispartes by envelopments in succession.

In presenting a unitary part of a musical idea, of the above mentioned eight-bar scope, the pianist renders the proper effect of a triple or compound unified rhythm form by means of one unitary sequence of the art organism under notice. Each of the primary halves of the eight-bar form is rendered by the influence of one modified rotary motion of the arms, while the effect of the whole is musically combined by the elliptical motion of the torso, which by bearing toward the keyboard during the first four bars, imparts influence to, and by bearing away from the keyboard during the last four bars, removes influence away from the expression of power through the arms. The effects of the two-bar sections are rendered by the influence of two half spiral motions of the forearms for each. And the effect of the small or one-bar members, and smallest of the members or motives, is given by various impulses or minute cycloids of rhythmical action of the hands, generalized in a figure of  $\infty$  curve, which rolls them and brings the tensioned, but not independently moving or acting, fingers, upon, and away from, the keys; thus imparting to the instrument all the different features of power expressed by the several elements of the system of motion.

The torso in one moment aids the production, increases the volume of tone, and in the following moment hinders and diminishes the same by its Rhythm of motion, which is anon recuperating its momentum for the fullness of a new impulse; but it is working continually, as are also all of the disparate motion parts, for this is prescribed by the varying chain of degrees of influence requisite to the unity of manifestation. So also is the hand continually working, both while bearing toward the keyboard and while bearing away from it; by virtue of its dual formation, and of its inner, outer, and inter-relationships it is enabled to produce and combine the lights and shadows, positive and negative touches, which are requisite to the unification of the various tone degrees forming every group or motive. The forearm likewise, while expressing in-spiral motion (pronation), and again outward spirations (supination), groups the smaller hand impulses by its larger governing impulses, so that now many groups are effected by one impulse, as in the hand many tones and disparate tone degrees were produced by one impulse. The arm, in turn, by virtue of its working *continually* on the keys, produces, in the more or less momentum of the downward and upward tendency of its unbroken influence, a grouping of the work of the forearm.

Thus the musically structured idea in the mind is rendered by a correspondently structured action of the will and physique, and the soul is fed and edified by the unity or divinity of being in which the art enables the humanity of the individual to momentarily participate.

In this way an organized presentation of the complex musical form is rendered. It is done by means of an art process, which exercises various bodily members in various rhythmical motions, the forms of which are all of them natural, and consequently the most easy and graceful. They are all variations of the curve, the symbol of natural organization, and on that account are predisposed to an efficient and harmonious unification which may be variously differentiated

## 102 THE PHILOSOPHY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

according to the form of any naturally constituted musical idea. The compositely formed cycles of this naturally involved system of motions enable the pianist to accomplish legitimately and easily all the worthy aims and ideals of his art. The perfect legato, or symphonic *temperamental* welding of the tones, is gained by means of the complementary interaction of the several members of the motion system, the larger continually reinforcing the smaller, and these distributing the force generated and emanated by the larger. The compositely enveloped features of a musically temperamental dynamic expression are presented with the supremacy of synthetic or unified expression by means of a transcendent art process, in which freely differentiated and unified action expresses clearly disposed variety and composition of physical influence or work.

The fundamental or most common sequence for creating the organism of the pianist's art has thus been noticed; but this, the basis or beginning of musical action, is only one of the numberless forms or sequences which have to be evolved in the service of instrumentally rendering musical ideas. It is a full or complete unitary form, enlisting all of the parts, whose motions, freely variable and disposable with various amplitudes and ratios, are arranged in harmonic relationship according as this or any other one of the forms is evolved. It is created by an absolute perception of the spirit of the Logos or Universal Form Principle, and it therefore prescribes a true standard of art, both in thought and in deed, and hints the morphologic and technicologic contents of classic Pianoforte music as they correspond with the organic or plasmic spirit of natural law. The lines of poetic expression are composite parts of high forms representing soul states. In music one of these lines usually embraces eight time bars of the printed page, but may embrace any number of bars, more or fewer. The poetic or musical line, however, is performed by a chosen unit of art which is more or less similar to the one above noticed, modified or extended to accord with the contents or features of the particular line.

### V.

"Pray for a beam  
Out of that sphere,  
Thee to guide and to redeem."

—Emerson: *Celestial Love*.

From the study already given to natural law as the embodiment of unity, it is seen that infinite variety with infinite envelopment, or in other words, the compound sequence of compound parts is the general aspect of the contents of the universal form principle. The intuitive perception and execution of musical form, as rooted in Universal form, would, therefore, be unified or synthetic, but not in any degree whatever would it be analytic, simple, monotonous, scattered and accidental.

The compound nature of musical form may not be produced by means of absolute calculation; but in the sublimating, mere analysis transcending, freely or infinitely initiated soul of enveloped disparately curving motions which embody simultaneously, in passing



time, the manifold relations of various tone masses and tone successions. As above remarked, the contents of the musical form are varied in ratios, symmetrically arranged and harmoniously mixed, and enveloped within each other, and a faithful, practical presentation of these contents, or the constitution of the musical form, in successive masses of tone effect, takes place only by means of an organism of motion, which is similarly differentiated and unified. Such sublimated transcendental or natural compositions of art motion are not developed from isolated, broken, straight movements which are caused by analytical mentation, arbitrarily, in different moments of time, and by singled and unrelated action of members of the human body; but they are generated and formed in the matrix of naturally enveloped inner-tending spiral rotations of mind and body, the unfolding expression of which also forms the composite sequences manifested in the constitution of human life and all natural organisms or forms. The arbitrary or unrelated motion of parts, as the independent or unrelated finger movement or the like movement of hand or forearm, arm or torso, is caused by very limited and scattered, disorganizing mentation. It is the consequence of partial science and knowledge, and is promoted by non-unified vision, and an obstructed view of the natural action of the human organism. Isolated hammer strokes, or falling weights can do toward expressing variety of tone effects but very little more than to produce rude machicolations, or sudden changes in the degree of tone volumes. The most it can do is to arrange several degrees with gradual, yet separated apposition. This possibility has supported some notions and practices, upholding as the ultimate of the pianist's art, barren systems of mere accents, or isolated, abrupt variations in the degree of limitation of intensity of force expenditure, producing unrelated, uncombine successions of various tone-force degrees. In the very best of results brought about by these isolated generatings and expenditures of force, initial variations of tone-force degree are followed by several other degrees of tone volume, gradually arranged throughout the bar. This singly acting, analytic, extrinsic and unenveloped practice, calculated merely for the single tones alone, is by some unscientific minds believed to express musically formed and naturally organized effects. The pure-minded pianist, however, sees clearly that those singly laboring thrusts of power and tone can never render compositely enveloped tone forms, or even simply flowing, continuous tone successions. He sees that there is no possibility of presenting the composite unity of relation, merely by means of recurring accents with a monitory intervening, nor yet by arranging various tone force degrees gradually throughout the bar. Both of these limited aims (although the latter is the most respectable), miss the prime essence of natural form expression, and of poetic and musical expression, which is created by the unifying imagination and harmonized will, consists in the envelopment of disparate parts, and of composite sequences, and is manifested through the agency of high organisms of art motion.

These latter "harmonies working as cause," create pure art expressions which are perceptible in the passing moments, as unfolding



compositions of tone effect, two-fold, three-fold and four-fold, in their order at least. They reveal the compound relationships of the elements and of the manifold parts or varied groups of elements constituting musical form. In the several and in each of the moments as they pass by, are thus manifested by the free organism of art motion, the form-enveloped features of the infinite effect inherent in natural, living unities.

The intuitive feeling which is prompted by the *a priori* outpressing of the soul's full unity of being leads to a harmonious free working together of all the parts, in an organizing of motions, formed of disparate parts, compositely ordered and unified, creating a manifestation of the contents and outlines of the soul state, and rendering a *transcendental* or ideal natural expression.

The Eternal Principle is thus taken as found in nature; and modified and re-created, in original variations and elaborations thereof, is exercised by the individual Artist, in his plasmic working upon the tone material.

If music in any one or all of its many modes may be employed as a harmonizing means, promoting the unific evolution of the individual man, it is indeed the centre of education. In this sense it can be employed, however, only when it exercises the manifold capacities of the human organism in the freeing discipline which is sustained by highly unified expression. Each of the departments of the human organism—mind, emotion, physique—must be harmoniously actuated in the art, that is to say, each must contribute to the art an expression of its capacity, by harmonic order of envelopment of disparately formed free or curving motions. All of these departments must be composed in one unified expression.

By means of combining and compounding by order of envelopment, manifold and disparate rhythmical motion-parts in the art process creating pure Pianoforte Music, the Universal Principle is mirrored in a high degree. This mode of art, exercising the entire human organism according to the immutable principle underlying natural law, promotes the channelization by the human soul, of the free, full nature of universal soul. It is a means of re-creating the individuality, feeding the imagination with pure discipline, synthesizing the mind emotions and physique by a unifying and therefore purifying activity which harmonizes the being; and it therefore tends to redeem or annul the dissolute effects of materializing, analytic and scattered thought feeling and action. It thereby shows itself to be a free, harmonious, spherical or ultimate mode of culture.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

**THE DREAM OF LOVE AND FIRE.** By a dreamer. Estes & Lauriat. 12mo, cloth, pp. 42.

This curious little volume was, no doubt, the product of leisure hours, influenced by some impracticable experience of love. It is dedicated to "The Reincarnation of Cleopatra," and if one would seek to know what sort of woman it was which stirred the imagination of a practical nineteenth century man of business to this production, we have the key, no doubt, in the following extract, where Cleopatra is told by the Great Seer of her time what she should be like in her later incarnation:

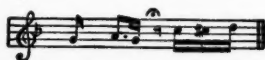
"Fair and tall; hair of gold; eyes of blue; stately thy carriage—music attends thee; voice and laughter as chimes of distant bells; fairer than now thy skin; Grecian, as now, thy nose—greater its depth between the eyes (there lie the power and measure of the human soul to outward indication); winning thy smile; not dangerous, as now, thy mouth and lips, rather lacking present corners, upward curved, so sensuous in thy sex; the form breathing of grace rather than of present physical beauty." "The one soul alone in all the universe who can awake the powers of thy soul shall pass thee by in that future life, powerless through circumstances to aid." And again, of that one, "Barbaric melody of present revelries shall linger with his soul; music to which thy slaves now dance thou shalt unwittingly produce for him; he shall have power to recognize it and to know thee."

Thereupon the music follows—a very well considered strain, which very likely may have caught its flavor from some cadence of the long past orient. The book is illustrated with fine photogravures of certain celebrated pictures of the French school. They are after Gérôme, Picou, Grolleau and Cabanel. The book is, plainly, designed to embody certain theories or speculations concerning love and the psychical relations of the sexes.

**WOOD-NOTES WILD. NOTATIONS OF BIRD MUSIC.** By Simon Pease Cheney; collected and arranged by his son, John Vance Cheney. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1892. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2. 12mo, cloth, pp. 261.

This interesting and unique little volume is one of the very few attempts ever persistently carried out to represent in musical notation the songs of our native birds. Indeed, there are very few attempts of this kind in any part of the world. Mr. Cheney, a life long lover of birds (living birds, not cooked) is universally remembered in New England as one of the most successful of singing masters. A man of strong characteristics, he carried the burdens of life at three-score and ten with much of the elasticity of a boy. The frontispiece of the present volume is his portrait, and a fine strong face it is, and, with its long beard, singularly venerable and notable.

If space served, a most interesting article might be compiled from the volume. No less than forty-two types of song are noted, and in some cases the songs of a single type fill more than a page. Others again are limited to one or two simple calls, hardly to be called songs at all. For example, of the bobolink, that tuneful miracle of the American fields, he says: "When he would sing his best he invariably opens with a few tentative notes, softly and modestly given, as much as to say, 'Really, I fear I am not quite in the mood to-day.' It is a musical gurgling:



"Then the rapturous song begins, and a rapturous crescendo continues to the end. A few of the first notes of the song are:



"His tonic is F major or D minor, and he holds to it, his marvelous variations being restricted to the compass of an octave, and the most of his long song to the interval of a sixth. A long song and a strong song it is, but though the performer foregoes the rests common among other singers, like the jeweler with his blowpipe, he never gets out of breath. We must wait for some interpreter with the sound-catching skill of a Blind Tom and the phonograph combined, before we may hope to fasten the kinks and twists of this live music box."

Another example may be given. It is the song of the meadow lark:



The book is *sui generis*, and is completed with a bibliography of bird song records, and extracts from most of them. Mr. Cheney's record, however, is by far the most complete of the kind that has ever been made by any observer. If only one could have an exact notation of some good mocking singer, such as the Jean De Reszke of his kind who used to give concerts and morning recitals upon a fig tree in a beautiful yard at La Grange, Georgia, in January, 1863, occasionally varying his stage by delivering his encyclopedic discourse from the chimney top! Beside the melodious songs of this artist, the songs of all northern birds seem subdued and amateurish. An uncle of the present writer once observed a family of mocking birds through the season, and he noticed that the younger birds regularly extended their repertory as their education proceeded. Every day the song gained a few links, as some previously unnoticed song had impressed itself upon the ear of the little artist.

WAGNER AS I KNEW HIM. By Ferdinand Praeger. New York, Longmans, Green & Co. 1892. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 334. \$1.50.

Quite a number of interesting side lights are thrown upon the history of Richard Wagner by his life-long companion and friend, Mr. Praeger, of London. Mr. Praeger was the son of Henry Aloysius Praeger, director of the Stadt theater of Leipsic, and at one time leader of the Gewandhaus concerts. Ferdinand Praeger and Wagner were boys together at Leipsic. The record is unusually full in regard to the early life of Wagner, and his participation in the revolutionary attempts of 1848, which led to his long exile in Switzerland, and came near bringing him to America, where at that time he certainly would have been wasted. The first products of the years of exile were purely literary, including the book of the "Niebelungen Ring," "Judaism in Music," "The Art Work of the Future," etc. Praeger says:

"Some portion of the Nieblung poem Wagner read to his small circle of intimates in London. At that time (1855) he was forty-two years of age, and his histrionic powers, at all times great, were perhaps then at their best. With his head well thrown back, he declaimed his poem with a majestic earnestness which cast a spell over us all." A little farther on there are interesting accounts of his conducting at the London Philharmonic Society. The programmes were at least sufficiently long. The first concert, which took place upon the 12th of March, 1855, had the following: Symphony No. 7, Haydn; operatic terzetto (vocal), Mozart; violin concerto, Spohr; scena, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," Weber; overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; "Symphony Eroica," Beethoven; duet "O My Father," Marschner; overture to "Magic Flute," Mozart. Surely enough and to spare! Praeger himself wrote an account to the New York *Musical Gazette* (Mason Brothers), from which the following: "The audience rose *en masse* to see the man first, and whispers ran from one to another: 'He is a small man, but what a beautiful and intelligent forehead he has!' Haydn's symphony No. 7 began the concert, and opened the eyes of the audience to a state of things hitherto

unknown regarding conducting. Wagner does not beat in the old-fashioned automatico-metronomic manner. He leaves off beating at times—then resumes again, to lead the orchestra up to a climax, or to let them soften down to a pianissimo, as if a thousand invisible threads bound them to his baton. His is the *beau ideal* of conducting. He treats the orchestra like the instrument on which he pours forth his soul-inspired strains." And later—"The *Morning Post* agrees with us as to Wagner being the conductor of whom musicians have dreamed, when they sought for perfection, hitherto unbelievable."

The book continues: "After the concert we all went by arrangement to spend a few hours at his rooms. Dear me, what an evening of excitement that was! There were Wagner, Sainton, Lueders, Klindworth (whom I had introduced to Wagner as a pupil of Liszt), myself and wife. Animal spirits ran high. Wagner was in ecstasies. The concert had been a marked success artistically, and Richard Wagner's reception flattering. On arriving at his rooms he found it necessary to change his dress from top to bottom. He had perspired so freely from excitement that his collar was as though it had been dipped in a basin of water. So while he went to arrange his attire and to don a somewhat handsome dressing robe made by Mina (Mrs. Wagner), Sainton prepared a mayonnaise for the lobster, and Lueders a rum punch made after a Danish method, and one particularly appreciated by Wagner, who indeed loved everything of that description. Wagner had chosen the lobster salad, I should mention, because crab fish either were not to be got at all in Germany, or were very expensive. When he returned he put himself at the piano. His memory was excellent, and innumerable bits or references of the most varied description were rattled off in a sprightly manner; but more excellent was his running commentary of observations as to the intention of the composer. These observations showed the thinker and discerning critic, and in themselves were of value as helping others to comprehend the meaning of the music. Then too he sang, and what singing it was! It was, as I told him then, just like the barking of a big Newfoundland dog. He laughed heartily, but kept on, nevertheless; yet though his singing was but howling, he sang with his whole heart, and held you, as it were, spell-bound. There was the real musician. He *felt* what he was doing. His volubility at table knew no bounds. Anecdotes and reminiscences of his early life poured forth with a freshness, a vigor and a sparkling vivacity just like some mountain cataract leaping impetuously forward. The second concert was after his own heart. It contained the overture to "*Freyschuetz*," the prelude and a selection from "*Lohengrin*," the first time that any of his music had been performed in England, and Beethoven's ninth symphony. On the ninth symphony, that colossal work, Wagner expended commensurate pains. I remember how surprised the vocalists were at rehearsal when he stopped them, inquiring, did they understand the meaning of what they were singing; and then he briefly explained in emphatic language what he thought about it. The bass solo was especially odd: The vocalist was taking it as if it were an ordinary ballad, when Wagner burst into fiery song, natural and falsetto, illustrating

how it should go, singing the whole of the solo to Mr. Weiss (the bass vocalist) in such a decided, clean-cut manner that it was impossible for the singer to help imitating him, and with marked effect, too. As for the band, that rehearsal was a revelation to them. That symphony was a stupendous work, yet the conductor knew it by heart and was conducting without score. They felt they were in the hands of a man whose artistic soul was fired with enthusiasm; his earnestness infected them; they caught it quickly, and responded with a zealotness that only sympathetic artists can put forth, ably supported by Sainton, whom the prince consort complimented to Wagner as a splendid *chef d'attaque*." These all too brief extracts will serve, it is to be hoped, to whet the reader's appetite for more. Mr. Praeger brings us nearer Wagner, and his little volume therefore must be included in the collections of reading circles, and of local libraries of amateurs—the more so as it is inexpensive.

FOUR TONE PICTURES. Composed for the organ, by Dudley Buck.  
New York: Schirmer. Oblong folio.

No. 1, "Sunshine and Shadow," 50 cents.

No. 2, "On the Coast," 75 cents.

No. 3, "The Holy Night," 65 cents.

No. 4, "Choral March," in canon form, 75 cents.

Each of these tone poems carries a poetic motto, explanatory of its intention. The composer directs that when they are to be publicly performed, these should be put upon the printed programmes. That of the first is the following:

In ever varying guise runs on the life of man,  
Now sunshine, and now shadow to its close;  
Then death—then life new-born.

The music, in key of E flat, moderate difficulty of execution, *allegretto* in tempo, runs on to correspond with the words, written for the organ in the spirit of an orchestral piece. Its effect is pleasing.

The second bears this motto:

Dash high, roaring surf,  
On the rock-bound coast of the northland.  
Shout in thy glee, foaming wave,  
Borne on in the clasp of the north wind.  
Thunder in echoing tones  
Through the caves of the guardian sea cliffs.  
But when thou dost lull thee to rest  
O, list to the Angelus blest,  
And the chant which floats over the deep.

In accordance, the music begins with a recitative, as if for bass voice. Then begins the *allegro* movement, in C minor, very tumultuous and foaming. After a while enters the second subject, the Angelus of the motto, which the composer has sought to usher in with a bell effect, the success of which will naturally be much easier on those organs having a carillon stop than where the organist has to do the best he can with the melodia and flute. The Angelus melody is in church style, neatly treated later, giving place now and then to fragments of the wave business, as at beginning. The treatment is both

strong and clever, and the rhythmic organization of the piece unusually sensitive for organ music, there being in it much coming in on the "off beat," quarter beats, and the like. When well done, this will be an effective piece for concert.

The motto of the third piece is this :

There were shepherds abiding in the field,  
Keeping watch over their flocks by night.

After an introduction in A minor, the first subject comes in, the key being E major, and the theme an old German Christmas carol, "Holy Night." This is treated in fantasia style, leading presently to "Adeste, Fideles," which is brought in fortissimo, in the manner of a triumphant finale. The whole piece will be effective and pleasing. That it is musicianly as well as organ-like in the modern sense follows from its source—for there are few who better understand the organ and its capacity than the most eminent of American composers.

The fourth piece is more martial. Its motto is this :

March on, then, ye brave, to the fray,  
Come, companions in arms to the rescue.  
Steadfast courage shall win us the day.  
Charge on the foes who molest you. ["Molest you" is good!]  
March in the strength of God, the Lord,  
He is our shield and armor.

The choral subject is Luther's hymn, "Eine Feste Burg," and the whole, both brilliant and effective.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHER.

I have a pupil who has talent, but whom I cannot get to practice carefully or seem to be interested in anything I assign for a lesson. What can I do in the case? N. B.

The case you describe is hard indeed, but without more definite information concerning the manner in which the time of the lesson is spent, I do not feel competent to pass an opinion upon the source of the lack of interest. There are many pupils taking lessons who do not care for playing, and who have very little talent for it. These will naturally be disposed to shirk all the labor possible, and watch the clock in the manner described. But when a pupil loves music and has talent for playing, I do not see why there should be this difficulty. It can only arise from your failing to interest the pupil, which in turn may be due to the indisposition of the pupil to exert her mind, or through carelessness and love of play; or it may be due to your having failed to give her enough to do. I am inclined to think that more lack of interest is due to the latter cause than any other. So, will you please write again, saying in what manner and on what kind of exercise the time of the lesson is consumed; how much the pupil is expected to practice each day, and how the practice is divided between exercises and pieces, and whether memorizing is required; and whether, if so, it is successfully performed.



Also, whether the pupil has any pieces which she can play by heart, and whether she appears to take pleasure in playing them.

I do not like to lay down a rule about the disposal of time in a lesson, because it all depends: Sometimes I begin with the piece—the last piece—and hear it played as far as it has been practiced; then whatever other pieces may be under practice. I pass by all this without finding fault, if I can help it. Of course, if there is something particularly bad, I enter a protest then and there. But I mean to let the playing proceed straight through to the end without interfering. By this time I have found out the general condition of the practice, and the state in which the pieces are. Then we begin with the lesson proper. We take up again the most important piece, and at the first wrong thing in the playing—whether in reading, time or expression—I stop it and we try to get it right. Then the pupil goes on, stopping as often as anything requires attention. To hear two pages of an important piece in this way may use up all the time, in which case the pupil has at least acquired sundry instructions concerning the art of practice, and will be able to go on by herself and work up the remainder of the piece to at least a better standard of performance than it then has. The exercises may go on as they were.

Another way is to begin with the exercises, and after carefully hearing them for a short time, give whatever new ones may be required and clear up the technic of any faults which may be possible to mend at this stage of the game. Certain kinds of faults will remedy themselves by careful practice; certain others depend upon radical misconceptions which must be set right. Then the piece as before.

I will say, however, that I have never failed of interesting any pupil able to memorize a piece correctly. When a pupil cannot memorize, the inability may be due to inattention and want of effort, or to incomplete conception, and the teacher has to try and discover which, and administer the appropriate remedy. Generally, whenever you have secured the quality of attention which will result in memorizing a new piece (because to memorize a new piece at first learning means mental activity; whereas, memorizing one after long practice may be by unconscious absorption without any mental value whatever), I have never failed of getting interest enough in the lesson hour.

W. S. B. M.

## TRADE DEPARTMENT.

---

### MUSIC IN ITS BUSINESS ASPECTS.

The complex art of music enters into modern life from many sides, and establishes relations of a highly interesting and confidential character with Invention and Commerce, no less than with Art and Education. This fact was taken into account when this magazine was first undertaken, but until now it has not been found convenient to perfect the commercial department according to the ideal cherished from the first.

It is not too much to say that the adaptation of means to ends, as shown in the perfecting of musical instruments, and in systematizing their production and distribution upon a popular scale, has been of an extremely high order, as we propose from time to time to show. Moreover, the mere commerce of sheet music and musical instruments has reached enormous proportions. Vast numbers of mechanics and artisans are employed their lives long in the manufacture of musical instruments. The stream of invention is never arrested. Even instruments but sparsely in demand yield to the march of improvement, and receive new touches of perfection. A curious case of this sort was cited some months ago in the harp improvements of Messrs. Lyon and Healy, who have the honor, it is believed, of producing the most perfectly tunable harp in the world. The application of modern system and labor saving devices to the manufacture of musical instruments has resulted in giving us much more complete and expensively constructed tonal apparatuses than formerly at lower prices, and upon a scale which brings the instrument of music to be classed among the indispensable utilities of the home. All this has been accomplished through the enterprise of comparatively a few men, many of whom are still living.

The object of the present department is that of chronicling every new improvement, every great advance in trade, and the interesting bits of individual romance and personality which from time to time merit attention. The department is open to trade news from every quarter impartially.

---

### PREMIUMS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The piano manufacturers are understood to be opposed to a system of competitive awards at the World's Fair. They desire to have the awards administered according to the Scriptural pattern of the workers in the vineyard, where every man at the close of the day received precisely the same wage, whether his work began at morning, at noon, or late in the evening. And it is easy to see, in the light of the history of previous expositions, that a single "first" award

would be a prize for which many would struggle with such unscrupulous greed that a committee would need to be superhuman in nerve not to be in danger of being swerved by "arguments"—of sufficient convincing power. Moreover, if there were but one award, it would be a great injustice to the dozen or fourteen leading makers who failed to get it, inasmuch as their productions would certainly come so close to the line as to merit extremely high commendation.

Hence while a system of "first, second and third" prizes might not be desirable, it is nevertheless greatly to be wished in the interests of science, and for popular information, that accurate tests of the tonal powers and excellent workmanship of all good makes of instruments should be made on strictly scientific principles. Sympathetic resonance, tone-sustaining power, and responsiveness of tone (*nuance*) are qualities which might be determined by scientific tests, marking upon a scale of ten. The manufacturers would have every interest in such a determination, because they would see from it what points in their work still needed perfecting. And we do not believe it would injure the trade of those, even, whose instruments failed to measure up to the higher grades. There will be more to be said upon this point later.

#### COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE AS A FACTOR IN ACQUIRING AND MAINTAINING THE SUPREMACY OF A PIANO.

No one will seriously dispute the fact that the leading pianos of America are: The Steinway, Decker, Knabe, Chickering, Weber and Steck. Their position is unquestioned. That their quality fully justifies their high rank goes without saying, but must it not be admitted that enterprise, capital and superior business management have much to do with the supremacy they now enjoy or have enjoyed at different times in the past? The Chickering piano was for many years the leading piano in the east, and especially in New England. The Knabe piano was the standard in the south. Then followed the wonderful campaign of Steinway & Sons. Their business methods and tactics showed the keenest judgment. In their early career they endeavored to get the best available representatives at all the leading centers, and generally succeeded. At one period during the later years of Albert Weber, Sr., he acquired by his tremendous one-man power a unique position among piano manufacturers, and was feared by more than one first-class maker of his day. But he was cut off in the prime of life, and his enterprise and energy have been lost to the present generation. In Boston the Steinway piano never achieved prominence until it was taken up by Alexander Steinert. His advanced ideas gave it a firm footing, although to-day so many Boston houses have caught the spirit of progress that honors may be said to be easy in that city. In Cincinnati the Decker has always been the piano *par excellence*, its representatives—the house of Baldwin—being a tower of strength. In San Francisco also, the Decker's position has hardly been equaled. Kohler & Chase for twenty years have presented its claims. In St. Louis since the Steinways acquired the Bollman representative they have thriven. In Detroit

the Knabe piano has ever been *the* piano, and, of course, a similar state of affairs exists in Baltimore and most of the southern capitals. In New York one cannot make a choice, for there alone have all the leaders been almost equally well represented. As a modern instance proving exactly what history indicates, *i. e.*, that it is the local representative—the man on the ground, so to speak—that determines the relative standing of a piano in a community, we would quote the fact that since the Knabe piano in Chicago has been placed in a house known the world over for its enterprise and dash, it has made gigantic strides. In fact, we question if the marvelous advance of the Knabe during the last three years has a parallel in the history of the piano trade.

---

#### ONE PRICE ONLY.

To those who have been familiar with the music trades, nothing appears more singular, not to say uncanny, than the principle of a single fixed price applied to the piano and organ trades. It is like going out to buy a horse and finding a row of them for sale, each ticketed with his true age, his defects and an upset price—which is all the honest dealer will accept. The very idea is Utopian and not to be comprehended. Were a gentleman in search of a good roadster to encounter a case of this sort, how would he explain it? Would he think that he had landed in Utopia, or in Bedlam? Nevertheless, it is "the unexpected that happens," as our friends of the Manufacturers' Piano Co. have shown us. They have joined that innumerable caravan of honest traders, who undertake to do business on business principles.

The dry goods man used to mark his sheeting at twenty-five cents and take twenty; his silks at \$3 and take \$2.50. What he bought for \$1 he got \$2 for, if he could; if not he took the most he could get. But one day an honest dealer set up a shop close by him, and in a few months the people found out that it was nicer to pay exactly what a thing was worth; and if occasionally they paid a few cents more than when they had been unusually successful in jewing down the old dealer, the extra money was cheerfully paid in the conviction that one knew whether the thing was worth the price. The boot and shoe maker held out longer for the old way; the grocer still longer, and the market man is suspected of still hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt, which were not offered at a fixed price. But in time they all came to it.

All but the piano man. He made his instruments for \$200, sold them to agents, anywhere from \$220 to \$300; and the customer paid all the way from \$400 to \$600, according to his degree of gullibility—the poor man usually paying the high price and the rich man buying at a close shave over prime cost.

This is the kind of thing which the Manufacturers' Piano Co. propose to change. All their instruments are marked in plain figures; they sell at those prices or keep them in stock. This is what they say.

I believe they mean it.

Chicago makers this year expect to turn out 12,000 pianos. Boston houses have announced their intention of increasing the output of 22,000 in 1891, to 24,000 in 1892. In New York, unless a marked change soon takes place in business conditions, the production of the current year will hardly equal that of 1891. It is a question whether even most extraordinary efforts upon the part of the New York piano manufacturers would enable them to control their present market much longer. The many natural advantages enjoyed by the western piano makers in competing for western trade more than offset the difference in the cost of labor.

---

#### THE NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO.

In its business moments the reporter knows nothing of art; but he does know business enterprise and push when he sees them. It is these qualities which are the banners on the outer walls at 262 and 264 Wabash avenue, Chicago, where the New England Piano Co. has opened a splendid store and put it in charge of that rattling good salesman, John H. Reardon, who for twenty-five years has been in the piano and organ trade. Reardon knows how they do things on Tremont street, and the new place is fixed up in elegant style, and there is a very large and handsome stock of instruments ready for the opening of trade.

And speaking of enterprise, what shows it better than the career of the proprietor of the New England Piano Co., Mr. Thos. F. Scanlan? Ten years ago he knew nothing of the inside of a piano. But he knew several gentlemen who did, and he obtained their services. He applied to the entire manufacture the talent of system and order which had already made him a rich man at an early age, and the result is an output of 6,000 pianos a year, from the largest piano factory in the country—all parts of the instruments being made under their own roof. The consequence is, that he is able to sell at prices which speak for themselves. This is the kind of a house which knows a good thing in the way of a city, and so opens its leading branch here.

---

#### THE W. W. KIMBALL CO. AND HALLET & DAVIS.

When Mr. Kimball started his great factory, and after several experiments succeeded in getting a scale and style which suited him, nobody supposed he would be sending pianos all over the east within three years; yet this is what he is doing as fast as he can fill the orders.

And the strange thing is that while he is selling all these thousands of pianos of his own make, he is selling more of the old standards, the Hallet & Davis, than he ever did before.

Where do the pianos go to?

---

The "New Grand" of the Mason & Hamlin Co. is a great success from an artistic point of view. Sherwood speaks of it in the highest possible terms.

INSTRUMENTS.

*"Heretofore no manufacturers' catalogue, to our knowledge, has contained a fixed price to their goods, printed in plain type."—PRESTO, February 18, 1892.*

THE WEBER-WHEELOCK BRANCH

© © PIANOS

AT  
ONE PRICE  
ONLY

They are all marked in plain figures—that's the way we do business. It is a new way in the piano business, but it is bound to win. The great showman said, "The people like to be humbugged," and made a show of himself in saying it. It's truer that they like fair play; selling a horse is one thing, and selling a piano is another, or at least it ought to be. We don't sell one man at a profit of ten dollars, and charge the next a hundred more to make up the deficiency. Not that we claim to be better than others, only our judgment is better—it don't pay. If you want to get the confidence of the people—and you don't want anything else—

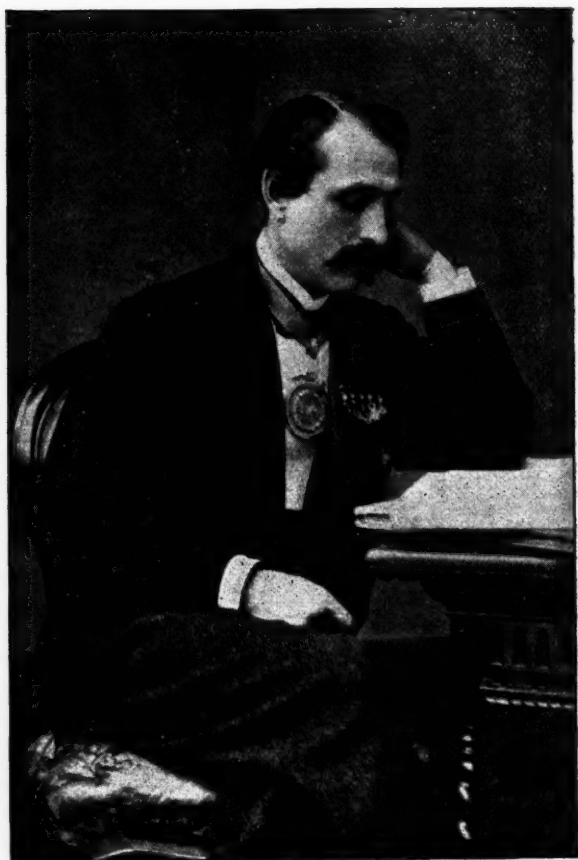
YOU MUST  
"TOTE  
FAIR."

The  
Manufacturers'  
Piano Co.

◆◆◆ 248 Wabash Avenue  
Chicago







*Tracy*

# MUSIC.

---

JUNE, 1892.

---

## GOTTSCHALK.—A SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN COMPOSER.

The generation which knew Moreau Gottschalk has nearly all passed away. Not that one is speaking of a very remote time—for this first of American pianists and composers (speaking chronologically and cosmopolitanly), was born in the year 1829, and was a few months younger than his great *confrere*, Dr. William Mason, who is still with us, and still able to do great and epoch-marking work, as his newly completed "Touch and Technic" shows. But, Gottschalk was scarcely more of a familiar figure in America than many foreign pianists have been, especially such as Rummell, D'Albert and Paderewski. Gottschalk was indeed foreign to our northern soil. He was born in New Orleans, of an English father and a French Creole mother. His childhood therefore was passed in the semi-tropical climate of his native city, in a society easy, almost wealthy, and amid the picturesque racial conditions incident to the intermingling of French, Spanish, Italian and other Latin nationalities with the enslaved African intimates, and quite a lingering remnant of the Indian races in the rural districts where the elder Gottschalk had his country place. Then at the early age of twelve the talented youngster was sent to Paris, where his native tongue, French, placed him upon the intimate footing of a compatriot, and where his early training in manners and social ease stood him in good stead as a ready passport to favor.

He pursued his musical studies under private teachers, admission to the Conservatoire having been denied him. Less than ten years later he himself occupied the post of honor as chief judge at the annual competition of prizes in the piano-forte classes of this same school which had refused to admit him as a pupil. His teacher in piano playing was Stamaty, and of composition, Madelen. It was in 1842 that the young pianist bade farewell to his loved native city, with a grand benefit concert (for his musical talent had already afforded him a local celebrity), and after a voyage of some weeks he arrived in France, where presently he began his studies.

It was not until 1845 that he made a public appearance, although he had for a year or more attracted attention in the salons. His first concert was in the Salon Pleyel; it was a non-paying concert. Among those present was Chopin, who after the concert went into the artists' room, and in the presence of his friends, putting his hands on his head, said: "*Donnez moi la main, mon enfant; je vous pr dis que vous serez le roi des pianistes.*" ("Give me your hand, my child; I predict that you will become the king of pianists.")

A year later he had begun to compose, and in his earliest compositions he struck the note of originality which he never afterward lacked. Nothing could have exceeded the favor with which his pieces were received. Among the first of these works was the "Bamboula," a piece now forgotten, but which was thus described in *La France Musicale* in 1848—the writer evidently one of those interesting *feuilletoniste* of which France possesses the sole inspiration:

"Who does not know the 'Bamboula'? Who is there who has not read the description of that picturesque, exciting dance, which gives expression to the feeling of the negroes? Joyful or sad, plaintive, amorous, jealous, forsaken, solitary, fatigued, ennuied, or the heart filled with grief, the negro forgets all in dancing the 'Bamboula.' Look down there at those two black-tinted women, with short petticoats, their necks and ears ornamented with coral, *le regard brulant*, dancing under the banana tree; the whole of their bodies is in movement; further on are groups who excite and stimulate

them to every excess of fancy; two negroes roll their active fingers over a noisy tambourine, accompanying it with a languishing chant, lively or impassioned, according to the pose of the dancers. Little negroes, like those on the canvas of Decamps, are jumping around the fiddlers; it is full of folly and delusion. The 'Bamboula' is at its height.

"This attractive dance has frequently furnished a theme for instrumental compositions, which, however, have not obtained all the success that we expected from them. The Creole airs transported into our salons lose their character, at once wild, languishing, indescribable, which has no resemblance to any other European music; some have thought that it was sufficient to have the chants written down, and to reproduce them with variations, in order to obtain new effects. Not so; the effects have failed. One must have lived under the burning sky from whence the Creole draws his melodies; one must be impregnated with those eccentric chants, which are little dramas in action; in one word, one must be Creole, as composer and executant, in order to feel and make others understand the whole originality of 'Bamboula.'

"We have discovered this Creole composer; an American composer, *bon Dieu!* Yes, indeed, and a pianist, composer and player of the highest order, who as yet is only known in the aristocratic salons of Paris, and whose name will soon make a great noise. We have German pianists, Hungarian, Russian, Italian pianists. We have ended by discovering French pianists; and now we have an American pianist. His name is Gottschalk. Close the lips, advance the tongue, appear a little like whistling, and you will have the key to the pronunciation. Gottschalk is already a marvelous pianist; his school is that of Chopin, Thalberg and Prudent united together. He has taken from one his lightness, grace and purity; from the others their unrestrained passion and their attractive brilliancy; and I can assure you that for a long time a pianist so original, so sympathetic, has not been seen." Surely the young American composer of the present day, who has had the indiscretion to perpetrate something original, has reason to bemoan his unlucky stars that his lines have fallen in places so much less appreciative.

In 1850 the piano workshops of Pleyel burned down, and many workmen were thrown out of employment. Gottschalk undertook a benefit concert for them. The tickets were liberally subscribed for, and M. Leon Escudier, in *La France Musicale* made a brilliant account of it. After several numbers, each received with greater favor, if possible, than the one before it, M. Escudier continues: "The hall, as you may well suppose, was carried away; then Gottschalk executed the andante of 'Lucia' by Liszt. He is at least an artist, a great artist, who can interpret in the author's manner this original and difficult composition. I wish that Liszt had been there; he would, like all the rest of us, have frantically clapped his hands."

But even Paris was not wholly a bed of roses to a pianist who all of a sudden had the daring to step into popular favor. One of the critics who abused the new comer happened to be a blind man, but later he changed his opinion:

"One evening, at a concert, at the Hall Bonne Nouvelle, given by that wonderful little pianist Tito Mattei, Gottschalk, who had been to hear him, on coming out after the concert, was stopped by the crowd on the top of the stairs, and saw at his elbow his blind foe, who was vainly endeavoring to secure a footing to get down. Gottschalk, without being recognized, helped him to the door, where the critic met with his assistant. Turning around, he asked to whom he was indebted for the kindness. Gottschalk simply uttered his name and left. From that day he counted one more admirer, and, we may say, gained one more friend."

The charming society of Geneva delighted Gottschalk, and in return it straightway placed him high in its pantheon of art. The *Nouvelliste Vaudois* of October 26, 1850, said: "The gift of universality, such as is manifested among some chosen artists, is a rare gift. The domain of art is so immense that to embrace it in its entirety, to be perfect in each of its branches, is a thing so phenomenal that one can understand why men of talent take up a specialty. Under this title we must consider the talent of Mr. Gottschalk, the young and celebrated American pianist, as a musical event. Go see him before his Erard piano, which is, parenthetically,

the grandest and most formidable which has issued from these famous workshops, and which Erard has presented to him. He will play for you the nocturne with its mysterious ways, the caprice with its eccentric bounds, the melody, sadly insinuating, as Chopin or our boy-friend Bovy-Lysberg might play it; ask him for the Concertstueck of Weber, the profound sonata in F minor of Beethoven, or a fugue of Bach, the metaphysician of art, and he will play them in such a manner that our learned and celebrated professor, Mr. Pierre Wolff, so competent a judge, shall salute him with the title of grand artist. Grand artist truly, who knows no difficulty on his instrument, and whose playing recalls that of Liszt or Thalberg; who will touch you to tears in relating to you on his piano some dreamy legend of his distant country, the 'Bananiér,' the 'Savane,' or in making you behold the African splendors of the 'Bamboula,' that negro dance. To resume, marvelous composer and pianist, the meteor of last winter's season at Paris, fondled and fêted everywhere, Mr. Gottschalk is twenty years of age."

At Lausanne the same charming impression was left by the young artist, for the *Courier Suisse*, December 20, 1850, said: "Mr. Gottschalk gave at Yverdon, on the 17th inst., a second concert which was received with the same enthusiasm. As an artist he leaves us a unique and ineffable remembrance; as a man he has gained our hearts. No words are sufficiently powerful to express to him our profound sentiments of sympathy, gratitude and admiration."

All the reports of his early career speak highly of his benevolence. It was a case of *noblesse oblige*. M. Leon Escudier wrote: "Gottschalk has given five concerts at Geneva, three at Lausanne, one at Vevay, two at Yverdon, two at Neufchâtel. He has played more than fifty times in concerts, and every time he has been, so to say, carried off in triumph. The poor have had their portion of the proceeds of these brilliant fêtes. Gottschalk unites a generous soul to an imagination rich in poesy. At Yverdon, the proceeds of his concert, which were considerable, have served for the foundation of an asylum for the aged; one wing of this asylum bears to-day the name of Gottschalk. A banquet

was presented to him at Lausanne. At Neufchatel a ball was organized in his honor. Besides, at Yverdon, the students of the college presented to him a collection of the works of the celebrated writers of Switzerland. At Lausanne they decreed to him in public session the medal of Honorary Corresponding Member. I should never finish if I were to enumerate all the ovations which have marked in Switzerland the appearance of this eminent artist. He has carried away enough crowns, flowers and wreaths to carpet a whole concert hall. You see that we had good reason for writing the first day we heard Gottschalk that he was advancing at a rapid pace toward glory and fortune.

"Gottschalk remains only a few days in Paris; he is expected in Spain."

Most pleasing of all the tributes, to our later ears, at least, is this from the great genius Berlioz, who in his *Feuilleton du Journal des Debats*, April 13, 1850, had the following: "Twenty years ago they said, 'Who is there who does not play a little on the piano?' They now must say, 'Who is there who does not play on it very well?' It thus requires, in order that a true artist on the piano should attract to-day upon him the attention of a public like that of Paris, for him to please, charm, move and carry his audience along with him; and for him to have an audience it requires absolutely that he should join to exceptional musical qualities an elevated intelligence, an exquisite feeling for the subtleties of style and of expression, and a facility of mechanism carried to the highest extreme. If he possesses only this last merit, he astonishes for an instant, then they are tired of him. If, on the contrary, he possesses only the other merits, he is ranked in the category of commonplace artists, whom one seeks and loves in a small company, but who remain powerless to excite the great public who frequent concerts. Mr. Gottschalk is one of the very small number of those who possess all the different elements of the sovereign power of the pianist, all the attributes which environ him with an irresistible prestige. He is an accomplished musician. He knows how far one may carry fancy in expression, he knows the limit beyond which the liberties taken with rhythm lead



only to disorder and confusion, and this limit he never transcends."

One, the most pleasing of these tributes, on account of its coming from an artist whose position was above dispute, was that of M. Adolph Adam, of the Institute: "Immediately after the solemnities of Easter, the series of mundane concerts recommenced with more fury than ever. Mr. Gottschalk has given at Pleyel's a soiree for the benefit of the workmen who had sustained losses owing to the fire. Never were the reputation and vogue of an artist so promptly and generally established as that which Mr. Gottschalk enjoys to-day. And, nevertheless, there have been neither pompous puffs nor any sort of charlatanism. Mr. Gottschalk was born at New Orleans and came to Paris to finish his studies. He received lessons on the piano from that excellent professor, Mr. Stamaty, and studied harmony and composition with an able theorist, Mr. Maleden. All these labors were, however, only those of an amateur; but, unknown to himself, the amateur was already an artist, a great artist. The memories of childhood recalled to him the negro airs to which he had been nursed; he translated them upon his keyboard, and we have the 'Banancier,' the 'Bamboula,' the 'Manceniller,' and those charming and simple melodies which art and science extract in the most distinguished way. Mr. Gottschalk has become a man *a la mode*, the indispensable pianist. But the public who idolize him are unmerciful to him. When Mr. Gottschalk has played a piece, they cry *bis*; through excess of courtesy the young pianist plays a new one, the audience, more and more enchanted, again demand *bis*; the performer plays again a new piece, which they again wish to hear repeated, and it would not be right, because their demand would not stop before the inexhaustible complaisance of the author. We have seen this exchange take place four or five times in succession. Mr. Gottschalk has all the grace and charm of Chopin, with more decided character; less severe than Prudent, he has more grace and elegance. And then, all his pieces are very short, and a great way always to please is not to wish to play too long."

A year later the distinguished critic, M. Theophile Gautier, paid his own tribute in graceful accents, which have in them something harmonious with the suggestion so pleasantly made last month to American composers, by Mr. Fred. W. Root, in the pages of *MUSIC*. He said: "It is, then, more difficult than one might think to depart from the beaten track, and to have his own tent placed alongside those of the masters. If Mr. Gottschalk has been able, although still young, to acquire this individuality which escapes so many others, it is, perhaps, owing to the fact that, after having formed his talent by solid studies, he has left it to wander carelessly in the frequent savannas of his country, from which he has brought back to us the colors and perfumes. What pleases us in music, as in all other things, is novelty; and we have also been as much charmed by the melodious strains of the American artist, as we already have been by the chants of the muezzin, and the reveries under the palms which Felicien David and Ernest Reyer have noted with their souvenirs of the east."

Close after the French successes followed others equally pleasing in Spain, where Gottschalk was immediately received with the highest possible honors. Then a year later he came to New York, and a private journal of an enthusiastic amateur, since dead, gives a pleasing account of his appearance. It was March 1, 1853: "When we got to the hall, we found it was a jam, notwithstanding it was a rainy night. At eight o'clock the concert commenced. Gottschalk himself then made his appearance amid tremendous applause. He is very young looking, does not seem to be over twenty-two years of age, handsome, and, to crown the whole, is so easy and unaffected in his manner that a person could not fail to be pleased with him as a man. As a player he surpasses even Jaell, and his execution is astounding. He plays, too, with so much taste and expression that any person who has any feeling could not help but be pleased."

In the same year he made his first visit to Cuba. Here at first he had a serious illness. As soon as he was convalescent he set about the preparation of a great musical festival, of which his diary gives the following account :

“Two months after (on the offer made to me by the general-in-chief to place at my disposal all of the military bands), I had, I say, the idea of giving a grand festival, and I made an arrangement with the director of the Italian company, then in possession of the great theater of Tacon. He contracted with me to furnish his chief performers, all the choruses, and all his orchestra, on condition of having an interest in the result. I set to work and composed, on some Spanish verses written for me by a Havanese poet, an opera in one act, entitled, ‘Fete Champetre Cubaine.’ Then I composed a triumphal hymn and a grand march. My orchestra consisted of 650 performers, eighty-seven choristers, fifteen solo singers, fifty drums and eighty trumpets—that is to say, nearly 900 persons bellowing and blowing to see who could scream the loudest. The violins alone were seventy in number, counter-basses eleven, violoncellos eleven.

“You can judge of the effect. No one can have any idea of the labor it cost me. The copying alone of the orchestral parts amounted to 5,000 francs. There were 2,000 pages of the act of the opera; for the ‘Fete Cubaine’ more than 4,000 pages, and nearly 2,000 pages for the hymn. I was obliged to write the original score for all. Besides, I had to revise page by page the whole 8,000 or 10,000 pages. I had in the last week such an amount of labor that I remained seventy-two hours at work, sleeping only two hours in every twenty-four. I was to pay a heavy forfeit in case I was not ready at the time fixed, by the contract made with the *impresario* of the theater. Notice to artists: To give a concert at the Tacon is equal to laying a plan for a campaign, to putting an opera of Meyerbeer’s on the stage, or to editing the *Pere Goriot* of Balzac; finally, it is an immense effort, requiring a great deal of money, of time, of diplomacy, and muscles of steel in the service of an iron will.”

Ten years later he is back in New York. Under date of February, 1862, he says:

“Here I am again, after an absence of six years, once more in New York. Six years foolishly spent—thrown to the winds—as if life were infinite, and youth eternal; six years, during which I have roamed at random under the blue

skies of the tropics, indolently permitting myself to be carried away by chance, giving a concert wherever I found a piano, sleeping wherever the night overtook me—on the grass of the savanna or under the palm leaf roof of a *vequero*, with whom I partook of the *tortilla* of maize, coffee and bananas, and which I paid for on leaving in the morning with "*Dios se lo pague*" ("God repay you"); to which he replied "*Vaya usted con Dios*" ("God go with you")—these two formularies constituting, in this savage country, the operation so ingeniously perfected among civilized people, which is called 'settling hotel bills.'"

At one time in a fit of disgust he betook himself to a retreat, and for some months lived on one of the Antilles on an extinct volcano.

"Perched upon the edge of the crater on the very top of the mountain, my cabin overlooked the whole country. The rock on which it was built hung over a precipice whose depths were concealed by cacti, convolvuli and bamboos. The one who had preceded me had surrounded this lower ground with a parapet and had made of it a terrace, which was level with the bedroom. He had requested to be buried there, and from my bed at night I could see by the moonlight the white tombstone at a few steps from my window. Every evening I moved my piano up on the terrace, and there, in view of the most beautiful scenery in the world, which was bathed in the serene and limpid atmosphere of the tropics, I played—for myself alone—everything that the scene which opened before me inspired—and what a scene! Figure to yourself a gigantic amphitheater, such as an army of Titans might have carved out in the mountains; to the right and left virgin forests filled with wild and distant harmonies, which are like the voice of silence; before me twenty leagues of country whose magic perspective is rendered more marvelous by the transparency of the atmosphere; over my head the azure of the sky; below, the declivities, surmounted by the mountain, descending gradually toward the plain; further on the green savannas; then lower a gray point—it is the town—and further on again the immensity of the ocean, whose line of deep blue forms the

horizon. Behind me was a rock on which broke a torrent of melted snow, that turned from its course, leaped with a desperate bound, and engulfed itself in the depths of the precipice which gaped under my window.

"It was there that I composed 'Reponds-moi,' 'La Marche des Gibaros,' 'Polonia,' 'Columbia,' 'Pastorella e Cavalliere,' 'Jeunesse,' and other unpublished works. I let my fingers run over the keyboard, wrapped up in the contemplation of these marvels, while my poor friend, to whom I did not listen, divulged to me, with childish loquacity, the high destiny to which he proposed to elevate humanity."

Gottschalk had a most commendable habit of writing in his diary. On the cars, at the hotels, after concerts, everywhere he allayed his irritation and enjoyed his good sayings by noting them in his diary, wherefrom they have been resurrected. His notes made during his concert journeys through the middle and western states in the years between 1862 and 1865 are full of incidents which throw light upon the crudity of the communities among which he was devoted to missionary work. Withal the pianist and composer was a good observer, and not a few of his sayings are very much in point. At Worcester, in Massachusetts, he was playing the sonata in A flat, by Beethoven. He goes on:

"I had the satisfaction of seeing my amateur while I played, with his eyes fixed on the text, in the English style, to see if I made a mistake. Of all the absurdities practiced by the Anglo-Saxon race in matters of art, this is what makes me suffer the most. Their manner of playing music is wholly speculative; it is a play of the wits. They like to see such or such chords solved. They delight in the *episodes* of a second repetition. 'They comprehend music in their own way,' you will tell me; but I doubt if that is a right one. Music is a thing eminently sensuous. \* \* \*

"The Anglo-Saxon race lack the pensive element, so indispensable in the arts. Patience, perseverance, laborious effort, excite their admiration. Then, again, they must find in music the stiff and starched gait which they like in themselves. This is the reason of their rage for oratorios. They discover an air of great respectability in this music, which

they do not understand, but which they listen to with comic gravity ; saying, as for these bitter drops, of which they are amateurs, ' They are excessively bitter to swallow, but assuredly they are excellent for the stomach.'

" Mr. B., a furrier, who has made more than \$200,000 by selling beaver skins from Canada, and bear skins from the Rocky mountains, has become almost a theatrical monomaniac. He is forty-five years old, with a small, sourish voice. He has a daughter sixteen years old, pretty, but singing false, and a wife forty years of age, who sings badly. With these elements he has formed an Italian opera company, in which he is tenor assoluto, his daughter prima donna, and his wife contralto. It must be admitted that his operas are got up regardless of expense; but figure to yourself 'La Traviata' by a merchant of otter skins and his interesting family. Their *debut* took place at the Academy of Music. The eccentricity of the thing had drawn an immense crowd; all the rabbit-skin merchants strutted there. They applauded Mr. B., whose mimic was adorable, and all obtained a success in bursts of laughter. They were recalled.

" Portsmouth, N. H., a charming little town; beautiful and clean. All the houses are of wood, painted of a virgin whiteness. The streets are lined with trees, whose foliage, meeting at the top, sifts the daylight, and makes them look like an alley in a park. Every house has a little garden in front, and a kitchen garden with large fruit trees in the rear. Our arrival was an event. A number of charming young girls passed before the hotel with the evident intention of seeing us and of being admired. They are very pretty, though a little provincial in their stiffness. At the station we met 300 or 400 persons; there were numberless embraces. We learn that it is a couple just married and gone off on the consecrated tour. This evening a concert at Portsmouth. Extraordinary enthusiasm. All the pieces encored. The hall is used on Sunday as a church. It is an amphitheater. The 'baby' show which Barnum has announced for many months takes place at the museum. The public crowd there.

" 'Madamina' of 'Don Juan' is, at my concerts, almost always encored. Susini sings it with his beautiful voice. Is

it the beauty of the music, which is so sparkling that it attracts even western audiences? 'Yes, without doubt,' the believers will answer me. How is it that every time he sings it without announcing it, there has been a complete failure? Is that not sufficiently convincing? How, then, do you explain the complete silence of the public every time that Susini sang the barcarolle of Ricci's, 'Sulla poppa?' And one day that the programme announced 'Madamina' Susini sang by mistake the work of Ricci. Wild applause from the amateurs, who were transported in thinking they heard the music of Mozart.

"Going to Providence, I found in the car Mason, the pianist, who is about to give a concert at the Young Ladies' Academy.

"We are hardly ten hours in Canada, yet we have already met some specimens of that surly, conceited, egotistic type, of which the English only has (and it is fortunate) the secret."

While in Quebec he witnessed the interment of a sergeant of artillery.

"The music was singular. The drummers beat a roll which lasted one bar; then a rest for one bar, and a blow of the bass drum on the weak part of the bar; then a harmony of eight bars in the minor mode, played by flutes in minor thirds. It was melancholy and mournful, and filled you with profound emotion. I followed them for a quarter of an hour, not being able to tear myself away from the melancholy charm of this strange music.

"Going from Toledo to Erie (Pa.), on a seat near me in the smoking car some farmer, without doubt, played the fife. He studied conscientiously. His stock of music was limited to some Scotch and Irish airs. Only he played everything in F. I should have seen nothing amiss in it if he had not invariably taken it into his head to play B natural instead of B flat. At the beginning I was shocked, but at length I was singularly pleased with it. The obliterated note once introduced, there was a fight between the C and F, which, by turns, seeming to dispute the possession of the singular and melancholy harmony, plunged me into a sleepy reverie.



“Sandusky, Ohio. Small town and very strange audience. The applause here consists of whistling, which frightened Patti very much. In a car where I have gone to smoke, I find myself in the midst of a mountain of trunks. I end by squatting down among them, from whence I hear the conductor say to his companion: ‘I have there two embalmed bodies.’ Imagine what I felt!

“Zanesville, Ohio. There were many soldiers in the audience. The hotel was passable, and the landlord did all he could to be agreeable to us. I forgot to mention a remarkable incident at Sandusky: During the concert a warrant of arrest for me because I had not paid the license to the town. ‘Very well! Let us pay the six dollars, and I do not go to prison.’ These things are amusing and break the monotony of our existence. I had just finished ‘Murmures Eoliens,’ which the public had encored. I returned into the artists’ room and found myself in the presence of the constable. Oh! the instability of human things. On the one side glory, on the other the somber dungeons of Sandusky. The Capitol and the Tarpeian rock! Strakosch, the new Decius, has offered himself up, and, thanks to six dollars, has saved me from the horror of captivity.

“Is it not singular that Americans, who seem to possess a clear and practical judgment and more than an ordinary power for understanding principles, as soon as they enter into the domain of the æsthetics of art, for the most part go astray, and repeat absurdities which their good sense should make them reject? I lately made these reflections on reading an article on Blind Tom in a magazine remarkable for the talent of its contributors and the general tone of its articles. I refer to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The author of this article, himself without doubt a talented writer, judging from his style, asserts so many errors and commits so many blunders that it is impossible for those competent in the art to permit the further continuance of the celebrity of Blind Tom, whose title to posterity, as a musician, is, I fear, as authentic as that of the old negress of Barnum to have been Washington’s nurse. And first, what would you say of an audience who should declare exact a repetition, made by

a child from memory, of five or six thousand words which it had heard but once? You certainly would say that an audience capable of verifying from memory such a long discourse would be altogether as phenomenal as the phenomenon itself. Nevertheless my hypothesis is based on a discourse that is in words familiar even to the ears of a child, on matters having relation to human passion, to its interest, its affections, that is to say, on things which all comprehend, know and feel. But with Tom we have to deal with music, that is to say, an art whose subtlety must necessarily escape the profane. 'Tom,' says the author, 'repeats the piece from memory.' This is supposing, what is not proved, that Tom had no knowledge of the piece. What was the piece? If it was simply one of those known melodies with its invariable dress of variations consecrated by long usage, I shall astonish no person by remarking that any child studying music and endowed with a good musical organism does as much every day. If the piece is difficult and complicated, I absolutely challenge the competency of the public to judge the accuracy of its reproduction. The writer of the article will pardon me for telling him that he recalls to me an audience that I saw assembled, to be present at a most extraordinary thing—that a mathematical phenomenon was to resolve the most complicated problems. Mr. Amprere, of the Academy, proposed a most difficult problem to him. The infant prodigy gave him an answer, and the audience applauded with confidence to the skies. He might have answered whatever he wished, the honest people did not know a word of algebra, and ingenuously thought that what they heard was really marvelous. I will go further and affirm that 'Yankee Doodle' can be played in five hundred, six hundred or one thousand different ways, provided the theme is generally preserved, without more than ten in the audience perceiving the least difference."

A volume of interesting extracts might easily be made from these notes of a pianist, but it is time that we return again to the composer.

The original element in Gottschalk's composition was derived from the Spanish, Cuban and negro folk-songs and

native dances, which he heard in his boyhood, and in early manhood. This material he worked up in his own way, and the result was a type of musical composition which needed not to be explained. Gottschalk was primarily a melodist. His melodies are simple, natural, charming, and always high-bred. Witness those of the "March of the Night," "Last Hope," "Oh, Loving Heart, Trust On," "Cradle Song," etc. He was also a master of the art of writing effectively and pleasingly for the piano. His school was French. German elaboration he never mastered. Had he sought to write a sonata it would have proven an impossible task. But he had too much good sense. It was his personal opinion that he was equally at home in classical music as in his popular and concert music of the brilliant writers. I remember hearing Mr. Geo. P. Upton say that one had never really heard Gottschalk play until one had him at home with a book of sonatas. There he brought out new beauties. It is impossible to understand this when his own compositions are the only clue one has to his personality. The chances are that in early life, like most French pianists, he mastered the art of the classic; later, after years of concertizing, his brief returns to the peaceful strains of his early life were in the nature of passing retrospects. Mme. Carreno, who was a pupil of his, said that Gottschalk used to say: "They speak of Gottschalk as a popular pianist merely, and as a writer and player of what they are pleased to call trash. Wait and see. When America has advanced and is able to appreciate something better you will see Gottschalk there also."

As to his final position in the Pantheon of art, it is too soon to properly estimate it. But that he was the first American composer and pianist to attain a cosmopolitan fame is quite certain. And that he did an immense pioneer work in establishing the taste for pianoforte concerts is equally certain. He was the first fruits of our coming American school of composers, who in due time, as Mr. Root says, will write original American music, which in turn will immediately appeal to American ears, and through them to the ears of all musical kin. For in art we all are brethren.

M.

## THE KALEVALA.

(*Epic of Finland.*)

"Old Wipunen, wise magician,  
Ancient prophet, filled with power,  
Opens full his store of knowledge,  
Lifts the covers from his cases,  
Filled with old-time incantations,  
Filled with songs of times primeval,  
Filled with ancient wit and wisdom."

—*The Kalevala, Rune XVII.*

Within the last two years the Kalevala, ranking as the fifth epic of the world, has been given to the English speaking race. To Dr. John Martin Crawford, now consul general to St. Petersburg, Russia, scholars and general readers are indebted. This beautiful poem, sung in runes and transmitted orally by the people of Finland as a precious inheritance, is colored by a fantasy of thought which caught its inspiration from the light of mediæval midnight suns, set now many hundreds of years. Its half lights and rich limning fall upon us as "from a dome of many-colored glass," revealing to us the inherent poetic instinct of a people who are yet strangers to our literary world. This epic, hidden beneath the time-massed sand, is discovered to us in its pristine luster. It breathes the most poetic poetry of any of the epics. We miss the blare of trumpets, the mighty rush of fierce battles, the gleam of shield and glitter of spear, the dismay of blood and carnage, as in Homer; as in Milton, the conflicting hosts of heaven and hell, the mighty swirl of angels' wings, and the doom of a rebellious people. Instead, we find a hero tale of many-faceted wonders and cosmic traditions. "It symbolizes in elaborate narratives and multifarious operations of nature."

The Finnic Kalevala contains 23,000 lines (octo-syllabic), half the length of the lines in the Hindoo epic; hence the real length is not so long as the Mahabharata. In its closeness to nature, its primordial freshness and beauty, it excels all other long poems. We find throughout refinement

and delicacy. The link of family affection is tenderly depicted; even the coquettishness of Aino brings it well within the domain of our sympathies. The forty-third rune, "The Sampo Lost in the Sea," is dramatically fine, as are many other passages. The Sampo was the precious jewel, forged from the magic metals; it was a sacred talisman, the source of continual contention, among the northern tribes. Alas for them!

"Many fragments of the Sampo  
Floated on the purple waters,  
On the waters deep and boundless,  
Rocked by winds and waves of Suomi,  
Carried by the rolling billows  
To the seaside of Wainola."

The fiftieth and last rune is of deep interest to the speculative; it is a prophecy, as it seems, of the incarnation, which we also find in many records of ancient wisdom, in the Egyptian hieroglyph, and in, I believe, some old researches into the paleography of primitive lands, *the great mystery overhanging futurity*. In the Kalevala, Marialta, the virgin mother, driven hither and thither, finds refuge in a stable.

"There the babe was born and cradled;  
Cradled in a woodland manger,  
Of the virgin, Marialta,  
Pure as pearly dews of morning,  
Holy as the stars in heaven;  
There the mother rocks her infant,  
In his swaddling clothes she wraps him;  
Carefully the babe she nurtures;  
Well she guards her much beloved,  
Guards her golden child of beauty,  
Her beloved gem of silver." \*

The magic of the Kalevala is the magic of enchantment. Wainamoinen, the hero, is a necromancer, bold and mystic; he holds the wand of power, the weird and the beautiful; he is not warlike, as Achilles; he is eminently self-contained and reposefully assertive. Achilles carried the *magic of force*; Wainamoinen carries the *force of magic*. He is god-like in power, but human in feeling. Kalevala means land of heroes, from the words "Kaleva" (hero) and "la" (there). Every

\* Exception is to be noted here. The Kalevala was composed as a whole after the tradition of the Christ had reached Finland, or else this particular rune was a later interpolation.—ED. MUSIC.

nation satisfied itself with some birth of existence, in the Kalevala. The Finnish account is, that a duck—according to others an eagle—laid the mundane egg, thus taking part in the creation. Wainamoinen, the ancient hero and singer, born of Ether's daughter, sows the "magic grains of barley" (Rune II).

"I, the seeds of life am sowing,  
Sowing through my open fingers,  
From the hands of the Creator."

Bringing the winds together, he grasps the clouds and causes the rain to fall, therefrom making his sowing fruitful.

In the prose Edda of the Scandinavians, Zangler asks what was the state of things ere the races mingled and nations came into being, and he was answered: "When the rivers flow from their sources (replied Har) the venom, which they rolled along, hardened as does the dross from a furnace and becomes ice; thus, continued Thride, while freezing cold and gathering storm, the intervening space has filled with gloomy radiancy, the rest remaining calm and light, as wind-still air; and, when the heated blast met the vapor, it melted into drops by the might of him who made the heat; these drops quickened into life and took a human semblance. This being, formed thus, was named Ymir; from him descended the frost giants; from one came all the witches; from one all the wizards; from another all poison-seethers; from drops of venom cast out a giant was quickened, and from him springs all our race; hence we are so strong and mighty." It then goes on to tell how the All-Father regulates the course of the sun and moon, and follows with the beautiful, mythical tale of Mani (the moon) and Sol (the sun). Natural phenomena were indeed the source of all mythology. The Greeks heard the voice of mighty Jove in the thunder. In the Kalevala, frost, snow, hail and ice come from the hand of Ukko. He interferes when the sun and moon are stolen from the heavens and hidden away in the copper-bearing mountains by the wicked hostess of the dismal Sariola (Lapland); and, like Atlas, he relinquishes his support and thunders along the borders of the darkened clouds, striking fire from his sword to kindle a new sun and moon. (Rune XLVII.)

Through all mythologies we find the immortal conflict between good and evil, the universal conscience, assertingly manifest in the primitive tribes, rebuking and self-condemnatory in intellectual development and finer sensibility. In all ancient creeds reason and logic struggled for light through the iridescence of imagination. Mythology was the imposition of dominant necessity, the supernatural was responsible for causes and effects; a power creative and overruling was felt, which the primitive mind could not comprehend as the omniscient will of one eternal Godhead; and yet, in all the phantasmagoria of their mythology, we find a strange foreshadowing, and in the varied, constructive beliefs, a singular and coincident nearness of approach to Christian theology and dogma. While facts thus descend to us, it seems that history, like the vestal Tuccia, must have stood by the fast flowing river of time, holding the sieve of opportunity to catch, if ever so little, the waters of truth; while the waves of myths and legends scintillated on the surface, the certainty of events drifting into fresh channels changing not the main current of the inevitable. When we go back to the cosmogony of the world and view its origin by the dim, uncertain light of bygone centuries, we cannot fail to discover that there was a glimmering promise of future science. The very absurdities believed as to the creation of the earth contained really the protoplasm, the vital germ, of later instituted research—as a fallacious and improbable theory often throws a search-light upon valuable discoveries. The ancient faith in the elements as factors and creative forces held within it the instinct, the latent formative idea, by which speculative and penetrative minds at length evolved the nucleus of a grand and well defined knowledge. While the simple primitive tribes told fanciful accounts of a genius, the old earth, wise and silent, held her secrets within her mountain fastnesses, and the chapters of her birth and growth, chronicled in incontrovertible consistency in the shelter of her towering rocks, the brown soil lifting layer after layer by the covering hand of ages, baring her hitherto inscrutable secrets to the penetrating eye of the wizard geologist.



And thus is betrayed to us the revelation and undeniable attestation of our cosmic relation.

We are told that the Finnic or Finnish language is supposed to be one of the pre-historic tongues spoken on the plain of Shinar, in one of the four cities of Nimrod. Finland, or Fenland (a Swedish translation), is at present a grand duchy in the northwestern part of the Russian empire, bordering on Olenetz, Archangel, Sweden, Norway and the Baltic sea; its extent is about 144,000 miles, and its inhabitants number some 2,000,000 people, the remnant of a race driven back from the east at a very early day. The land is one of mountains, marshes, rivers, seas, gulfs, islands and inlets. They call themselves *Suomalainen* (fen dwellers). The climate is more severe than that of Sweden, and there is a time of the year when for many days the sun disappears entirely and the whole land lies, as a writer says, "beneath that weird northern sky, with its prismatic lengths of slow twilight and its flashes of spectral Arctic aurora." It has been asserted by learned authority that the Aryans were of Finnic origin, and that the separation of the Aryans from the Finnic stock must have occurred more than 5,000 years ago. The Finns held the land which we know as Russia long before the incursion of the Slavs; they were pressed farther and farther back by the inroad of numerous devastating tribes. In the fifth century Herodotus writes of them as having been for a long time in possession of the soil, and having antedated the Slavs, who had to struggle in the north and east against the nations belonging to three principal races: The Celts, Lithuanians, the Finns and the Turks, in whom Finnish and Tartar elements were more or less mingled. The northern part of Finland was, and is, occupied by the Laps, who form a special division of the Finnic race. We see all through the Kalevala the bitter enmity existing between the people of Suoina (Finland) and the "dark and dismal Sariola" (Lapland). In the clashes and intermingling of tribes we can easily imagine the Babel of language and confusion of incidents. One writer maintains that the Finnic and the Lappic are distinct races, their physiological and psychological characteristics being materially different. The

Lapp is distinguished by his obstinacy, suspicion and childishness of feeling; the Finn by his energy and gloomy earnestness. "The man by his word, the ox by his horn" is a Finnic proverb. The Lapps considered it an honor to belong to the Finns.

In the commonplace glare of our practical days, in the discussions of political economy and the nice defining of social demarcation, as agreeing with the hurry and incitement to money getting, it is hard to realize how much the ancients identified their poetry with the details of their lives. They breathed a very atmosphere of hopes and smiles. While the Finns, their neighbors the Scandnavians, and others of the Norseland, are imbued with a spirit of war, and have done brave deeds by land and sea (indeed, the sea being their chief battle ground), their highest distinction and their glory lay in a dignity of good manners, and code of etiquette and honor before which modern conventionalities dwarf into insignificance. In the Kalevala we see how "close they were to nature."

These simple tribes uttered their interpretation of the meaning of nature in melodic runes; their wisdom was exoteric, while the Hindoos hugged and held their esoteric secrets. In the Kalevala, Wainamoinen was the Finnic Solomon. Emerson says, "The record of intuition distributes facts." The peculiarities of temperament, character, manners and customs we find in the Kalevala. We see a domestic refinement, a love of home and family, and intercommunion, superseding the account of the other Norse tribes. We get at details with them—we arrive at personalities. Rune I of the Kalevala opens with the birth of Wainamoinen, and the origin of all things—Ilmatar, the Ether's daughter, makes in this rune this beautiful appeal to Ukko:

"Ukko, thou, O God, up yonder,  
Thou, the ruler of the heavens,  
Come thou hither, thou art needed;  
Come thou hither, I implore thee,  
To deliver me in trouble,  
To deliver me in travail;  
Come, I pray thee, hither hasten—  
Hasten more that thou art needed—  
Haste and help this helpless maiden."

Here, as she ceases, "a beauteous duck descending flies hither and thither, without finding a bit of verdure,"

bethinking where to lay her eggs in safety. Then, after the eggs are laid—six golden eggs—and the seventh, an egg of iron, she moves her body and the eggs fall into the ocean; but, “in the sand they do not perish,” but are “transformed in wondrous beauty.” All the fragments come together, “and from one-half grows the upper vault of heaven.”

“From the white part come the moonbeams;  
From the yellow part the sunshine;  
From the motley part the starlight;  
From the dark part grows the cloudage.”

Wainamoinen, “old and trusty,” after lingering within his dungeon thirty summers, reflecting “how unborn to live and flourish,” “in the spaces wrapped in darkness,” “set himself to be heard in this wise”:

“Take, O moon, I pray thee, take me;  
Take me, thou, O sun above me;  
Take me, thou, O bear of heaven,  
From this dark and dreary prison,  
From these unbecfitting portals,  
From this dark and gloomy dwelling.  
Hence to wander from the ocean.  
Hence to walk upon the islands,  
On the dry land walk and wander.  
Like an ancient hero wander.”

The sun and moon and the great bear refuse to free him, and he finally bursts the portals “with his strong but unnamed finger.” Thus Wainamoinen reaches the water, rests five years in the ocean, six long years, even seven years, till the autumn of the eighth year, when he at last reaches a promontory and stands erect to see the sunshine. In Rune II Peltorwooina sows the lands with trees, fir trees, pine trees and juniper, “in hilly regions,” being chosen by Wainamoinen. After a while Wainamoinen, in the third rune, has a contest with Youkahamin (who is a kind of gay Lothario) as to which of them is the better Nunshel. Youkahamin boasts in braggadocio style, while Wainamoinen, in conscious power, keeps a reservation of ability, and maintains great dignity. Youkahamin resolves, when he hears that Wainamoinen is “famed to be a sweeter singer,” to go and “vie with him in battle”; his “anxious father” and “fearful

mother" beg of him not to go, as Wainamoinen will charm him into danger, but young, headstrong Youkahamin thinks,

"Good the judgment of a father,  
Better still, a mother's counsel;  
Best of all one's own decision."

So he persists, and is defeated in the contest. Wainamoinen assures him that he knows very little, nor is his "singing wondrous." He remembers "the cuckoo's simple measures," and the wily old hero thus answers Youkahamin:

"But since thou perforce demandest,  
I accept thy boastful challenge;  
Tell me now, my golden youngster,  
What thou knowest more than others."

Then the boastful, hot-brained "youngster" grows satirical, and with fine irony "the fiery minstrel" thus makes answer:

"Know I many bits of learning;  
This I know in perfect clearness:  
Every roof must have a chimney,  
Every fireplace have a hearthstone," etc.

He continues in the same strain, when Wainamoinen coolly informs him that

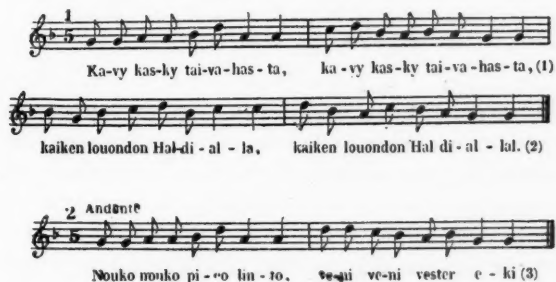
"Women's tales and children's wisdom  
Do not please a bearded hero;  
Hero, old enough for wedlock  
Tell me of the world's creation,  
Tell me of the creatures in it,  
And philosophize a little."

In the final interchange, Wainamoinen grows angry, casts his enchantment upon the young bard and boaster. As he sinks deeper and deeper "in the quicksands" he begins to frantically appeal to ancient Wainamoinen; changing the key, he begs for release and promises a golden ransom. After offering every material good thing he possesses, he at last attacks Wainamoinen's foibles, and proposes to the old hero to give him for wife his sister, the lovely Aino. Then comes the romance of the poem, showing how all nature is akin, that the spirit of Eve, "the temptress was there," and Wainamoinen's wakening the spirit of rivalry; indeed, all the phases of the divine passion, jealousies and suffering,

vanity and disappointment, are as old as consciousness. Humanity has had one theme from all time, with all its variations. The ancient heart pulsed as the modern, with the impetus of as deep a feeling, and the fierce ardor of desire.

As already noticed, the Kalevala was transmitted orally for many centuries, in the same manner as the poems of Homer and the historical and religious poems of ancient India. Education consisted largely in teaching the young these treasures of national wisdom. In India so well was this done that when modern scholars would collate the text of the Vedas, in order to secure the purest copy possible, it was found practicable to compare the best written copies with the oral repetitions of learned pundits who for nearly 3,000 years had preserved the text entirely by means of oral transmission from master to pupil, without ever having found it necessary to collate the orally transmitted text with that of written copies, though of these there had been no lack for more than 2,500 years.

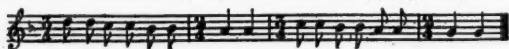
In these recitations of measured verse a sing-song form of utterance was inevitable, and we are to suppose that the step from an indefinite sing-song to a definite sing-song for each poem or rune was not a long one to take. Very little is known of the ancient music of the Finns, but according to the learned Fétis,\* these Finnish runes were recited to the accompaniment of the kantel, or rude harp of five tones, representing the scale tones la-si-do-re-mi, to a curiously measured melody like the following:



\* Fétis: "Histoire Générale de la Musique," tome I, page 44.

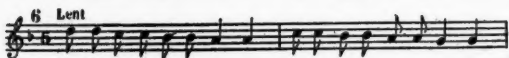
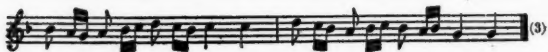
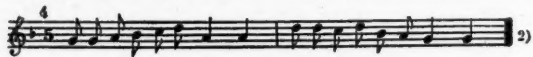
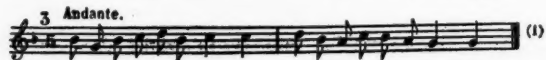
In these strains we have the famous five-fold measure of the northern tribes, which sets at defiance the southern theories of rhythm. Each measure of five parts is composed of one measure of three-fold time, divided into half pulses.

This is indicated in the time marks of the following :



followed by a two-fold measure in full pulse lengths.

The original rhythm, apparently, is that shown at 1; the others are variations upon it, and some of them are very curious, as at 7. At times the melody itself is varied, as at 6, where the first phrase descends instead of rising.



Mi-le ni mi-nu-mi te-ke-vi, etc.



7 Moderato.

Viel' on vaq-hammat. tas-sa, etc.

All through the Kalevala there is great purity, a directness and single-mindedness, that insists upon much praise and respect for their earnest sincerity. We read between the lines, and arrive at much of their manner of living, and see that they were not behindhand in the refinements of life. Longfellow in some former translation of this poem, found, as he mentioned in some writing, the plan with and upon which to found his then prospected poem of Hiawatha. Jacob Grimm, in a treatise published in his *Kleinere Schriften*, said that the

genuineness and extraordinary value of the Kalevala are easily proved by the fact that from its mythological ideas we can frequently interpret the mythological conception of the ancient Germans. Steinhil recognizes but four great national epics, viz.: The Iliad, Kalevala, Nibelungen and the Roland songs. To go into the beauties and wonders of the Kalevala would be to make an explanation of a new world, to enjoy fresh scenes; it would be a journey of three thousand years into the past. And those who undertake this way to olden treasures can find their path still illumined by the soft glow of Arctic light, and the mystic radiance of the midnight sun.

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

DENVER.



## THE PHONOGRAPH IN MUSIC.

As it is now possible in many states to purchase the phonograph and graphophone at reasonable prices, it may not be unimportant to note the capabilities of the instruments in the teaching and studying of music.

The graphophone makes a record of sound vibrations by means of a stylus which scratches a V-shaped spiral track on a wax-coated paper cylinder about an inch in diameter. The vibrating diaphragm is made of aluminum, and both it and the cylinder are much more sensitive to changes of weather than to the recording of sound vibrations. The scratching of the needle tears a ragged-edged track; in reproducing the needle retracing this track causes a mechanical hissing sound which often overpowers the record; the cylinder, moreover, is liable to get dirty before being used, and the slightest foreign material in the wax produces a distressing effect in the reproduction of the record.

The phonograph makes a record on the surface of a cylinder about two inches in diameter, which it automatically planes smooth at or immediately before the taking of the record, so that all possibility of dirt on the surface of the cylinder is thus avoided. The cylinder may be planed forty or fifty times for new records. The track is cut by a scoop-like recording stylus, which makes a U-shaped cut track, the edges of which are perfectly smooth. (Note that the graphophone scratches, while the phonograph cuts.) The phonograph talking stylus is knob-shaped, has play laterally and vertically, and will follow readily every depression or elevation of the track. The graphophone talking stylus, on the other hand, is a V-shaped scratcher. As the first requirement in the selection of a machine for musical work is a good, clear reproduction, there is no question but that the phonograph is preferable.

As the phonograph requires somewhat different manipulation when used for musical purposes than when used for or-

dinary commercial purposes, it will be well to note the proper method of its employment. It is well known, of course, that as sound vibrations increase, pitch rises. If, therefore, a record is made on the phonograph, the number of revolutions of the main shaft at the time of taking the record must be carefully noted in order to keep the pitch of reproduction and recording uniform. The speed of any phonograph can be changed at will. In order to keep uniform speed, the electric motor machine must be used, as the governor of the treadle machine is not regular enough for musical work. In taking a record on a phonograph it is necessary that the speed of the main shaft be uniform. If the speed is not uniform the record will be reproduced out of tune. If a musical record is made on a cylinder running at a slightly variable speed, it can never be reproduced in tune. In order to make and reproduce a record in tune, there must be no lost motion in the bearings and leather belts of the machine. But the principal point to be observed is that the main shaft centers and bearings are true, and that all the lost motion of the main shaft is taken up. It is thus seen that careful scientific manipulation is necessary in order to use the phonograph for musical purposes—at least in making the records. For compound sound vibrations a tin horn suspended horizontally is used as a collector. For simple sounds the ordinary speaking tube is generally used. The phonograph will record all powerful vibrations, simple and compound, and quite a range of weak vibrations. If, however, the vibrations are too powerful, the resultant vibration of the glass diaphragm will be broken up into a large number of irregular vibrations, producing a crash or rattle; in like manner faint sounds will fail to cause the glass to vibrate. Glass forms the most sensitive and reliable diaphragm known, although many other materials may be used. The student will listen to the reproduction through hearing tubes, and never through the tin horn.

Just as the use of the clavier is important as an aid in acquiring technic, so is the intelligent use of the phonograph a useful means of gaining an understanding of the æsthetic and ethical sides of music.

The first exercise given by means of the phonograph should be devoted to the training of the ear to a clear knowledge of relative pitch. A cylinder with a simple melody should be prepared for the pupil, who should be required to take it home and transcribe it from his own machine, on music paper, and return it for correction. The phonograph is arranged with a start and stop attachment, so that the pupil can work with one phrase, repeating it till the ear is familiarized with the intervals. After having written the exercise, he can check it over with the cylinder. This practice should be kept up until the pupil can transcribe melodies from the machine as readily as the typewriter operator can transcribe word dictation. When the student can readily transcribe melodies, exercises with an added second voice should be given him, then with a third and finally a fourth voice added. Finally the student should be able to transcribe the most complex harmony with ease. This method of practising will open a new vista to many a musical student, and enable him to acquire by diligent study a facility in determining tonal relations, such as Mozart had as a divine gift.

The second field of usefulness of this instrument is musical interpretation. Let the instructor prepare an artistic record of what he wishes the pupil to study, and let a careful study of each phrase and its interpretation, including rhythm, tempo, accent, quality, power, light, shade, equality, evenness, and all its effects and relations to other phrases, etc., be made. The pupil does this by repeating each phrase until he is satisfied that he thoroughly comprehends its meaning, and by comparing it with other phrases until he understands their various effects and relations. Just as the faces that we often see and the voices that we often hear are impressed upon our memory much more strongly than the faces that we seldom see and the voices that we seldom hear, so this constant repetition of the properly interpreted phrase fixes it forever in the student's mind. I had the pleasure of studying in this way a *bourrée* played to the phonograph by D'Albert. After listening to this record perhaps fifty times and repeating the less understood phrases for perhaps a

hundred times, one must become imbued with the spirit of the interpretation.

*Third.*—The student can keep on hand for reference, cylinders containing illustrations of different interpretations, and can refresh his memory by reference to them as readily as he can refresh his memory of Hamlet by referring to the works of Shakespeare. For filing cylinders, a bureau with pegs in the drawers is a cheap and handy receptacle, and can be made to hold nearly a thousand cylinders.

*Fourth.*—The use of the phonograph in this direction is for the correction of faults. Muffled pianoforte fingering and careless phrasing are relentlessly exposed by the little instrument, and the student sees his work from an entirely new point of view.

*Fifth.*—Let the student, after having studied the work thoroughly, play it while listening to the phonograph record made by his teacher. This is an excellent test to determine whether the work is well learned or not. An objection may be made here that the adoption of such a method would lead to imitation, but I do not believe the objection is tenable. The student thoroughly learns what is given him by the teacher; in fact, practically has his teacher by his side constantly. It is then for the teacher to see that in new work the pupil applies the principles acquired from him by the aid of the phonograph.

Many interesting methods of practice with this instrument would suggest themselves to the able and progressive teacher. It is impossible to do slovenly work with the phonograph, and while its use requires much time and care, the results acquired will be good. The instrument is useful with those students who wish to become thorough musicians, and should be employed with no others. I believe the instrument has not as yet been introduced into any musical college, but when its great advantages become known it will doubtless prove a valuable aid to the progressive teacher.

HENRY D. GOODWIN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## THE CHICAGO APOLLO MUSICAL CLUB.

When Mr. Silas G. Pratt collected the little body of musical enthusiasts, Mr. George P. Upton at the head, at the little wooden church at Wabash avenue and Sixteenth street,



MR. SILAS G. PRATT.

which was Lyon & Healy's store in 1872, and organized the Apollo Musical Club, he builded not particularly well for himself, since his directorship terminated after six rehearsals, Mr. A. W. Dohn taking the place, but much better for the city of Chicago and the cause of high-class music in the west, than his wildest hopes intended. It was a neat little

male chorus they had, about thirty voices, singing part songs, and holding Bohemian rehearsals with a little singing, a very little serious study, and a great deal of *gemuthlichkeit*, duly washed down by a quarter-keg of the liquid which to a German throat is the only universal solvent known to art.

The charter members were the following: S. G. Pratt, Charles T. Root, Charles V. Pring, Warren C. Coffin, Frank A. Bowen, Fritz Foltz, J. R. Ranney, E. H. Pratt, William H. Coulston, Louis Falk, Harry Gates, C. C. Philips, J. S. Marsh, W. W. Boynton, S. E. Cleveland, Edwin Brown, A. B. Stiles, Philo A. Otis, George C. Stebbins, F. S. Pond, Chas. C. Curtiss, Theodore F. Brown, H. Rocher, A. L. Goldsmith, William Sprague, A. R. Sabin, William R. Allen, John A. Lyndon, William Cox, L. M. Prentiss, Frank G. Rohner, Frank B. Williams and George P. Upton. To collect these thirty men had cost young Pratt several weeks of earnest



MR. A. W. DOHN.

canvassing. One of the first to realize the importance of the plan was Mr. Upton, of the *Tribune*. He was cordial and interested; and very properly he was made the first president.

The first board of officers had for president, George P. Upton; vice-president, William Sprague; treasurer, F. A. Bowen; secretary, C. C. Curtiss; librarian, W. C. Coffin; musical committee, Fritz Foltz, S. E. Cleveland and Philo A. Otis.

Under Mr. Dohn the Apollo Club began to take suggestive upward reaches. Besides the male chorus, Dohn soon had a female contingent, and it was under his direction that the first performance of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was given. This was in 1874, in McCormick hall.

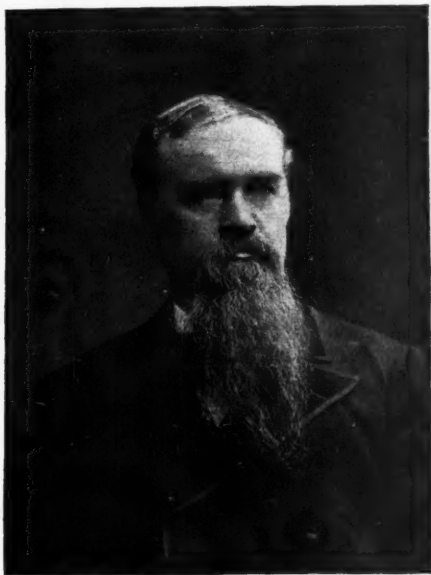
But Dohn was ahead of the times, so he presently gave place to another director with a more imposing presence, in more senses of the term than one. It was the basso, Carl Bergstein. Bergstein's talent began and ended with his splendid physique. He gave one concert with the club, and it was distinctly not a success. In place of the Schumann music, which had been Dohn's last effort, he gave a mixed programme in which there were one or two part-songs, the sextette from "Lucia," and a variety of solo numbers by amateur singers. The shadow of the coming man was already upon the side scenes.

Three months previously a young English musician had come under the observation of a few of the leading members of the club, and in an informal conversation had unfolded to them his ideas. He positively declined to undertake the musical direction of the club except with the intention of changing its character to a mixed chorus, and after a suitable course of elementary training bringing the repertory up to the standard of oratorio and dramatic cantatas. The enthusiastic male singers were not willing to consent to this. But the laughable outcome of the Bergstein concert made it evident that a change of directors at least must be made. So with no small misgivings upon the part of one or two of those in authority, the new director, Mr. William L. Tomlins, took charge of the club. This was in 1875.

Straightway ensued a new order of things. The beer was banished from the rehearsal rooms; and from all sorts of difficult music, which they could not even read unhelped by instruments; and in which there was not one single common chord purely intoned, they were put to work upon part-songs of a very simple character, and the emphasis of the study was put upon vocal art. When the first concert of the new order of things was given it was evident that something extraordinary had taken place. There was an expression and an intelligence in the singing wholly new to it and wholly new to the audience. The part-songs pleased the hearers mightily. The list of associate members began to grow. The concerts were in demand. Then ensued for the club a time of great popularity. For two seasons the concerts were



given in McCormick hall, and every programme was duplicated in order to accommodate the hearers who completely filled the large hall both nights. There were not a few dissenting voices. There were several critics who looked askance at this supposed letting down of the programmes—and, indeed, it did look like a letting down from Schumann's music to that of Barnby, Sullivan, and the like. But for



MR. GEORGE P. UPTON,  
First President of the Apollo Club.

the hearers there were strangely beautiful effects under the inspiring leading of the new conductor.

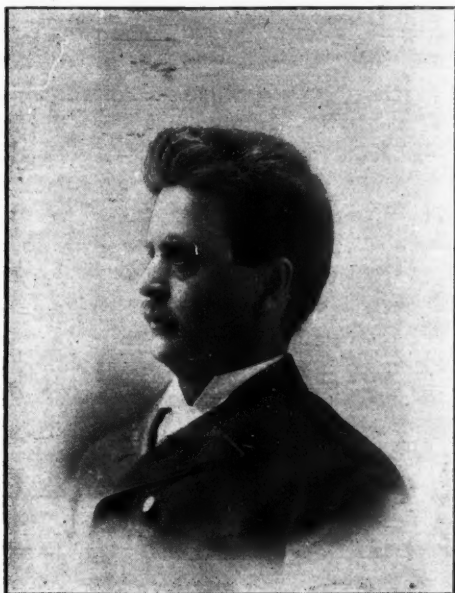
As yet nothing was known to the public of Mr. Tomlins' intention of adding a ladies' mixed chorus, and eventually making the club a mixed choir, and giving in the new manner the standard oratorios. Many of those in the management of the club, who were conversant with it, hoped and expected that they would be able to prevent what seemed to them such an unwarrantable perversion of the original intention of the

society. Even when Mr. Tomlins unfolded to newspaper men privately his intentions, as he did on one or two occasions, they regarded it as merely an additional block for the pavement of that best paved of psychical resorts, the inferno itself. The present writer was one to whom the plans were disclosed, as early as 1876. In response to the critic's regret that the character of the programmes could not be made a little better, Mr. Tomlins said, in effect: "You already admit that you have never heard such singing as the club gave last night. Let me tell you that the programme was an essential part of the course of training. I am bringing out the voices and training the ears of the singers to simple combinations, such as with good training they are able to do well—as you heard last night. But this is not my goal. Next year a higher class of male part-songs will be taken up than you have ever heard, and they will be given in a still better manner—because by that time the singers will have become accustomed to entering into their singing with that complete absorption which, combined with vocal technic and musical intelligence, make up the art of vocal interpretation no less than of charming singing. More than this, I intend to have an accessory female chorus next year, and they will sing with the club at one of the concerts. These I shall train in my way, and you will hear something which you have never heard in this line. The year after we will combine the two choruses, and, with the exception of perhaps one part-song concert each season, work for mixed chorus will be given. At first these will be of a light character, but as soon as the training warrants it we shall give performances of 'The Messiah,' 'Creation' and 'Elijah,' which will thrill you as you never have been thrilled by singing."

I confess that I gave but little attention to these predictions. I had heard promises before. Their only effect upon me was to give me a feeling of respect for the leader greater than I had felt before, because the plan at any rate showed no small breadth and grasp of mind. But everything went on exactly as Mr. Tomlins had said. And so well was each new step in advance taken that the public was with him. Some of the officers of the club

resigned rather than encourage the new order of things, but they have lived to see the ladies not simply helpers for those musical parts which a somewhat niggard nature had placed beyond the reach of male talents, but voters, officers, and, as usual when women get in, prime movers in many and many a good advance.

Perhaps the first concert by mixed voices which actually stirred the blood of the hearers was one in which Gounod's



MR. N. D. PRATT,  
Ex-President of the Apollo Club.

cantata, "By Babylon's Wave," was brought to such a climax that it set the audience on fire with wild enthusiasm. It had to be repeated. The public had been touched. This became the new standard. Every concert thrived or languished accordingly as it gave or did not give such a thrill of concentrated emotion at some climacteric point during the evening. Curiously enough, some of the best popular effects were accomplished with the music of Handel. "Acis and

Galatea" was sung with the most consummate smoothness and delightful melodiousness some time in 1876. And the season ended with the "Messiah," in which the delightful technic of the sopranos and altos, not to bar out the tenors and basses, in the runs, afforded a revelation in this direction. Then, too, what grand climaxes in the "Hallelujah" and at various places! The choruses began to take the honors, as against the solo singers, as they have done many times since, and always will do, when the chorus rises to a true conception of the grandeur of the music and the occasion. Upon another occasion, when Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was the work, just before the last three pieces, Mr. Tomlins addressed the audience, requesting that any who must leave the hall before the performance was over, do so then; adding that those who left would miss something which they would afterward be sorry to have missed. That something was a most imposing climax at the words "Oh great is the depth of knowledge of our God." I fancy that many a hearer felt at that moment his first real experience of the element of sublimity in chorus singing.

It was a remarkable festival that the club gave in the Tabernacle (basement of the John V. Farwell building) on Monroe street, in the spring of 1878. Then for the first time Mr. Tomlins introduced parts of Handel's "Israël in Egypt," and by way of illustrating the technic of the basses and tenors had all the tenors in unison, and all the basses in unison sing the duet, "The Lord Is a Man of War," which is considered rather difficult singing for two good solo voices.

In all this earlier work of the mixed chorus there was a curious difference from the singing usually heard from mixed choruses. As a rule it is the ladies who take the lead in musical intelligence and intuition; and it is the sopranos and altos who soonest arrive at expressive tone quality, flexibility and the like. In the Apollo chorus the opposite was for some time the case. The men had been trained for two or three years by themselves, and their voices had been made flexible, expressive and musical to a high degree. Their work in the runs of such "Messiah" choruses as "He shall Purify," "For unto Us," etc., was something to remember

a lifetime. It was several years before the ladies measured up to the standard.

The work of the Apollo Club has made the May festivals possible. Without this solid foundation of 200 or 300 trained singers it would have been impossible to have collected such a chorus as that which sang at the May festival of 1884. And it is not too much to say that first and last more than 2,000 singers have been trained in the rehearsals of the club to their first appreciation of the qualities entering into the higher class of chorus singing.

On the whole, I imagine that the proudest moment of Mr. Tomlins' career as leader of the club was that when before the meeting of the Music Teachers' Association in the Exposition building in 1888 he stood before about 180 singers that hot July night and felt the thrill with which the basses and tenors gave out the first tones of Mendelssohn's motette, "Judge Me, O God." Here it was a case of something more than mere singing. Circumstances had been particularly provoking. A local committee of arrangements had chosen to go counter to the plain, common-sense way of placing the chorus of the meeting under Mr. Tomlins' direction, and had assigned it to another musician whose name has never been connected with artistic success. The programme committee of the association invalidated this outrage by inviting the Apollo Club to occupy one evening as chorus. This was a great gain for Mr. Tomlins, since it permitted him to make his own selections and released him from the ungrateful task of training his chorus to appear in new American compositions, which might or might not afford opportunity for fine effects. But when the club had been invited, there was still the question whether enough of the singers could be got together on a summer night to make the singing what it ought to be for the credit of the club. History is silent concerning the pains which were expended in bringing together those singers. Bets had been laid that Mr. Tomlins would not be able to get together a hundred singers. Some of the singers took a vacation in their vacation, and traveled 200 miles and back, merely to appear on this occasion. It was a question of demonstrating the superiority of

their leader and their vocal technic. When Mr. Tomlins stood up there before nearly 200 members of the club, he could feel the thrill of concentrated emotion, the magnetic *rappor*t between himself and his forces, that magical psychical bond, which was never so firm as on that evening. The tone came. It was firm, solid, thrilling, mighty in quality, and clear in word; the other voices came in, and the whole was much more than perfect singing. It was true art, in which high spiritual tension comes to expression through the voice of a great chorus. There have been few moments so triumphant in the history of the club. Many other rare moments have occurred in the eighteen years of Mr. Tomlins' leading, but this was an especial occasion, having in it something of the tragedy which belongs to breaking down the other fellow's defenses. What a whirlwind of applause! And, later, when the beautiful part-song on George Eliot's poem came, "Memories," there was pathos of another order. This was something to have heard.

Readers of a statistical turn of mind will enjoy being told that the following important works have been given by the club :

Handel's <i>Acis and Galatea</i> .	Dvorak's <i>Spectre's Bride</i> .
Max Bruch's <i>Fair Ellen</i> .	Gounod's <i>Third Mass</i> .
Haydn's <i>Seasons</i> .	Rheinberger's <i>Christophorus</i> .
Berlioz' <i>Te Deum</i> . (First performance in America.)	Paine's <i>Œdipus</i> .
Mackenzie's <i>Dream of Jubal</i> . (First performance in America.)	Schumann's <i>Manfred</i> .
Mackenzie's <i>Rose of Sharon</i> .	Sullivan's <i>Cantata, On Sea and Shore</i> .
Bach's <i>Cantata, I Wrestle and Pray</i> .	Sullivan's <i>Golden Legend</i> . (First performance in America.)
Gade's <i>Crusaders</i> .	Becker's <i>Reformation Cantata</i> . (First performance in America.)
Hoffman's <i>Cinderella</i> . (At the dedication of the Central Music hall, December 4, 1879.)	Grieg's <i>Bergliot</i> (with reader).
Selections from Wagner's <i>Tannhaeuser</i> .	Gleason's <i>Commemoration Ode</i> . (At the dedication of the Auditorium.)
	Bach's <i>Passion Music</i> .

It should also be mentioned that the club has made a great effect with certain compositions by American composers, though of these they have been entirely too chary. Dudley Buck's "Nun of Nidaros," is one of these, which they have given quite a number of times, and with very decided success. As so much of the educational value of the work depends upon the number of repetitions, the following list by Mr. George P. Upton will be read with interest :

Handel's Messiah, . . .	17 times.	Haydn's Creation, . . .	4 times.
Handel's Judas Maccabæus, . . .	3 "	Berlioz' Damnation of Faust, . . .	7 "
Mendelssohn's St. Paul, . . .	5 "	Rubinstein's Tower of Babel, . . .	3 "
Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, . . .	4 "	Massenet's Eve, . . .	3 "
Mendelssohn's Elijah . . .	3 "	Rossini's Stabat Mater, . . .	3 "
Max Bruch's Frithjof, . . .	5 "		

Of all these performances, that of the "Messiah" has been the best. This does not altogether arise from the fact of its being familiar to the singers, as would at first be inferred from the large number of times it has been given, though this element undoubtedly enters into it. For the figures show that the average compass of a singer's membership in the club is only about two years. This means that quite a number sing only for a single season, while others go on for many years. But the "Messiah" appeals to the most sacred sentiments, and the music also is remarkably well written for voices, and for the text, whereby it is possible to obtain in this work effects which appeal to the singers powerfully as soon as the conductor is able to make them enter into and comprehend them, and awaken in the audience similar feelings. The first performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was also one which deserves to be remembered as having presented the work with a certain vocal freshness appealing to every listener, serving with the "Messiah" singing already mentioned to materially enhance Mr. Handel's reputation as a composer of pleasing and enjoyable music.

The training of the Apollo Club is almost wholly unlike that of similar organizations. Mr. Tomlins possesses a talent for vocal effect, in the same way that Mr. Thomas has a talent for instrumental effect. Give Mr. Thomas a body of players for a length of time, and the *ensemble* tone assumes the well balanced and musical quality which we all know as peculiar to the Thomas orchestra. This happens although the players individually change. The same happens with Mr. Tomlins. Give him time and he succeeds in getting a mellow and musical tone, and a neat technic such as is scarcely ever heard from a chorus. The characteristic quality of the singing of the Apollo Club in its best moments I can describe by no other adjective than spiritual. The main end which seems to be intended is musical, or spiritual. Mere



technic cuts no figure, except as it is necessitated for the just presentation of the idea. The quality of the membership from a vocal point of view is not phenomenal; but from that of emotional impressionability it *is* remarkable. Several years ago I had a number of talks with Mr. Tomlins on this point, when he was thinking of returning to London. I said that he could not possibly produce the same kind of chorus singing there. He thought he could, but I reminded him that in London he would not find it possible to unite the singers from different social strata, as here, and at the same time it would be utterly impossible to get the better class of soprano and alto material, for the reason that those whose cultivation made them capable of this kind of singing would be from a social stratum which could not be drawn from in England for choral purposes. Upon paying a visit to London and inspecting the problem there he became of my way of thinking. He admitted that the American chorus singer possessed qualifications of a superior order.

In the early days of Mr. Tomlins' directorship the distinctive element in the singing of the club was technical, although even then he realized effects of a distinctly spiritual nature, as at the climax "Jerusalem" in Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," referred to above. But the main point was the wholly novel finish of the technic. The tone was of beautiful quality, the attack was precise and at the same time noble, and the running work and phrasing delightful. Tomlins came here with the latest English ideas in part singing, and was the first director to produce effects of phrasing by carrying one part along holding while another phrased—thus securing at the same time the continuity of the larger sweeps of melody, without running together the smaller phrases and members of the sentence. The contrast between his effects and those which were produced by a rival society in cutting all the part-songs into "stove-wood" lengths of four measures, was very striking.

The club has attained several climaxes due to hard study, and has lost them again for months, and in one instance for years, by rapidly enlarging the membership. For example, the membership was originally about one hundred and twenty-

five; this was enlarged to two hundred and fifty. The new material was trained by itself, and it was more than a year before the old effects were realized. The longest intermission of this sort was experienced when the chorus was enlarged from two hundred and fifty to five hundred, when the concerts were removed to the Auditorium. The new place, the large space and the location of the singers far back behind the curtain line, prevented the incisiveness of the work reaching the audience in front—a part of them nearly two hundred feet away from the farthest singers. This difficulty was finally met by bringing the singers forward upon the stage and out over the orchestral space, the result being that at the first concert in the present season the “Messiah” choruses brought the old-time thrill, which every one in the audience experienced, as was evident from the vigor and spontaneity of the applause—which was like that awarded to a favorite prima donna in a moment of her greatest success.

The criticism is sometimes made upon Mr. Tomlins' system of training that it is primarily if not wholly emotional, and does not contain the elements of a musical education, such as would enable the singers to make progress to higher and higher planes of musical interpretation year after year. To this several answers might be made without denying that the leading hue of the training *is* emotional (or spiritual), rather than didactic. Every singer who has been long under Mr. Tomlins knows and feels that there is a satisfaction in singing under his direction which is wholly peculiar. While he is second to no director in the qualities of tonal finish and technic, the primary aspect of the singing effort, as felt by the singers themselves, is *musical* and *spontaneous*. He believes in two very important principles: First, that it is better to sing a great work with that inner something which commends it to the listener as a revelation of beauty and inspiration, than to produce it with great technical perfection but without this inner element. Second, he believes that when once the singers are brought to enter into a new and great work from the standpoint of spiritual conception, *feeling* its inspiration and beauty, the more external qualities of vocal correctness will be secured with ease, and at the

same time with greater beauty than if they had first been sought from a technical standpoint, and the effort had been at the very last of the training to imbue them with the color of emotion. It must be admitted that the results, on the whole, uphold his theory. However, there are really other questions behind this one. For in teaching the main thing is the contact of a superior mind with weaker ones, and the kindling effect resulting therefrom, nor is it possible to entirely separate in the result the part due to original genius and personality from that which is due to a theory carried out systematically from an intellectual standpoint.

One of the most marked cases of this method of training was that of the Bach Passion music, which was taken up almost entirely *de novo* within six weeks of the late festival (May 17-19) and sung at the concert with quite satisfactory effect, although it is not to be denied that there were places where a longer acquaintance of the singers with the intricacies of the music would have given them added certainty. But the customary way of singing any great work of a former time as an act of piety (ever so conscientious, ever so careful, but at the same time ever so little and dry), is not what the spirit of the dead-and-gone composer would desire, if still within conscious reach of our doings. Every great work represented to its composer certain irrepressible moments of rapture, spiritual exaltation and intimate soul-communing. To perform his work merely as so and so many notes, arranged thus and so, is not to *reproduce* it. Everything turns upon the spirit. And when the work is one so little vocal, and so far removed from the later nineteenth-century spirit as the Passion of Bach, there is all the more need of recovering again this inner salt of the work, which, after all, is the quality which has preserved its reputation among the few superior musical minds who have been able to discern it from the printed pages. The outer world can get it only when it is again created into life—sung into their ears, breathed again into their souls as breath of life. And it is this sort of thing which Mr. Tomlins seeks to do—and which in fact he *does* do, to a degree greater than any other director that I have ever known. But it is a great mistake to suppose that he is

not also a great director from the standpoint of a pure vocal technic. He is in this respect also the best I have ever heard. And while I also admit with the critics that a singer may be a member of the Apollo Club for years without becoming at the end of the time a good reader of music (speaking scientifically), it is at the same time impossible for any intelligent and sympathetic person to sing in that chorus and attend the sub-rehearsals for a series of years without becoming very much more musical and artistic, in intelligence and sympathy, than when first received into this body of the musically faithful.

The most important event in the recent history of the club was the inauguration of what are called "The Wage-Workers' Concerts," which are simply repetitions of the regular concerts upon the night following, before audiences composed of "wage-workers" earning not more than fifteen dollars per week. The wage-workers pay from fifteen to twenty-five cents each for the seats. This remarkable enterprise owed its inception solely to the leader, Mr. Tomlins. It is a part of his philosophy not alone that music benefits the poor, but that its power to lift up the singers themselves turns upon the amount of unselfish love for the neighbor there is in it. He believes that a choral club solely devoted to its own interests, and preparing for its own concerts before its audiences of associate members, will inevitably die of dry rot, and that a leader cannot possibly get beyond a certain point of perfection with such a chorus. "Music," he says, "is a life to be lived."

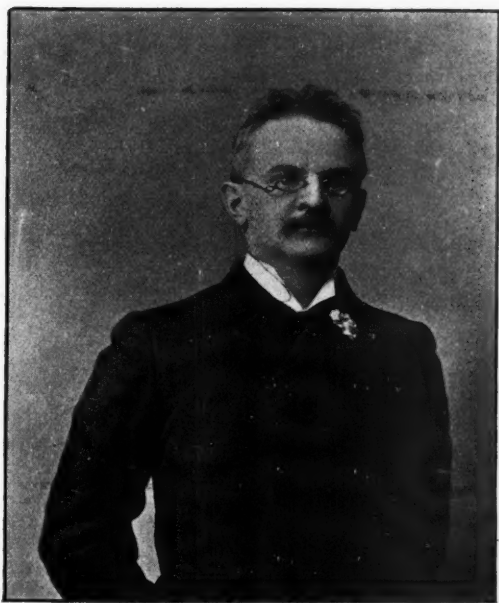
The Auditorium, so large, so spacious, so elegant, seemed to him a great opportunity. So when the enlargement of the chorus to a membership of five hundred was decided on, he resolved that there should be in the new place an incitive to noble effort previously unknown. Accordingly, he canvassed the subject privately for some time. Many to whom the project was early mentioned thought it inopportune in America; that the classes here were not sufficiently separated from each other, and that a few seats at low prices would meet this demand. Others thought that the labor people would look askance at the effort, as charity. So one of the

early steps was a conference with representatives of the Trade and Labor Assembly. These gentlemen were cordial and met the proposal in the true spirit. It was finally decided that the best way of insuring the tickets reaching the class intended would be to distribute them through large employers of labor, who were to pledge themselves not to give away the tickets, and not to sell them to workers earning more than fifteen dollars a week. When the first call was sent out the responses called for over twenty-two thousand tickets. As the hall held only about five thousand the requisitions were filled upon a percentage of one-fourth. And in the course of the four concerts of the season nearly all the applications were filled, but no second call could be made that year. The second year about fifteen thousand responses were made to the first call.

It was a serious question how the wage-workers would behave at the concerts; and whether they would like the high class music of which the programmes were composed. Some were anxious as to the well-being of the house itself, fearing the American tobacco habit. Inasmuch as the private boxes were thrown open in these concerts, some of the box holders asked Mr. Ferd. W. Peck whether he did not think it would be wise to protect the plush and lace hangings and curtains. "Protect nothing," said the president of the Auditorium Association; "if I had my way about it I would double them." The event proved that he was right, for a better behaved crowd never gathered in the house. It was noticeable that as a rule the wage-workers took the good points upon first inspection, and applauded even more heartily than the first nighters themselves. The chief exception to this observation has been noticed this season, when at the third concert the "Reformation Cantata" of Becker did not seem to appeal to them.

Many interesting things might be written about these wage-workers' concerts. That the privilege of hearing music of this character, done as the Apollo Club does it, is a wholly exceptional one in the lives of people of this class, is too plain to need comment. It is true that some of those into whose hands the tickets have come have sold them. Several cases

of this sort have been investigated, and they have been reduced to their categories. Occasionally a well-to-do person, who ought to know better, has succeeded in inducing the laboring man to part with his choice seat for a consideration of two dollars or more, which he happened to need more than he needed the concert; and a few employers have been careless in distributing the tickets, intrusting this part of the work to employes who have dealt dishonestly in the matter,



MR. PHILO A. OTIS,  
President of the Apollo Club.

either giving them to the better class of workers or selling them outright. Accidents of this kind in no way invalidate the merit of the original idea.

The club has been very fortunate in its officary. Beginning with Mr. George P. Upton, whose sterling good sense and commanding influence were invaluable to the infant organization, there has been a succession of painstaking and

capable gentlemen in the positions of president and secretary, of whom several portraits are given at different places in this connection, but the limits of this article preclude the enumeration of the salient features of their respective administrations. The present incumbent of the chair, Mr. Philo A. Otis, was a member of the music committee in the first season of the club. He is almost the only one of the original members still remaining in active membership. The responsibility attaching to the chief offices in a business of this magnitude is very great. In former years the associate members numbered upwards of 3,600, and the chorus about 150. This gave a large number of people to satisfy, and the financial total reached perhaps \$10,000 or \$12,000 per year. Since the club has removed to the Auditorium, however, the financial burdens have largely increased, the income reaching upward of \$25,000 per year. Fancy being called upon to carry the main burdens of administering the finances of a club upon this scale as a mere incident in a gentleman's leisure! Yet this is precisely the effect of being elected president or secretary and treasurer of the Apollo Club.

The club never gives concerts for pay except by the season to its associate members, unless its recent jubilee festival is to be taken as an exception. At the beginning of the season the associate members of the previous season have the option of continuing their subscriptions and retaining their seats. Seats not thus required are then sold to the first applicant. The singers act as agents in their respective circles. The price of seats at the subscription concerts has been very high since removing to the Auditorium. The best are now at the rate of \$7.50 for the season, but there are good seats for hearing, as low as \$1.50 for the season. As the tickets are transferable, limited means need not shut one out from these concerts. The singers pay an annual fee of \$5, but each is entitled to an escort ticket for the season, good for \$5 at the box office in a reserved seat. The holder can put other money with it and take one of the highest priced if he chooses. The only salaried officers are the musical director (whose figure is by no means too large), the accompanist, and a merely nominal appropriation to the secretary, for a



stenographer. The funds are carefully handled, everything being paid by means of warrants drawn by the secretary, countersigned by the president, redeemable at the First National bank.

In the matter of accompanist, the club has been singularly fortunate. For about six or eight years Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck has served in this capacity. Mr. Seeboeck will come



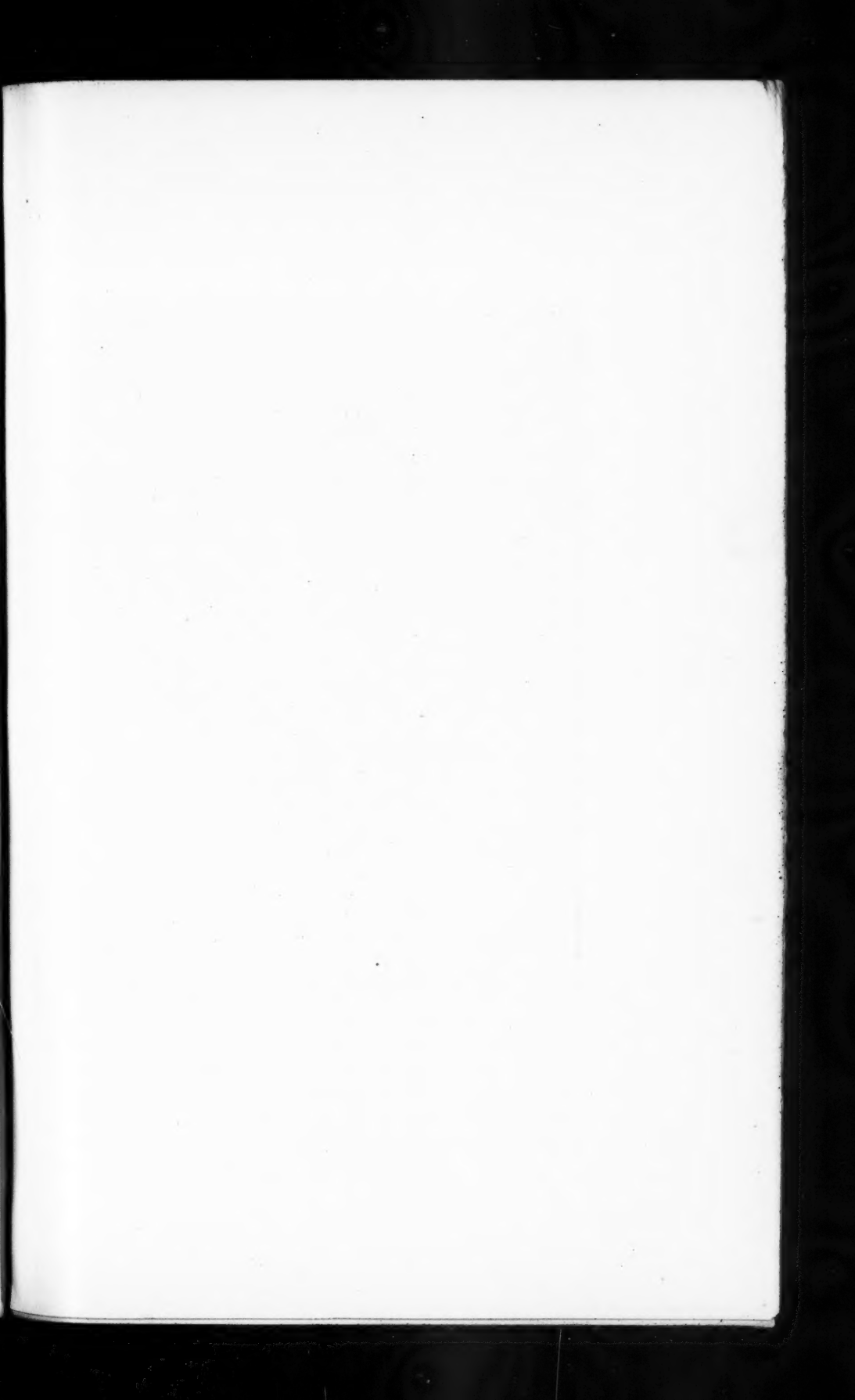
MR. JOHN LUNDIE,  
Secretary of the Apollo Club.

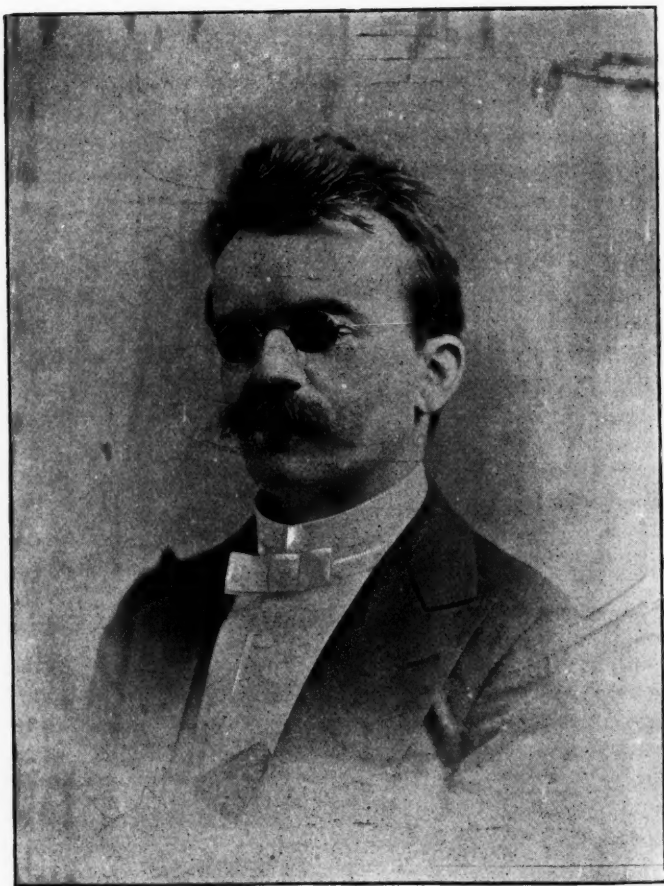
up in a later number of this magazine, in connection with certain Chicago composers. Suffice it to say at present that he is very musical, an extremely fluent reader and a most beautiful pianist, having been pupil of some of the best European masters. He possesses the inestimable quality of being able to play the most difficult accompaniments in any key that the weird imagination of the musical director may happen to fancy. Everything which Seeboeck plays sounds

musical, and I regard his assistance as one of the most important elements in the success of this club in the difficult works they have studied.

Taking it in the broad and the long, I consider the Apollo Club of Chicago worthy of being classed among the great educational institutions of this country. In addition to the education it has afforded its own members, and the pleasure and education combined it has afforded its associate members, it has been a light set upon a hill. Its influence has been great; and its latest act in doubling its work, and undertaking a very considerable extra burden of expense in order to extend its art to the wage-working classes, is something which might honorably be imitated by other well established singing societies; not only for the good these repetitions do, but for the sake of the still more important reflex influence upon the spirit of the membership of the club itself.

W. S. B. M.





JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.  
Musical Lecturer, Litterateur, Etc.

## THE INFLUENCE OF RICHARD WAGNER UPON VOCAL ART.

The great storm of Wagnerian excitement has now lasted about fifty years, and the early stages of dubious Philistinism, with its periwig-pated authorities, then the violently militant stage of fanatical partisanship, and after that the first wondering bewilderment which came with the full dawn of the Bayreuth festival in 1876—all these have given way to universal admiration. It may be said without exaggeration that the entire world, German, French, Italian, English and American, now agrees to consider Richard Wagner a great, even a very great man, but as to the special kind and degree of that greatness there is still difference of opinion, and room for such difference.

The first thing which strikes any listener when a work of Wagner is presented to his attention is the gorgeous beauty of the orchestra and the genial disposition of the vocal parts. Instead of an orchestra like a giant guitar (as Wagner himself has happily characterized the Italian mode of treatment) with soft, mellow pizzicatos up and down some innocent and easy triads, major or minor, with an occasional mild dissonance of a dominant seventh, we have an orchestra so rich with novel, impressive and beautiful tone-colors, that the splendor and variety of nature's coloring is not more wonderful.

He who first hears "Lohengrin" must perforce be deeply impressed by the aerial sweetness, and almost super-sensuous softness of the "Vorspiel" in the purely violin portion, and equally impressed by the stentorian clangors which stun the ear in the introduction of the third act, and realize Milton's sublime verse, "Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds." Between these extremes there is an infinitude not only of dynamic gradations but of composite instrumental groups which affect the ear with a delight which is exhaustless and varied. The rapture which a botanist would feel in some costly conservatory, the pride of princes, will only in a faint manner

386  
391

symbolize the rapture of a highly educated musician as the amplitude and infinitude of Wagner's instrumental devices unfold before his enchanted attention.

But in the meantime how about the singing? The verdict of every one is at first, "Here is something strange in the way of vocal art." Those whose ideal of song has been fed by the Italian *bel canto* and by the sacred floridities of Handel, find themselves bored, irritated, completely dislocated, and all their points of compass lost when Wagnerian singing is brought to their attention, especially the Wagnerian singing in the later operas, which are the complete and full-blown result of his composite art, filled with the life blood of theory.

Intellectual purpose and far-reaching minute calculation are so omnipresent, so utterly pervasive of every Wagnerian opera—indeed, one might say of every phrase and every measure of every Wagnerian opera, that the delight of the analytical student in the purely intellectual discovery of minute and complex lurking purpose is a just counterpart to the delight of the senses in a pleasing sound, and of the heart in the rich emotional tempest and calm which sweeps over it, as over the agitated surface of the ocean alternately travel and brood the hurricane, the breeze and the breathless calm.

Wagner's idea of singing is unquestionably unique, derived from Gluck in the first place, he has carried the principles of the great dramatic reformer far beyond the horizon of his thought. The recent book published by Rubinstein, though well worth reading on account of the half century of distinguished service in the cause of pianoforte playing rendered by that eminent genius, must necessarily fill the studious reader with surprise. With Rubinstein's opinions as to the consummate excellence of Schubert and Chopin, I heartily agree, but the somewhat discouraging attitude which he takes toward Mozart and toward Wagner is a puzzle to any one who does not remember how the stentorian cacophony of Rubinstein accounts for his anti-Mozartism, while his failure in opera and oratorio explains his distaste for Wagner. The opinion Rubinstein expresses, that Wagner's music is not dramatic, provokes one to a pitying smile, for if Wagner is not dramatic what, pray, is he? In the field of dramatic tonal

expression Wagner stands as unapproachably supreme, as completely unique as Bach is in the department of the fugue, and Beethoven in that of the symphony.

Wagner is not a Bach nor a Beethoven, but is, perhaps, upon the whole, as great a man as either. When we climb the sublime summit of Bach's spiritual emotion and from the inspired moments of the Matthew Passion gaze upward into the face of God, it is not the same constellations which we behold as when, equally moved and exalted by the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, we brood upon the life, sufferings and joys of mankind; and yet it is the stars of God's eternal heavens toward which we look upward both from Bach and from Beethoven, and perhaps Wagner's volcano of earthly passion is also a sublime manifestation of the laws of the same God. Some of the witty remarks put upon paper by our excellent American humorist, Mark Twain, are much more to the purpose than all the cynical dicta of Rubinstein.

Mr. Clemens, under the guise of merely chaffing and amusing one, oftentimes expresses a vast deal of true sense, pertinent wisdom and profound thought, for he is far from being the shallow buffoon that he pretends. In the case of our modern jester, as in that of the strange class of privileged beings, who in the old days of feudalism amused the half-barbarous courts by their personal jibes—in the case of Mark Twain, as in that of Touchstone and his ancestors, the cap and bells may sometimes be considered only the insignia and badge of privileged wisdom.

In Mark Twain's recent utterances about his visit to Bayreuth there is not a little truth. He there says that the music is infinitely delicious, and that the mere sound of the Wagnerian orchestra, when properly heard—that is, when it is a full orchestra with all the required instruments of the score, and each performer a perfect player, full of enthusiasm and under perfect discipline, and the orchestra itself heard in a hall not too small and not too large and located beneath the stage—the effect of this instrumental music upon the nerves of any listener is wonderfully delightful.

But how is it about the vocal part? Mark Twain scarcely exaggerates the actual experiences of many an honest student



and really musical person in hearing a Wagnerian opera for the first time. Its monotonous declamatory phrases, the total lack of tendril and blossom clusters of fiorature, the strange hard down-rightness of every phrase, fitting the words as snugly as the encasing of a glove—all this bewilders. No wonder that Mark Twain said that the people, in the opening scene of the "Parsifal," "come and hear Gurnemann sing as long as they can stand it, and then go off to die." No wonder he makes a witty allusion to one of Wagner's early defenders who said that Wagner did not care for "Schnörkel" (that is curlicues or unnecessary fanciful ornaments). Mark Twain's comment is, "I do not know what a "Schnörkel" is, but if Wagner didn't care for it, I know I want it." This is the perfection of whimsical argument. Again he says that the only reason why Wagner put in the vocal part was apparently to make the instruments sound better by contrast. These extravagant and humorous remarks only voice the opinions of many listeners, and perhaps the opinion that any one, even if musically gifted, will entertain at certain times or at least in the early stages of his Wagnerian culture.

It is possible to acquire a taste for Wagner as one does for olives, or, shall I say? for alcoholic beverages; for the music of Wagner is emotional alcohol, and as the hundred flavored liquors, in which it is used, may be derived from the ripe cluster of grapes, from the luscious globe of the peach, from the golden spike of corn, from the grains of the rye, even from the distillations of flowers and wood fiber—so every emotion of man seems to have worked through the marvelous alembic of that man's imaginative intellect. Love, passion, peace, despair, hope, aspiration, malevolence, repentance, the joys of combat, the breathless sweetness of calm, burning curiosity, confiding tenderness, the holiest reverence, the fiercest blasphemy—all that this strange compound of soul and sense which we call man, can know, suffer or enjoy, has been worked into this wonderful posset, called "the Wagnerian music drama."

Much of the opposition, though certainly not of the hesitation and slow assent—much of the opposition to Wagner has been produced, not by the utterances of the master himself.

and certainly not by his works themselves, but by the violent and intemperate remarks of his ardent partisans. Well might he have said with Martin Luther: "God save me from my friends."

When Mendelssohn saw "Tannhaeuser" for the first time he frankly confessed that he did not altogether like it, but he said furthermore, "The man who has the genius to write his own words and his own music, depend upon it, is no common man."

A famous Leipzig director when rehearsing "Lohengrin," uttered an exceedingly clever witticism to this effect—having in his mind, of course, and presuming in the minds of his orchestra, all the familiar rules of the old chartered music, or rather, of the orthodox style of music, especially the proper and conventional resolution of the dominant seventh, the quiet domestic felicity of the diatonic keys, major and minor, good, virtuous, quiet cousins and aunties as they were to each other—he said, suddenly rapping the desk violently with his baton when there had occurred a passage of three or four measures which were something like the old familiar paths, "Gentlemen, stop, stop! you are playing incorrectly, for that sounds right." The excellent, delicate point of this witticism reminds one of the famous debate between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery politicians of this country. After a heated discussion as to the moral right of slavery, one claiming that it was the quintessence of all infamy and anti-Christian cruelty, the other maintaining that it was a divinely authorized institution, based upon well known passages of the Old Testament, the humanitarian debater at last with a polite smile said, "Ah, my friend, I now see; your God is my devil."

This might be said of the Wagnerian music. There is such total revolution in all theoretical matters that the Wagnerian might say to the ultra-classic conservative, "Ah, your beauty is my ugliness." One would almost be led to such a position as this either on one side or the other by the violence of some such critics as Von Wolzogen. To the honor of Wagner be it spoken, that he was neither so bitter nor so narrow-minded as some of his ardent apostles. True, at

times Wagner was severe, especially in his attacks upon the Jews, doubtless led on by a pardonable envy of the too successful and world-charming Mendelssohn, but as to the much abused Italian style of singing and the compositions of Rossini and others, Wagner was glad to acknowledge their consummate merit and conspicuous beauties in their own particular species.

We continually, in respect to Wagner, lose sight of the fact that he proposed to himself and steadily through all his life held to the idea of not only making a new art, or a new art resultant, but inventing an art expressive of the race life, the linguistic peculiarities and whole emotional being of a peculiar and especial people. He did not intend to compose music for the world, but music for the Germans, music for the world in so far as Germans and German language and life, learning and religion are for the world, but primarily his music is German, German, German. No one of his plays would be at all possible in Italian, French or English, though the English would make the most tolerable approach.

Italian and German ideas of vocal art are diametrically opposed to each other; or, rather, let us say they are opposite hemispheres. At certain points they do touch each other, but they reverse every law of the beautiful. This difference, however, is much deeper than the mere art of using the human voice. It goes into the instrumental world, it pervades art and literature, it affects moral character and religious habits; in a word, the difference between the classic and the romantic, the Greek and the Teutonic, the south and the north.

Buckle, the great English pioneer in the philosophic rather than the pictorial treatment of history, goes too far in deriving national traits exclusively from physical conditions, for that is but a shallow and inadequate philosophy; it is, nevertheless, true that environment, the natural framework of a people, though not having the power to generate genius, has a vast influence in shaping it.

Palestrina, Monteverde, Carissimi, Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Cimarosa, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Rossini, Ponchielli and Boito were not distilled out of the Italian atmosphere, like

dew-drops, yet a strong race peculiarity is discoverable in all these men, even those who are as wide apart, both in their subjects and their mode of treatment, as Palestrina and Boito, or Pergolesi and Verdi.

Much of the exceeding sweetness which our beer-loving critics complain of in Italian music is, after all, the honey of Hybla, and the bees on that classic mountain were possibly as good judges of flowers as those who made "boot upon the summer's velvet buds" in climates less sunny, and who, perhaps, at times, in lieu of honey-throated flowers, set to work upon weeds; weeds, perhaps, of "glorious feature," but weeds, nevertheless.

Let the thoughtful and scholarly reader choose at random a verse of poetry from Tasso and another from Schiller; read them side by side and hear how different is the fluty, flexible Italian, and the firm, sweet, but sometimes almost strident clarionet of the German tongue; yet the flute and the clarionet can each "discourse much excellent music." The mighty tide of Wagnerian influence has roused such universal astonishment and has so encircled the entire world, that we need not be surprised when we find that the enthusiasts who ride on the topmost wave should think there is no placid water left in the world, but that this turbulent, tumultuous torrent has obliterated the rivulet and the lake.

As well might the Shakespearean bigot swear that there should be no more "cakes and ale" since he had become enlightened; that none of the dainty calm of Tennyson, none of the glowing lyrics of Burns, none of the splendid enameled work of Alexander Pope should ever be read more or considered as literature—as well, I say, might such literary bigotry be tolerated as the absurd claims made by the foremost Wagnerian champions, that the day of sweet voices, light voices, flexible voices, or the lyric style, is past and gone forever.

Such ungenerous champions are not knights in a tournament, but bullies in the musical prize ring. "Let no such man be trusted." If he has not an ax or some hidden hatchet to grind he has at any rate a hobby to ride, and a new religion which he propagates very much after the manner of the Mohammedans or those early Christian kings who

took their battle axes in hand and went over the country converting their subjects with puissant persuasion.

We can safely trust nature, the heart of mankind and the universal taste of the world to keep naive tunefulness alive in the world. The violet has not lost its heavenly affinities of hue because we have discovered a mighty forest of pines. The splendid tulip may still be permitted to flash in the summer sunlight, although we have found a forest shrine for sublime meditation, and the luxurious honeysuckle may still have full license to weave its fanciful curve of leaf and tendril and to hang its pendulous clusters of blossoms, although the botanist has found trees three hundred feet high and forty feet in diameter.

Tune, plain, sweet and symmetrically divided, is still as legitimately beautiful in music as stanzaic forms in the versification of poetry.

The Wagnerian question has decided literary bearings. All vocal music is closely cognate to poetry, and many of the glaring faults which we find in compositions for the solo voice arise from the composer's nonchalant indifference to the poet; or rather, say his tyrannical and brutal oppression of the poet. All that Richard Wagner has said in reference to the compromise between dramatic poetry and the vocal art is eminently true and well worth digestion. The matter which is constantly lost sight of, however, and becomes a fruitful breeding ground of misapprehension, bickering and recrimination among those who philosophize about music is this most essential limitation, that Wagner is speaking of music to be sung in a composite of spoken words, gestures and visible scenes.

In physics we learn that the direction taken by a body operated upon by various forces which may not contradict, but which modify each other, is a very different track from that which the same body would take when operated upon by any one of those forces separately, or by any different combination of them. To remember this one thing will be to do away with nine-tenths of all the misunderstandings which have arisen between devotees of the Italian and the German schools of dramatic art.

The Italian opera is only conventionally dramatic; indeed, it will scarcely permit any strictly dramatic treatment at all except at rare moments; but what of that? A rose window in a cathedral is a conventional image, and is never mistaken for the veritable object which it represents, yet it is one of the most glorious and impressive products of the human imagination. The opinions of literary critics differ widely as to whether the master works of one language can be adequately represented in another. Some maintain that the thought and general tone of feeling are so pre-eminently important over the form and verbal expression, that a man may learn what is most essential in Greek life better from a faithful translation of Plato and Homer than by burrowing his way through the original speech; on the other hand, men in whom the love of language and the sense of artistic beauty are strong, maintain that such a thing as translating or adequately reproducing in any language the master works of any other language is an absurdity, an impossibility.

My own personal opinion coincides emphatically and almost throughout with this latter view. I would by no means say that if a man cannot read Italian he should learn nothing of Dante, nor would I claim that he would not grasp much of the spirit, much of the best essence of Dantesque thought in such a translation as that of Longfellow, and certainly much of the peculiar stateliness and the child-like, pathetic directness of Homer can be gathered from Bryant's matchless translation; yet I would rather know one hundred lines of Dante in Italian which I had thoroughly studied so that the force of every word and phrase had become clear to me, and a hundred verses of those musical, sonorous, utterly untranslatable hexameters of Homer, than to have the pith of the whole in either English prose or verse.

The idiomatic contour, the varied and peculiar music to the ear, the suggestiveness, directness, sweetness of the individual words in a given language do unite to make a *tertium quid* which is not the same as the same images and general sentiments in another tongue. A man need not wait till he has a vocabulary of ten thousand words before appreciating all that is most essential in the poetry of another



language. I am perfectly certain that the beauty of such exquisite little songs as Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume," "Die schlanke Wasserlilie" and "Die lotus Blume" was vividly apparent to me, and thrilled me with all the charm which they could possibly have to a native German, at an early period of my studies in that language.

This artistic effect of poetry, however, is to be obtained only through an analytical study of the special matter in hand, going even to the extent of memorizing. Some part of the present antagonism to Italian opera springs from the fact that very few persons understand the Italian language, and consequently the felicities of phrase are entirely lost upon the average listener, and if he manages to get a very dim and spectral penumbra of the general action and the drift of the sentiment it is the highest level of intelligent listening which he ever reaches. Consequently many a superb aria, such as "Regnava nel silenzio" or the mad scene from "Lucia," both of which are in no small degree dramatic and truthful in their expression of varied feeling—such arias, I say, of which a hundred could easily be mentioned, are listened to simply as sweet sounds or as dazzling displays of skill in the human larynx. This is obviously unfair in the most extreme degree.

If the champions of Wagnerian song insist that no one can appreciate his music, estimate its appositeness or endure its apparent monotony without a strict knowledge of the words and all their forces and shades of meaning, surely the opposite side has a right to claim the same accuracy of attention and penetrating knowledge.

In the course of my work as voice builder I have had occasion to use hundreds of Italian arias, and anything more exasperating than the ordinary translation which is allowed to pass current it is not possible for the human imagination, either in the delirium of alcohol or insanity, to conceive. The hackneyed jest of the Jew clothing dealer with his coat that "fits like the paper on the wall" is feeble to illustrate the unutterable, abominable misfit of accent, phrase, vowel, consonant, sentiment, idea, imagery, everything else in the translations of Italian arias which our pupils are compelled



to study. It is my constant custom to discard the translation entirely and to make an original version in English following the meaning of the original exactly and securing as much as possible of the vowel music and consonantal ease, but always and ever, at all sacrifices, the accents and the phrase divisions. Of course such a translation has no pretensions to rhyme, and very often none to meter, yet the difference in the clearness of the singing and the total beauty of impression upon the listener is inconceivable, except by him who has tried the like experiment. The same is true to an almost equal degree in the usual translations of such scenes as the "Leise, Leise" from Weber's "Der Freyschuetz," but the Italian arias are universal sufferers, and it would actually appear as if our publishing houses, instead of doing what they should (keep a skilled literary workman to make a careful, conscientious and faithful transfusion of the Italian into the English) simply hire some muscular day laborer to come in, and with a shovel, to cast the words, each nicely furnished with glue, against the paper, and allow them to stick wherever the spirit of chaos may direct.

J. S. VAN CLEVE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE STUDY OF MUSIC AS A FACTOR IN INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

### II.

It is the mission of music to relieve the plodding reality of every-day life of its unsympathetic baldness; to lift the soul above the denser vapors of mere existence into the clearer atmosphere of the pure and free; to broaden and intensify intellectual grasp so that rich, succulent truths that now hide themselves in the region of the unknown—yea, the undreamed-of—may not only be apprehended of the mind, but may be so comprehended that mental strength, richness, vigor shall result.

In the present popular attitude toward music, we are like thoughtless, pleasure-seeking children, playing with a few bright gems, in ignorance of the immense stores of unmined wealth that lie beneath us. How shall we be brought to realize the value of the treasure that is ours? How shall the American people become, not merely a music-loving, but a truly musical people? The American child must be trained to use this means of expression as he uses daily speech—to convey thought, feeling, sentiment. We would not desire to make the nation a race of musical artists, nor yet of connoisseurs, more than we would wish to develop our youth into a race of orators when training them to give intelligent expression to their thoughts in speech; but we would enable them to make appreciative use of music as one of the chief means of communicating with one another in exalted thought and elevated feeling.

To this end, in connection with technical work in musical instruction, various faculties of the mind must be called into active operation: The perceptive faculty, the inventive power, the elective ability, the æsthetic judgment and the ethic instinct, must all be cultivated, and then the power to make practical use of this rich culture must be assured by

means of intelligent practice in using it. Here, as elsewhere, we must learn to do by doing.

It matters little what system of teaching is employed to arouse the child's perception of tones. The perception he must have. The tone may be taken as the unit, and the scale be thus evolved, the staff growing line by line to adapt itself to the enlarged requirements of the increasing scale, as in Dr. Lowell Mason's Pestalozzian method of thirty years ago; or the scale may be made the unit, and then by the analytic method be resolved into the tones which compose it, in accord with the later Boston method. The special features of the work that we are considering appear after the tone relations are in a measure apprehended.

Perception first, that is, the power to recognize the tones when heard; with this power will come the ability to produce them; then invention, or the power to combine the tones into pleasing and varied themes. This work will for some time by necessity be largely mechanical, but it will prepare the way for the higher and legitimate function of the musical theme.

The practice of inventive theme writing will necessarily begin with the smallest number possible to form combinations, say *do* and *re*. For the learner this mechanical work will for a while have great charm, for it will be so simple that the youngest student may comprehend it. Fortunately the dry mechanical features of the work may at any time be relieved, as it is so closely connected with the art of singing that the delightful exercise of song may be pressed into service at every stage, and, as all children love to sing, the work moves on delightfully.

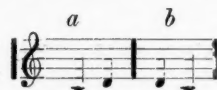
This work in music will be entirely analogous to Grube's admirable method with elementary numbers, and Krusé's incomparable exercises in inventive drawing. That system may prevail in the initial stages of the work, the child must be required in all of his exercises to exhaust the material he has at his command. The necessity that the amount of material be adapted strictly to the ability of the learner will be evident to the teacher.

In explanation of the practical examples employed in this article to illustrate principles, it is well to state that they are

not carefully graded, systematically arranged and fully developed as they would be if this paper aspired to be a manual of work rather than a body of suggestions.

Any teacher of the young will recognize the fact that the first steps must be very simple indeed. Let crotchets be used, that no rhythmical intricacies may confuse the mind of the learner. His attention is now fixed upon the sole idea of the development of tone phrases—of the most elementary character.

He will soon see that with the first two scale-tones for material, he has reached the limit of combination in the



motive, *a*, and its inverse, *b*. Any further effort to combine will result in a repetition of the motive already employed, but in inverted order.

He is now ready for enlarged possibilities in an increased number of tones. A scale of three tones makes possible six simple phrases, as follows:



which the pupil must develop himself if his inventive faculty is to have the training so much needed at this point. With a scale of four tones, twenty-four phrases may be written—in each phrase exhausting all the material on hand. With five tones one hundred and twenty phrases, and so on. These phrases will be, some graceful, some not so pleasing. The taste of the learner may be cultivated in the effort to select the most pleasing. He will soon learn that as isolated phrases those beginning and ending with *do*, *mi* or *sol* are satisfactory to the ear, and by experiment will see that in combination others will be satisfactory in varying degree.

This exercise will soon become monotonous. If to this melodic scope the employment of simple rhythmical figures be added, the usefulness, variety and interest of the exercises will be greatly increased. The use of rhythmical figures

must be employed with great caution, else the pupil will find himself roaming about in an aimless manner in a mazy wilderness of tone-forms from which it will require the skill of an adept to extricate him. Take some simple rhythmic figure as the dactyl, ♩ ♩ ♩, and let him confine his work to this, employing it in constructing ascending, descending, shifting and horizontal phrases, ever keeping within the limit of the scale thus far used.

With his utmost skill, and genius if he have it, he will not be able to surpass the simple beauty and unity of Lowell Mason's adaptation of the Gregorian chant to metrical lines.



This beautiful old tune adheres almost rigidly to the motive adopted, and with the exception of one note is within the limit of the scale, four tones, now under consideration.

Or take the anapest, ♩ ♩ ♩, as the figure to be used under the same conditions as the dactyl. After the pupil has done faithful and somewhat successful work let him hear this adaptation of Gottschalk's exquisite "Slumber Song" or some other classic movement illustrating the skillful use and variations of this figure:



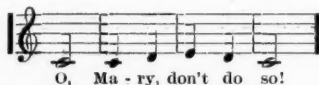
This will accomplish a triple purpose: That of showing him what exquisite results can be achieved with the simple material he now has in hand; acquainting him with some of the choicest motives in the whole range of musical effort, and cultivating his taste for good thought-bearing music.

Thus far the work has been of such character as will develop mechanical ingenuity and formal taste, alone.

In the early stages of the work the fitness of musical theme to express thought ought to have prominent consideration.

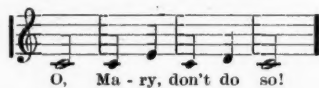
As a preparative for the variations of thought, even of the same general character, the pupil should be drilled in combining rhythmical figures, varying, modifying and embellishing them. From this time forth consistency of form is not the *sine qua non*, but adaptability to the thought to be expressed.

Suppose we take the simple theme, "O, Mary, don't do so!" Let the pupil's mind become imbued with the plaintive quality of this as an appeal; then let him endeavor to adapt a musical movement to it which will give simple and faithful expression to the appeal. Among several not quite so good, probably this one will be found somewhat satisfactory:



Other efforts to give expression to plaintive or pleading sentiment may result in movements of greater pretension, with words less commonplace. The work will be satisfactory if the learner begins after a while to think while he sings, and to put his thoughts into his song.

With the same simple words let him try to give expression to impatience. He will soon apprehend that the flowing style so well adapted to the appealing sentiment will not give adequate expression to the sentiment of impatience, and that vigorous feeling is better expressed by more extended intervals, and something like this will result:

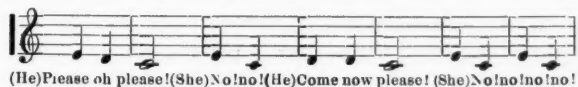


Experiment will teach the pupil that the interval of the second, fourth or sixth is not so virile as the third and the fifth; and he will gradually learn to adapt his melody to the more or less commanding quality of his verbal expression.

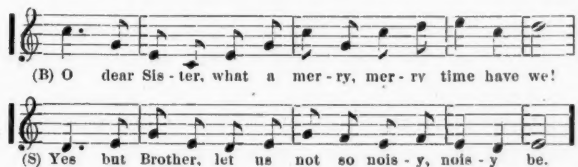
An admirable exercise in this effort to make the study of music a really intellectual work is found in the converse of those given above. For instance, let the teacher present a simple melody of decided character—joyous, sad, hortatory or appealing—and lead the pupil to put into verbal form the

thought that the musical theme suggests to his mind. The thoughts suggested may be as various as the minds of those to whom suggested, but if a right appreciation of the melody is had, the varying thought will partake of the same essential characteristics. This exercise will be prolific in good results, inasmuch as it will train the student to read into the music and develop the occult thought of the author, and will also cultivate the imagination, that faculty so necessary both to the *connoisseur* and to the artist.

Simple dialogue work, one pupil assuming both characters; or two, each assuming a character, will be very useful and will serve to relieve the monotony of individual work at the same time that it gives prouder scope of effort—



or one of somewhat greater pretension, as the following:



Such work may be made useful in every stage of training in musical science, and the result will ever be growth in originality of thought, power of discrimination, refinement of taste, facility of expression. The exercise will be for the student of music what judicious composition writing is for the student of letters.

These simple examples are thrown in merely as suggestions of what would be useful exercises in intellectualizing the study of music; there is no effort to elaborate a plan or to give systematic details. That is left for some future opportunity. But whatever work is done should always be scientific and thorough. The idea that they are now learning that which will at any time be to them merely a pastime, should not obtain for one moment in the minds of the pupils. They should understand that they are making



entrance—gradually, because their minds cannot accomplish it otherwise—into one of the grandest of the sciences as well as the sublimest of the arts; and that what they are now doing bears the same relation to what their subsequent achievements in this line should be, that their first steps in the study of language bear to the thrilling oratory of coming years, when they, perhaps, will use this same language they now handle so unskillfully, as the vehicle of thoughts that move and wield the masses; or that their initial efforts in numbers bear to their future acquirements in mathematics, when they shall calculate eclipses or wander with the mighty strides of imagination through the thickly studded realms of space with suns and stars as their companions.

In the next stage more aggressive work can be done; the themes enlarged, varied, made more complex. But the study of music in its intellectual bearings must still be confined to *applied music*, if I may be allowed to use a mathematical term, which, in this connection, will mean music joined to words for the purpose of giving them a fuller interpretation. The ability to criticise *pure* music, to borrow another mathematical term, will come slowly and late, in the full maturity of acquirement, and then, so wedded are we to our verbal formula, when we think that we are thinking music in the idiom of music, we shall find ourselves translating the abstract thought of the music into the concrete idioms of our customary speech.

The work of invention which should be continually carried on will be greatly stimulated by studying such motives as this passage from the opening movement of Beethoven's Symphony in C Major :



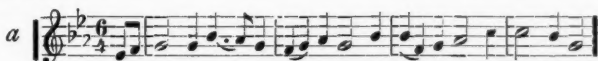
Or some more quiet theme, like this scale effect from his Symphony in B Flat :



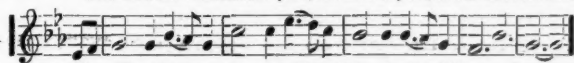
This short motive from Haydn's "Symphony in G Major," consisting of two phrases identical in construction, but of different pitch, with a nexus of four quavers, will suggest a beautiful figure in repetition, that if judiciously used, will furnish tasteful themes :



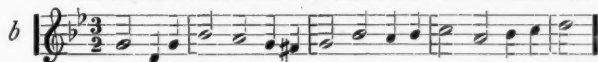
The close study of such themes as the above will be thought-inspiring and very helpful. The work based upon such study will cultivate the imagination, taste, judgment and memory, and the student will find his growing power to master a subtle mechanism ever put to the fullest test. In studying the union of words and music, and the principles which should control such union, it would be well, because easy, to consider the comparative claims of rivals ; for example, the tunes "Woodworth," *a*, by Bradbury, and "Elliott," *b*, by Mason, each of which aspires to union with the same hymn—Charles Elliott's hymn of complete spiritual self-surrender :



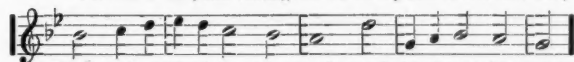
Just as I am without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,



And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come.



Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,



To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O, Lamb of God! I come.

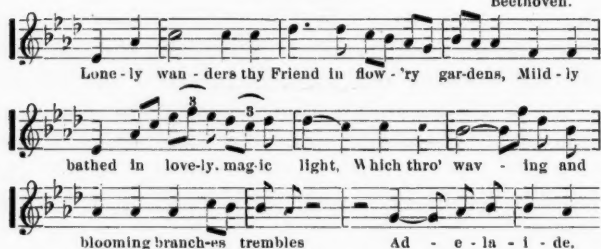
Without going needlessly into the subtleties of the subject, but banishing if possible, all predilections, consider the nature of the two tunes; the one tender, sweet, flowing, semi-sentimental, having accent peculiar to sextuple measure, which always inclines toward lightness; the other tender, appealing, impassioned, with the more dignified 3-2 movement.

This is mere surface work, and very simple withal, but it is thoughtful, discriminating, and is admirably preparative-

for higher, more psychological work. Other work in the same direction will carry the student further in the appreciation of what is good and appropriate in music. The idea seems to prevail that beauty is an absolute quality, rather than the true idea that beauty consists in a harmonious adjustment, an agreeable fitness with environments. Selections made from the best music, showing wherein musical thought corresponds to intellectual concept, will teach this idea that beauty consists in the fitness of things. For this purpose nothing can be better than a sentence or two from the prayer in "Der Freyschuetz," or Beethoven's "Adelaide."

## ADELAIDE.

Beethoven.



If we would develop thought in music, we must religiously employ thoughtful melodies. However simple the exercise, allow no bloodless, sterile music a place among selections made. Under favoring circumstances the taste for good music is of more ready growth than it is generally supposed to be. Let this fact encourage us to be faithful and persistent.

As yet the student has not advanced into that department of the science which is the distinctive feature of modern music—harmony; but it is time for him to learn to appreciate and understand concords. His mathematical knowledge, as far as relates to music, his ability to grasp the grammatical forms of the science, and his judgment will have final scope for exercise. This work, which reaches out into the infinities of music, is work in which the greatest intellectual advancement can be made. When the student reaches the point where he can appreciate harmonies and construct them, not only logically but feelingly, and can give to

his melodies the thoughtful grace and appropriateness of intellectual appreciation, he is in the open field of the science, with an eternity of effort and accomplishment before him.

In conclusion, I unhesitatingly submit, that though we may ignore the more strongly physical features of the science—the problems of temperament, instrumental adjustment, orchestral adaptation; the philosophical bases and relations of tones composing the various modes; the subtleties of the shifting key note and other scientific principles, which the ordinary student will never investigate—yet if music be studied with its intellectual characteristics constantly in view, it will soon take upon itself new dignity as one of the principal educational forces in our school curricula.

R. P. RIDER.

WM. JEWELL COLLEGE.

## " THE ART OF SINGING."

Under this heading some journal has recently copied the views of G. B. Lamperti, of Dresden, upon the following questions proposed to him by the Warsaw *Echo*. It seems that there has been a violent controversy between the singing teachers of Dresden, a city said to contain more teachers of voice than pupils.

1.— *What Is the Point of Support for the Voice? Is it the Chest, the head of the Windpipe or the Throat?*

To this Lamperti replies: "The supports (production) of the voice depend upon the muscles of the chest, and upon the amount of concentrated air in the lungs. One must inhale slowly in order to fill the lungs without shock."

The absolute need of reform in the nomenclature of the voice is disclosed by the question as well as the answer. For what is meant by the "point of support"? Who can tell what the propounder had in mind? The chest, the head and the throat are all essential to voice, whether artistic or natural. There could be no tone without the chest to contain and compress the requisite air, nor without the head of the windpipe (the larynx) in which are contained the vocal chords which are, *primarily*, thrown into vibration, nor without the cavity of the throat, the sides of which are, *secondarily*, thrown into vibration. If one be asked, what was the point of support in the manufacture of wheat, would the answer be the mill stream? or the millstones?

Now inspect Lamperti's response: "The supports depend upon the muscles of the chest and upon the amount of concentrated air in the lungs." There might be a vast amount of concentrated air, and the muscles of the chest might be in active and powerful operation, without voice. Certainly this quarrel of singing teachers refers wholly to the artistic singing voice; yet just as certainly do the mentioned agents constitute the supports (whatever is meant by that) of the

crudest, most offensive tones imaginable, as well as of the most refined and beautiful ones. And the practical query is just this. What practice would be suggested by Lamperti's answer? The most probable inference would be that the muscles of the chest must be exerted to compress the air in the chest; for "support" assuredly implies effort of some kind.

But physiology proves that the muscles which could strictly be called chest muscles are by no means the principal agents for lung compression. The muscles surrounding the abdomen in front, above and on the sides, and those of the back, do nearly all the work of compression. It is true that they extend to the framework of the ribs, but the mischief is, that their effort ought not to be referred by the singer distinctly, if at all, to the chest, but to the abdomen and back; and the instinctively implied advice to compress the air by voluntary chest shrinking is one of the worst and most tempting influences possible. It tempts the student to set the framework of the ribs in an unyielding state, and greatly hinders that locally passive in-shrinking of the walls of the chest which compresses the inclosed air and drives it with force enough against the vocal chords to set them in forceful vibration.

But let me not lose sight of the principal complaint of this paper: Lamperti says: "The supports \* \* \* depend upon the *amount* of concentrated air in the chest." Does not that wrongly suggest that the tone will be better the greater the amount of air? The writer is an advocate of frequent breath-taking, for experience and the *vis-a-vis* example of all the great singers advise it; but assuredly, the last tone of a phrase should sound as well as its ushers, and often the penultimate note is the climacteric one, demanding an unusual display of power, skill or duration.

A curious reminiscence comes to mind: While teaching in Boston for a season, the writer was visited by two pupils, both of whom claimed to have studied under the elder Lamperti; yet one insisted that he had been made to hold the chest solidly expanded during a phrase, while the other declared that he had been made to expand the abdomen. Both

of them declared they had been told to breathe from their bones—which calls to mind a letter just received from Texas, in which the writer describes a great system just inaugurated by a visiting teacher. It was styled “the bend,” and consisted mainly of standing with the back against the wall and trying to bend forward at the moment of intoning. This, the teacher confidently promised, would make the tone come from the heels. The pupil adds that she is confident it never did.

But the main object of this writing should not be lost sight of: It is simply to call attention to the random descriptions, the indefinite terms, with which the current writings on the voice abound. No one, wise or foolish, experienced or inexperienced, can guess, for instance, what Lamperti means by calling the muscles of the chest the supporters of the voice, unless he means that they are the ones to be exerted either to the exclusion of other muscles, or at least to their great discouragement; nor can the amount of concentrated air decide the support by any known law. These agents again, as was said, are no more the supports of artistic than of inartistic tone; and, above, or before all, why should they be called supports in preference to the vocal chords themselves? Artistic voice is *materially* a succession of peculiarly shaped waves of air which salute the ear with the effect of pleasure. Their shape, their curves or angles, are not decided by the agents referred to in nearly so great a degree as by the state and tension and shape of the vocal chords and the state of the walls of the throat. And the question may be pertinently asked, What value has either question or answer, however high may be the standing of the conversationalists?

Though it may be somewhat the fault of the translator, the sentences themselves are meaningless if strictly construed. “The supports [production] of the voice depend upon the muscles, etc.” How can supports depend instead of being depended upon? Again, the supports [production]—are the words synonyms? Does the support include the dependence? It is not to be wondered at, dear editor, that you “find it difficult to interest the body of vocalists.”



To conclude his answer to this question, Lamperti makes this remarkable assertion : "One must inhale slowly, to fill the lungs without shock." The practical need of the singer is to fill them in one-fourth of a second as a rule, and this power must be gained for good legato delivery. It is the exception when more time is granted. Let the reader listen and observe for himself at the next concert he attends ; or let him suddenly inflate the lungs again and again and see whether it is possible to shock himself.

JOHN HOWARD.

NEW YORK.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

### CHAPTER XXII.

The majority of the Orthodox people were prepared to receive Mr. March's wife with favor. "The past is past," said Mrs. Garnett magnanimously, and feeling that the generosity of the sentiment became her. "No doubt circumstances made her a concert player. At any rate, Christian people ought to forgive and forget. All I ask is, that she make a good pastor's wife." It was evident that she considered it doubtful if Mrs. March would fill the place indicated satisfactorily, and just what there is to forgive and forget in rendering the pianoforte music of the great masters with exquisite taste and poetic fire, the good woman could not have stated, but Mrs. Garnett's position won her much respect and sympathy in a certain circle. Mr. Fultz and some others may have secretly considered Alice Garnett no wife for Mr. March, but no one had questioned her suitability for the polyhedral position that relation would entail with it. "She would 'a' run our s'cieties beautiful," sighed slow Mrs. Gregg, regretfully. "I shall be thankful if this woman he's got 'll step for'ard and relieve Mrs. Dulcimer, an' some others. I ain't a fault finder, but a body gits tired o' their mercies sometimes." "I don't believe Alice could 'a' made much head against them women," said Mr. Gregg, who had been meditating upon the same subject. Resignation was in his tone, also a sub-acid flavor of spitefulness. "They've known her, ye see, so long, and they'd 'a' bossed her, just as they boss the rest on us. My 'pinion is, a stranger 'll stand a better chance, if she takes a smart hold at the beginning."

\* Copyright, 1891, by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Deacon Yates, intent upon getting his share of benefits, bought some new singing books for his mission, and had the bellows of the wheezy little melodeon repaired, expecting that Mr. March's wife would walk a mile each Sunday afternoon to teach a class for him, and lead the singing. Mr. Dulcimer privately told Mr. Peters, that probably after the first of June, the pastor's wife would relieve him of the organ playing—an announcement he received with pleasure, as he had been offered a larger salary at Wollerton. Save perhaps Mrs. Podd, there was no one who was not prepared to forgive Huldah for once giving concerts. This pardon was of course founded upon the expectation that she would in future conform strictly to their ideas of what a minister's wife should be.

Mr. and Mrs. March arrived in Chester one rainy Thursday, when the aspect of the place was as dreary and sodden as it could be in summer. Friday dawned gray with clouds, and the rain continued. The three rooms Mr. March had hired and partly furnished, in Mrs. Tompkins' "select boarding house," were not large, and Huldah's big trunks stood in the little parlor, in which the grand piano her mother had given her, made an awkward angle. She had opened the largest trunk, and after getting out a few dresses, had relinquished the task, to write an important letter to Dr. Miller, and to explain the fugue form to her husband, who was trying to arrange his books in his tiny study. The consciousness that he must preach an old sermon on the coming Sunday, and that a great deal of very tedious calling and pottering about was before him, made him absent-minded, and music was not so absorbingly interesting to him as it had been before his wedding day.

"Now," said Huldah, when she had concluded a careful description of the subject, and counter-subject, episode, and stretto, and had explained a few of the complications and complexities of even a simple fugue, "I am going to play something out of my new edition of Bach, and you shall pick out the motive and follow it in the different voices. It is beautifully edited. Von Buelow understands

Bach as, it seems to me, no one else does. Here is something delightful in E flat."

"You ought to be able to hum that motive," she continued, when she had played the fugue. "That's the text."

No reply came from the inner room. Only a sound of much shuffling about of papers.

"I don't believe you have heard a word I have been saying," she said. "I don't believe you know what I have been playing."

"I cannot say that I do," replied David dryly. "I am about as busy as a man can well be."

Huldah's face flushed with wounded feeling, and at that instant Mrs. Tompkins, without even the discreet formality of a premonitory tap, opened the door and ushered in Mrs. Dulcimer and Mrs. Podd. The two ladies were in their every-day bonnets, and waterproof cloaks, and their curiosity transpired in every feature, and in every movement.

Huldah who was *en deshabille* for unpacking, her hair hanging in two long golden braids, started back in surprise and vexation at the intrusion. "We are so glad to see you!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer breathlessly, and with no intention of allowing Mrs. March to escape to arrange her toilet. Then, presenting her companion—"My friend, Mrs. Podd, and one of our principal workers. I—am Mrs. Dulcimer. We were driving down to market, and thought we would be friendly and drop in. We are very glad to have a pastor's wife. Our church needs a center sadly. There is a great deal for the right person to do."

Huldah bowed, vaguely wondering at hearing herself called a "pastor's wife," as if she were entered upon a special profession and had signed a contract with the Chester church. "Will you not be seated, ladies," she said, nervously pulling at the sleeves of her jacket—"I did not think to receive calls so early—nor so soon after our arrival."

Mr. March had hurried in, all smiles and interest, and the ladies addressed themselves to him, making no reply

to his wife. They stayed two hours, and expressed opinions about the carpets, and indeed all the furnishings Mr. March had purchased, and when they took leave ignored Huldah almost completely, which behavior she received with frosty calm. "They are the most influential ladies in my church," said David when he had returned from the front door, to which he followed the visitors. "I—it seemed to me, my dear, you were not glad to see them."

"No, I wasn't," said Huldah. "They had no right to thrust themselves upon us at half-past eight, and into our private rooms, and"—she would have added that his lack of interest in fugue was in strange contrast with his apparent interest in these two very commonplace women, but something choked her, which was fortunate, and she turned away to her trunks.

Sunday morning dawned clear and beautiful, much to the delight of the Orthodox ladies, who had new bonnets, and who wanted to see the bride. Mr. Peters had practiced till he was sure he could do himself immense credit at the organ, and had introduced Mendelssohn's wedding march into a Bach prelude, as he fancied, in a masterly manner. "It is, if I do say it, like a gem in a fine gold setting," he said to Jonas Tarbox. "I don't think there's another combination like it."

There was a smart show of silver plate on the communion table, just as Mr. Podd had planned, and the congregation, which was large, gazed at the various articles displayed, with absorbing interest, while waiting the still greater excitement of staring at Mrs. March. But when the bell had ceased tolling, Mr. March walked down the aisle alone.

"I call them thanks cold, for a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of presents, and every one on 'em a bargain," said Mr. Podd in very audible tones to his wife and a little coterie of friends in the vestibule when the service was over. "Why, I'd say as much if anybody give me a tin dipper! And the bride home! How that looks! What is she thinkin' on, I'd like to know!"

"Perhaps she thinks it too soon to appear after her arrival," said Mrs. Dulcimer with some malice.

"She 's treated me scandalous," said Mrs. Barnes in woolly but indignant tones. "Barnes, he said to me yis-tiddy, 'Wife, you'd better step over and see the elder's wife an' be friendly,' and so after dinner I put on my things and went. But she sent down word she'd have to be excused, she'd got such a headache! Don't she s'pose I've had headache? H'mmmh! I never shut folks out of the house for headache, and I guess I have it as bad as anybody. Miss Grannis, she allus see folks, no matter what ailded her. Many's the day she's took me into her room when she was dressin'; an' when she was sick, she allus said seein' me was as good as a dose of physic any time."

"I was in hopes we'd have some one who would be an organizer," said Mrs. Podd, majestically waving a large black and gold fan. "Mr. March preaches well, but he isn't an organizer, and in this day a church without organization hasn't any chance."

Just what Mrs. Podd meant, no one knew, not even that dignified lady herself, but her words had sounded weighty, and so were repeated with various additions, and so, too, were all the other criticisms. To no one, save to Dr. Forbes, came any sympathetic perception of the great sacrifice demanded of this gifted young soul, or of the cramping and difficult situation into which she had been beguiled. That Mrs. March had begun her career in Chester maladroitly, and that Mr. March had not manifested that degree of gratitude for his wedding presents his people had a right to expect, was almost universally conceded.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

Curiosity is an energetic emotion, and no one inspires more of it in the female breast than a woman whose life has been in any degree unusual, and calls crowded one another in Mrs. March's little parlor, for Mrs. Tompkins early refused to keep to her bargain, and permit the use of

her own parlor for visitors. "Why, bless your soul, it won't make a mite of difference to our folks how you happen to look, or what you are a-doin'," she said to Huldah, with an utter disregard of the one to be considered. "When you want to dress, you'd better shut your bedroom door, and then they can't come in and set; though with nothing to do, seems like you ought to keep slick as a pin. When I said I'd let my parlor be used, I didn't have a realizin' sense of what I was a-promisin'. With all the Orthodox, and Mr. March's agents, and visitin' brethren, an' them as wants to borrow money to git over to Wollerton, besides the folks that come just to see how you look here, why—I wouldn't have no furniture in no time. So long 's they come to see you, it might's well be your things they use up."

There was a crushing church sociable at Mrs. Podd's. Mrs. Dulcimer gave a church lawn party, an act of generosity she did not get half enough credit for, as it devastated her grounds for the season; and the young people held a festival in the church parlors in honor of the bride. The musical and literary societies each gave her a reception, and there were tea parties innumerable. These festivities, while they had a pleasant side, were voracious consumers of time; yet when in turn she was asked to become the president of the Church Aid society, the Women's Foreign Mission society, the Women's Home Mission society and the local W. C. T. U., and with equal insistence was pressed to take office in the musical and literary societies, and replied wearily that it was quite impossible, as she had literally no time of the day she could call her own, she gave offense.

"There isn't a woman in church who has so much time!" cried Mrs. Podd, who was mentally far-sighted, and saved her sympathy for the inhabitants of remote lands. "I should like to know what she is going to be good for, and what she means by it."

"I s'pose there's on'y twenty-four hours in her day, same 's ours," said little Miss Weeks, one of the few who had not made haste to call upon Mrs. March. It was in



the meeting-house vestibule, and Mrs. Podd had been expressing her mind to a large group of which Miss Weeks was the person of the least social and financial consequence. "I don't see as she has any more time 'n the rest of us, or that we've paid her for it, either."

"She'll have to learn who her time belongs to," said Mrs. Podd with haughty severity. "Hasn't time to be president of the Ladies' Aid, and the last meeting stayed home and played for Dr. Forbes to fiddle! That is nice goings on! Mrs. Barnes had one of her attacks, and Mr. Barnes found him there! H'mmmh! *I* employ Garlock. *My* system needs thorough treatment."

Her regular habits of work entirely broken up, uncertain of a moment, subjected to the continual strain of trying to please people whom she did not understand, and who did not understand her, Huldah grew thin and feverish. She had never quite recovered from her struggle with diphtheria, and health in sensitive temperaments is as dependent upon mental as on physical hygiene.

"The trouble with your wife, March, is the nerve wearing sort of life she is leading," said Dr. Forbes, when called to prescribe for an unusually violent headache. "The church people hector her to death."

"I don't understand you," said the minister stiffly. It irritated him that the doctor often brought in his violin of an evening and accompanied Huldah in Brahms' "Ungarische Tänze" or Beethoven's sonatas. He wished that his own best judgment would permit him to call in Garlock for her, or some other physician.

"It is simple enough," said the doctor, stroking his fair beard and looking down at his companion. "Fancy yourself set down in the place she is now occupying! She has been absorbed in an interesting—we will call it interesting, but a musician would find a better word—profession. And now ——"

"Her music is not interfered with——"

"Her studio is your reception room, man alive, and she does not have a moment quite her own, and there is always the probability that the next comer may be a

torment, or a bore. Her life has been as completely revolutionized as mine would be, were I to attempt to occupy her place."

"Nonsense. You talk as if women and men were alike."

"I tell you the truth, my dear fellow. It is a case of a woman educated according to the new ideas, and new opportunities, set down in conditions made for her grandmother. You must take your wife out driving more, and have a reception day and—suggest to her that she can have all the quiet she desires at the rooms of the Musical Society during the daytime. They have a new piano, you know, one of the best."

"It don't seem to me the people can keep up this visiting much longer," said the minister, who had not learned that a social flutter is a dear delight to the average woman, and who unconsciously put himself and his own work first, in considering his wife's condition and necessities. "I have thought of renting a study for myself elsewhere. I think now that would be a desirable arrangement. It would give my wife more room, and me a chance to write my sermons."

The doctor made no reply to this suggestion, but his face was set and stern as he went that day upon his round of mercy, and that night he sat up so late over his books, that his mother came to his door.

"There's nothing the matter," he replied to her anxious tenderness. "I'm just studying up anodynes, also a cure for a bad case of cerebral blindness."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old lady, much mystified. "Oh! what dreadful troubles there are, to be sure, in this world which is so pretty to look at!" Then with fond pride she added: "But I'll risk you, Eben. If a poor creature can be helped, you'll help him."

A week later, driven to desperation by hindrances, Mr. March spoke to his wife about the suggestion that they have a reception day.

"Oh, David, how I have wanted to propose that very thing," she cried eagerly. "I am not up in my technic, and

it seems to me I have lost the power of attention, through constant fear, and expectation of interruption. It makes me sick to think of my Mound City recitals. Though I promised them so long ago, I am not prepared for them."

David was looking over an advertisement of views to be used with a magic lantern to illustrate lectures upon the "Pilgrim's Progress," and made no reply, and after an instant she continued: "I planned out my programmes some time ago, using pieces I am familiar with, in order to follow the line of least mental resistance, in fact, the programmes were almost exactly like those I used here for my first two concerts; but yesterday I received a letter from the president of the Mound City musical club, and he says it will please the society very much if I can arrange to be assisted by two local artists, amateur singers, he means, and now I have to get up quite different lists."

"I should think you would like to have singing," said David, trying to interest himself. "To me, singing is always a delightful variety."

"You mean when the singing is well done," she broke in quickly. "But one of the ladies wants to sing the scene and prayer from 'Der Freyschuetz,' Mattie Gregg makes such work with, also a cavatina from 'Hernani,' while the other wants to sing Schumann's 'Spring Night,' and 'He, the Best of All, the Noblest,' and Rubinstein's 'O Fair and Sweet and Holy.' Fancy those things ill done."

A lively recollection of turning the pages while Alice Garnett sang a Schumann song made David shiver. His cheeks burned as he remembered how she phrased the words of Von Chamisso:

"Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldnes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein."

It was a comfort to remember that he had not visited the Garnett house for a month or more after hearing that song. "I can fancy," he said, interested at last, "but let us hope the singers are artists, as the president calls

them. As for your programmes, I do not remember seeing that Beethoven sonata you play so often for Dr. Forbes and his mother, upon any of them."

"Ah, Op. 10, No. 3," said Huldah, turning pink with pleasure. "That will be the very thing for the first piece, the first evening. Then I will set in a group the Brahms Scherzo in E flat minor, I learned in Boston, Vogrich's 'Passepied,' and Tausig's 'Valse Caprice,' after which the selection from 'Der Freyschuetz' can come. A group of Chopin numbers can come next, the valse in A minor, the nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15, No. 2, the one you like, and a polonaise, to close, then the 'Cavatina' from 'Hernani,' and a Liszt piece for finale."

"I should think that Bach overture in E major would make a good beginning for the second evening," broke in David, emboldened by his success in suggestion, but still with some secret trepidation for the wisdom of his opinion, and adding, by way of explanation, "I like it very much."

"Which shows your good taste. I have always known you might help me in getting up programmes if you would only think about——" Huldah paused and shook her head at him with an enchanting smile, "well, about something besides sermons. The overture will do beautifully. I shall put a Schumann piece directly after it, perhaps the 'Etudes Symphoniques.' Then can come the Schumann songs. I think a group of Schubert compositions will come in well at that point. Perhaps, the 'Soirée de Vienne,' to begin with, and something heroic at the last, as the 'Marche Militaire.' After this I will place the Rubinstein song. Then I will play Liszt's 'Waldesrauschen.'"

"You seem to have no difficulty in getting up programmes when once you set at it," said David, who had gone over to the piano and was making a list of the pictures he was going to buy with the magic lantern, an apparatus he had been assured would add wonderfully on occasions, to the Sunday evening service. "I suppose it is the old story of the first step being the one that counts."

"No, I wait, because——" Huldah clasped her hands together nervously, "I want to talk about them to some

one, and there is no one but you, and you are full of something else. I shall close the second concert with the 'Magic Fire Scene,' the 'Spinnerlied' and the 'Tannhaeuser March.' But all this demands stretches of uninterrupted time, not only for practice, but for thinking. Somehow," her voice became pathetic, "the Orthodox church member has a bad effect upon my mind." David laughed. Pastoral visits had more than once depressed his spirits. "I'm a little afraid the people will not like our having a day," he said. "It often angers people of a certain class to find themselves confronted by something new, and I must please my people, if I am to continue their pastor. But we will try having a day. It certainly can do no harm to try."

"They often come a long distance and do not find us at home. We can make a specialty of the day, and accept no invitations for it," replied Huldah. "Then if any one really wants to see us, he will know just when he will find us."

Manners, like plants, must have a congenial soil, else they will not root. When Mr. March gave out that he and his wife would be at home Mondays, his congregation agreed he had chosen the most inconvenient day in the six, for housekeepers. But as Tuesday was ironing day, Wednesday baking day, Thursday "the girl's afternoon out," and Friday sweeping day, while Saturday was the busiest of all, it is probable there would have been an equal objection to any other choice. The garrulous, whose staying powers were phenomenal and exhausting, came as of old at their own convenience; so, too, did the cantankerous, who at once began bitterly criticising. A reception day, they averred, savored of worldliness, and in a preacher and his wife, of a certain degree of heterodoxy. The professional beggar, *en route* upon beggar errands, came with calm aplomb to consume time, if all else was denied him, and the veteran book agent, inventing new ways to conceal his "valuable works," slipped past the housemaid bribed to intercept him. When Mrs. March took refuge in the rooms of the Musical Society, Jonas

Tarbox, whose jewelry shop was directly beneath them, and who must not be offended, left his stock in charge of his clerk, to come up and beg her to play the accompaniment of the "Golden Legend" while he went over it, "just once more." He was bent upon ultimately learning it, but to Huldah's suffering patience he seemed to flat and sharp with increasing originality at each new trial.

In spite of drawbacks of various sorts, the Mound City recitals were a success. The press of that bustling little corporation blared the fact in its choicest adjectives, and the musical society went to work with new vigor, roused into enthusiasm, it could not tell how, while Mrs. March returned home discouraged, unconscious that her strange new life, if it had robbed her of rich opportunities, and set her in an atmosphere cold and unsympathetic, had kindled her imagination into keener sensitiveness, which expressed itself subtly in tone magic as her fingers rendered the mysterious chiaroscuro of Chopin, the silvery charm of Bach, and the enchanting measures of the "Waldesrauchen."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# "TROOPS OF HAPPY CHILDREN."

Words and Music by HELEN A. CLARKE.

Troops of happy children Playing by the sea. Build with sand and  
 Busy lit-tle sand-crab Working by the sea. Rest within the

pebbles A little house for me. Furnish it with sea-shells, Moss for couches  
 cottage We have built for thee. In it there are couches Chairs of seashells

wee Light it with a sun-beam Caught in laughter free,  
 rare. Brightly is it light-ed With a sunbeam fair.

*rit* *a tempo*  
 Light it with a sun-beam, Caught in laughter free  
 Brightly is it light-ed With a sunbeam fair.

*rit* *a tempo*

COMPILED BY W. H. BATHURST



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE PIANOFORTE.

### I.

That we may take a survey, even though it may be hasty, of the instruments of the past centuries which had any bearing upon the invention of the piano, we first glance at the time when the primeval man, twanging his bowstring, discovered a sound pleasing to his ear and, following the bent of his inventive genius, added still other strings to his bow, producing the primitive harp. Such was the harp ere man made record of his inventions or ideas, and but little more than this was the harp of ancient Egypt, the first of which we have record. Painted on the walls of Thebes we find harps some of which are six feet in height and having as many as twenty-six strings. The pitch was low, as there was no supporting pillar or adequate sounding board.

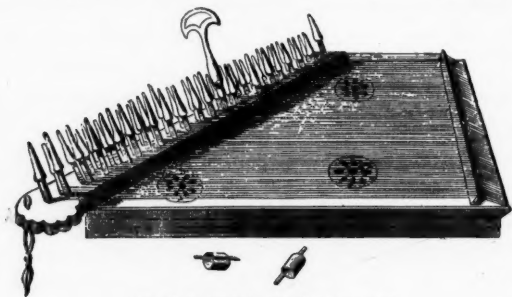
Another instrument, probably of Egyptian origin, is the monochord. This was simply constructed, and was used in teaching the scale intervals. It consisted of a long, narrow box over which ran a single string supported by a bridge at each end, on which the different tones were measured off by an intermediate movable bridge. The helicon was a similar instrument having several strings, and both the monochord and the helicon were much used in the early Christian church for the teaching of the intervals of the scale to the singers. We are also told that the playing of the monochord was a highly prized accomplishment of the young ladies of that period.



ASSYRIAN DULCIMER.

Similar to the harp, in the number of strings at least, and in the original shape, were two instruments, prehistoric in origin, which are regarded as suggesting the harpsichord and its successor, the pianoforte. These instruments were very similar in shape and stringing, and differed principally in their manner of playing. The construction was in the style of the modern zither, a series of strings stretched over a flat sounding board. When these strings were set in motion by plucking with the tips of the fingers or with a plectrum of bone or quill, the instrument was called a psaltery; but when the string was struck with little hammers or mallets it was named a dulcimer. In these instruments we find as many as three to five strings in a group tuned in unison, in this respect foreshadowing the triple unisons of the modern piano.

Both of these instruments have been known for ages in Persia and Arabia, and were probably brought into Europe during the crusades. The psaltery was generally suspended



ARAB SANTIR, OR DULCIMER.

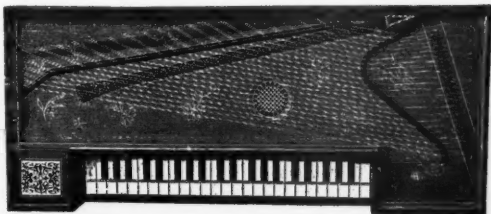
by a ribbon around the neck of the player, and was of a square, triangular or harp shape; the more ancient ones are square.

The Germans, in their realistic style of nomenclature, called one shape of the psaltery the "Schweinskopf" or pig's head, owing to its peculiar form, and the dulcimer they called the "Hackbrett" or chopping board, from the motion used in striking the strings with the hammers or mallets. Being played with a plectrum, the psaltery is regarded as the prototype of the harpsichord, while the dulcimer, being played with hammers, bears the same relation to the pianoforte.

Keys had been used in the manipulation of organs since the eighth century, at which time they superseded the

clumsy slides which governed the passage of air into the pipes. The earliest organ keys were of large size, some five or six inches in width, from two to three feet long, and having a drop of about a foot. During the fourteenth century there came into use the application of keys to a stringed instrument. By this time the size of the organ keys had decreased to four inches in width, but, owing to their large size, must still have been played by pounding with the clenched fist. Exactly when or where keys were first used in combination with strings cannot be definitely stated, though it was probably in Italy, in the latter part of the fourteenth century.

The monochord suggested the clavichord, which latter word comes from *clavis*, a key, and *chorda*, a string. When we consider the trouble of shifting the bridge of the monochord to get the different tones of the scale, we can quickly see the desirability of having several bridges governed by the keys and raised to the string at the player's touch. Such



CLAVIER OF THE TIME OF BACH.

was the plan of the clavichord action; at the interior end of the key was an upright metallic projection called a "tangent," about an inch high and an eighth of an inch broad, which striking the string at the proper place set it in vibration. This tangent did not rebound from the string until the finger was removed from the key. The string thus struck was divided by the tangent into two parts, one of which, vibrating, gave the tone, but the other section was "damped" or kept from sounding by a strip of cloth interlaced between the wires. When the tangent left the wire, this cloth served to stop the tone made by the vibrating segment. Prior to the invention of wire, which came into use about 1350, all stringed instruments were strung with silk or gut, but after

this date brass wire came rapidly into use and held its own until the eighteenth century, and prevailed to some extent until 1830. The idea of wrapping the strings, or winding them with fine wire, came into use about 1675, through the string was not then wrapped very closely.

The early clavichords had strings only for the natural keys, the half steps being produced by the tangents of their respective keys striking the same wires, but at a different place. In the oldest instruments one wire served for three or four tones, and it was not until 1725 that each tone was given a separate wire. The earliest clavichords had but twenty keys and but three or four half steps in the octave. At the time Bach wrote his "Well Tempered Clavichord" (1722), the instrument had four chromatic octaves. This work was written to popularize the system of equal temperament, whereby the octave was divided into twelve equal half steps, and not unequal, as had previously been the custom. The tone of the clavichord, while soft and delicate, was very pleasing, and was capable of considerable modulation as to power and quality; and owing to the inferior construction of the early pianos it was a favorite instrument with Bach and Mozart, and Beethoven speaks very highly of it. The touch of the clavichord was delicate and responsive, and admitted of much expression of feeling on the part of the player. In size the instrument was about four or five feet long, two feet wide and five to seven inches deep. The early clavichords had no legs, but were placed on a stand or table. Another peculiarity in early years was that in the German instruments, the lower or natural keys were usually black, and the upper white. In Italy the opposite was the custom. Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, son of John Sebastian Bach, wrote a work called the "Art of Clavichord Playing," which is the basis of modern works of instruction for key-stringed instruments. The last clavichords manufactured were made in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1857.

As the clavichord idea was derived from the movable bridged monochord, and the piano from the dulcimer, so there comes from the psaltery the idea of having the strings plucked or twanged by quills or pieces of leather projecting

from the "jack," that piece of wood extending upward from the interior end of the key in the same way that the tangent is placed in the clavichord. The instruments embodying this idea were the harpsichord, the spinet and the virginal. These differed more in the matters of size and shape than in the action or principles of construction. The method of producing the vibration of the strings was such that dynamic modulations were impossible, and for this reason the clavichord, having such possibilities for increased or diminished power, was held in higher esteem, though the harpsichord gave a louder tone.

The harpsichord was probably invented near the end of the fourteenth century, the oldest one now known being dated 1521. On the earliest instruments leather points were used on the jacks for twanging the strings, but later crow quills were substituted. As in modern days we have pianos of three styles, viz., grand, square and upright, so the instruments of the "jack" family were divided, viz., the harpsichord, of "grand" shape, the virginal, of "square" form, together with the spinet, smaller in size and having but one string to a key, and the "upright" harpsichord or clavictherium. This latter is of little importance and we will not stop to consider it. The harpsichord probably passed through the slow stages of development we have described in the clavichord. One of the oldest harpsichords now existing is of Venetian make, and has a compass of four and a half octaves from great C, the limits of the human voice.

The most celebrated makers of harpsichords were the family of Ruckers, of Antwerp. One of their most important inventions was the addition of a third string tuned an octave higher and adding a more brilliant tone quality. This and other modifications were controlled by stops similar to organ stops; and not only this, but a second keyboard was added. Many other devices were made and adopted by different makers at different times for producing different tone effects, but all were more or less transient, and to-day are mere matters of history. There are a few harpsichords in this country, one in the Art Museum in New York city,

one at Mt. Vernon, given by Geo. Washington to Nellie Custis, two or three in the Steinert collection in New Haven, one owned by Chickering, of Boston, one by Knabe of Baltimore, and a few others.

The origin of the name "spinet" is somewhat in doubt.



RICHLY ORNAMENTED SPINET. ABOUT 1650.

Some say it comes from the word "spina," a thorn, because of the likeness of the quill points or plectrum to a thorn. Others claim the word is derived from the word Spinetti, the name of a Venetian, who first made an instrument of the plectrum

order in an oblong shape, similar to our square piano. As previously stated, the spinet was much smaller than the harpsichord, and had but one string to each key. The earlier instruments had no cover, were of small compass, and were placed on a table for playing. Many of the later spinets were harp-shaped, and were placed on a "triangle" or three-legged stand. This harp or wing-shape gave rise to the German name, "flügel" piano.

The name "Virginal" is also of doubtful origin. One authority (1656) says: "virginal—maidenly, virgin-like, hence the name of that musical instrument called virginals because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them." Another reason is that it was used to accompany hymns sung in honor of the Virgin. The name "virginal" was more used in England than elsewhere, and was used in a general way as applied to all quilled instruments indiscriminately. This use of the word brings about much confusion. How-





musician. Marius brought out in 1716 a plan for a "hammer harpsichord." He was probably independent in his inventions, and should have due credit. Schroeter made no public claim of originating the piano action until 1738, when he came forward as a claimant for the honors awarded Cristofori, with the statement that he had used the hammer action some twenty years before. But the pianoforte actions of both Marius and Schroeter are far inferior to that of Cristofori; for example, in the action made by Marius, no "dampers" were used, and hence a great confusion of tones was produced; while in the action of Schroeter no sustained tone was possible, and the effect was that of a continual *pizzicato*. Some ideas of Schroeter's were good, however, especially the application of iron for the resistance power, and the plan of graduating the strings in number, from one to a key in the bass to three or four in the higher octaves.

The pianoforte was not received cordially by the musicians of that time. The touch was heavier than that of the clavichord and harpsichord, and the tone quality was regarded as being deficient in expressive power. A German critic writes in 1762: "In the grand piano the heart cannot express itself, and with it no picture can be completely produced, as light and shadows cannot be expressed." Of the "forte piano," as the square piano was then called, he says: "Here the heart can express itself and manifest its manifold feelings, and exhibit light and shadows, but it is deficient in shading and minor attractions. The clavichord stands highest of all. On it I can reproduce the feelings of my heart. In order to judge a virtuoso, one must listen to him while at the clavichord, not at the forte piano, and least of all at the grand piano."

Silbermann, a German manufacturer, made two pianos, but upon showing them to John Sebastian Bach had them so severely criticised that he retired in disgust, and did not again bring forward his instrument for many years, but finally obtained great praise for his improvements. It was stated in 1767 that, "Mr. Silbermann has made so many improvements in the piano that he is not much less than the inventor thereof." Prominent among those whose work

resulted in improved mechanism and capacities for the pianoforte, were Zumpf, Tschudi and Broadwood in England, Pleyel and Erard in France, with Stein and Beckstein and Bluethner in Germany.

The last point of importance is to speak of the introduction of the pedal, as used on the pianoforte. The idea was taken from the pedals used on the harpsichord. They were first adopted about 1670, to relieve the hands from the interruption of drawing the stops then used. Having been thus used on the harpsichord, they were at once brought into use on the piano as its popularity increased. The German makes, however, frequently used a knee lever, similar to the knee swell on a cabinet organ for the government of the action. The "damper pedal" is of the utmost importance to the pianist, multiplying very greatly his ability to give increased power and enriched quality of tone, as well as sustained harmony. The piano or "soft" pedal, as it is frequently termed, governs the quality of the tone in different ways, dependent on the style of the instrument. In



MOZART'S GRAND PIANO.

the grand piano the effect of the pedals is to shift the keyboard and hammers slightly to one side, so that but two instead of all three of the unison wires are struck. In the upright piano, the resting point of the hammers is pushed closer to the wires, and the hammer has hence less momentum in striking the strings. The touch, however, is slightly changed by this new position. In the square piano, small pieces of soft leather are, by the pressure of the pedal, thrust between the hammer and the wires, thus producing very soft, though very useless and unreliable tones. So to sum up the piano action of the three styles we might say the "soft" pedal in the grand piano is admirable, in the upright tolerable, and in the square, abominable.

America, the home of modern inventions, has had of late years a prominent hand in perfecting the construction of the pianoforte. Beginning with the patents of Alpheus Babcock, of Philadelphia, in 1825, and of Conrad Meyer, of the same city, in 1832, both being for metallic framing, the further devices originated by the firms of Chickering and Steinway, in their overstrung frames of single casting, have made the American piano the model for the piano makers of the world, and the American piano has the preference with many of the *virtuosi* of all countries.

W. FRANCIS GATES.

---

## AT THE PIANO.

(A. S. G.)

Her fingers make the keys awake  
 To sounds they ne'er had known,  
 And from her touch they seem to take  
 Her spirit in each tone.

No note or phrase, as pointed, sways  
 The mind to heights so rare—  
 She looks into her heart, and plays  
 The tone-thoughts treasured there.

### L'ENVOI.

The soul and heart in greater part  
 Have mast'ry o'er the keys:  
 Who loves the best has greatest art  
 To wake their melodies.

SAM. M. GAINES

## BEETHOVEN AT HOME—AN EYE-WITNESS.

In a recent number of *La Guide Musicale* are excerpts from the as yet unpublished memoirs of Baron Tremont, who was sent by Napoleon I to Vienna, in 1809, upon diplomatic errands. As the baron was an ardent music lover, and one of the few in France who at that time appreciated the greatest of German composers, it was one of his most cherished ambitions to make the personal acquaintance of Beethoven. Accordingly, having fortified himself with a letter of introduction from Beethoven's friend, Reicha, the learned professor of counterpoint and instrumentation, he set about presenting it as soon as possible after arriving in Vienna. His first visit to the composer is thus described:

"The neighbors showed me Beethoven's house. 'He is at home,' they said, 'but at present he has no maid, for he changes them every minute. It is doubtful, therefore, if he'll let you in.'

"I knocked three times, and was about leaving, when the door was opened. A very ugly man, who seemed to be in a most disagreeable mood, had opened it, and now asked what I wished. I said in French, 'Have I the honor to speak to Herr Beethoven?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied in German, 'but I must tell you at once that I do not understand French very well.'

"'And I, German no better,' I answered, 'but my business consists merely of bringing you a letter from M. Reicha of Paris.'

"At this he eyed me critically a moment, took the letter, and bade



BEETHOVEN'S APPEARANCE  
UPON THE STREETS.

me enter. His house consisted, I believe, of but two rooms. One of these was an inclosed alcove, in which stood his bed, but it was so small and dark that he was obliged to dress and undress in the second room. Here all was untidiness and disorder; water bottles stood on the floor; upon an old piano dust and music fought for supremacy; the little walnut table was accustomed to having the contents of the ink well, which it now held, overturned upon it; the countless pens that lay upon it were so crusted with dried ink that the proverbial tavern pen was admirable in comparison; everywhere was music; upon the chairs—chiefly of rush and straw—stood dishes containing the remnants of meals of past days; upon others hung articles of clothing, etc. Balzac or Dickens could have filled pages with a description of these rooms, and an equal amount with a pen picture of the appearance and the dress of the famed composer. Since I am neither a Balzac nor a Dickens I content myself with the statement: I was with Beethoven. I spoke German but little, but could understand it but slightly more. He was no better off with regard to French. I was therefore prepared to have him dismiss me when he had read the letter, and thus end our acquaintance. I had seen the bear in his cave; that was even more than I had dared hope for. I was therefore greatly surprised when he eyed me again, and then, laying the letter unread upon the table, bade me be seated. Still more, he surprised me by beginning to converse with me. He asked me what my uniform signified, what office I held, how old I was, what I was doing in Vienna, whether I was musical, and whether I would remain long in Vienna. I replied that Reicha's letter would explain all these matters much better than I was in position to do.

“‘No, no,’ said he, ‘speak; but speak slowly; I then will understand you, although I am very hard of hearing.’”

“I therefore made the most extraordinary endeavors to speak clearly, and he lent the assistance of close attention and good-will—it was, however, the queerest mixture of poor German on my part and poor French on his. We understood each other, nevertheless. The visit lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, and when I left he invited me to

come again. I left the house prouder than Napoleon when he entered Vienna, for had I not made conquest of Beethoven?"

From this first meeting sprang a warm friendship between Beethoven and the Baron Tremont, and of their frequent visits together and of the mental and musical nature of the master the baron gives the following attractive description:

"Beethoven's improvising always awakened in me the liveliest musical enthusiasm. I can safely declare that he who has not heard him improvise has an incomplete conception of the master's tremendous talent. Everything with him was of instant inspiration. He would often seat himself at the piano, strike a couple of chords, and say: 'To-day it doesn't come. We'll wait till another time.' Then we would talk of philosophy, of religion, politics, and, in preference to all else, of Shakespeare, his idol—and all this in a language that would have made a listener laugh had any such been present. Beethoven was not a brilliant man, if by brilliant he meant one who says fine and high-sounding things. He was by nature too silent for his speech to be lively or spirited. He expressed his thoughts abruptly, but they were intelligent and noble, even if at times not entirely just.

"As in the case of J. J. Rousseau, so with him, a misanthropic temperament had created a fantastic world, wherein the true human nature and existing social conditions could find no place. And yet Beethoven was well educated. His loneliness as a boy, his deafness, and his residence in the country caused him to turn to the study of Greek and Roman writers, and to read the works of Shakespeare with especial enthusiasm. This intercourse with him was original and interesting. The days when he improvised he was incomparable—there were revealed pure inspiration, freedom of spirit and untrammelled genius. In moments of such exaltation, effects needed not to be sought for, as they were when the master sat with pen in hand. They came of themselves and without effort. As a pianist he played incorrectly, and his fingering was often faulty, for which reason the quality of tone frequently received little consideration and

attention. But when Beethoven played, who could think of the instrumentalist? The thoughts held one entranced, indifferent how the hands blundered.

"I asked him if he had no desire to visit France.

" 'I often keenly desired it,' he answered, 'until France gave herself to a master. Then the desire ceased. Still, I should like greatly to hear in Paris the symphonies of Mozart [he named neither his own nor Haydn's, which it is said the Conservatory there plays best]. But I am too poor to make such a trip merely to satisfy curiosity.'

" 'Come with me! I will take you.'

" 'Impossible! I could never consent to your going to such expense.'

" 'The expense will not be great. My fare is paid and I have a compartment alone. If in Paris a small room will suffice it is at your disposal. Say yes. Paris is worth fourteen days of your time. You will have the cost only of the fare home, and that is not fifty gulden.'

" 'You tempt me sorely; I will think it over.'

" 'I afterward urged him, but he always had objections.

" 'They will annoy me with visits.'

" 'You need not receive them.'

" 'They will send me invitations.'

" 'You need not accept them.'

" 'I will be obliged to compose and to play!'

" 'Say that you have no time.'

" 'You Parisians will say that I am a bear!'

" 'What's that? It is evident you do not know the Parisians. Paris is a city of freedom, of deliverance from all the fetters of society. Noted men are treated as it pleases them to appear, and if one, and especially a stranger, is a little eccentric, this is cause for his still greater success.'

" 'Finally he gave me his hand and said he would go with me.'

Baron Tremont was soon called from Vienna upon important governmental business, and did not return to Paris. When he again visited the Austrian capital he did not see Beethoven. Concerning Beethoven's admiration for Napoleon, the writer says:



"Napoleon interested him deeply, and he spoke often of him. Despite his disapproval of the Corsican's course, I could see that he admired Napoleon, because he had risen so high from beginnings so humble. His democratic ideas were thus flattered. He said to me one day: 'If I go to Paris must I greet your emperor?' I assured him this would not be necessary unless he was commanded to do so.

" 'And do you believe he will command me?'

" 'I would have no doubt of it, did he know your worth. But you have seen by his course with Cherubini that he understands little about music.'

" 'This question proved to me that Beethoven, despite his protestations, would have felt flattered to have been received by Napoleon.'

*Louy Van Beethoven*

## EAR TRAINING—ITS IMPORTANCE; ITS METHOD.

Julius Klauser's remarkable book, "The Septonmate," contains a large amount of suggestion regarding practical methods of teaching. This part of the book alone, aside from its radical and luminous discussion of the tonal system, will amply repay the study of the practical teacher. The following extract, for example, meets a very common case :

"A number of successful experiments on children who had no ear for music, and who, as a class, are condemned by teachers as unteachable, have led me to conclude that there is no such thing as an uncultivable ear for music, so long as there is no structural defect in the organ. The methods by which I cultivated musical ears in such apparently impossible cases are explained at length elsewhere. Although each individual case required treatment in accordance with its particular nature, the ground principles of my method apply to all cases. A rough sketch may be given here of my training of a boy of ten years, whose case was the most difficult of all, inasmuch as the boy heard no difference in pitch within the limits of two and one-half octaves; he could not tell a discord from a consonance—in a word, he was deaf to tones, and this lack of tone-sense showed itself in his speaking voice, which was coarse and monotonous. Again, his sense of rhythm was crude and his movements and general carriage were awkward and angular. I found that not a member of the family of eight to which he belonged could tell him whether or not his voice was in unison with his piano. I trained his rhythmical sense and tone-sense at each lesson, and saw him twice a week. How I trained his rhythmical sense need not detain us here, as the above definition of rhythm and the exercises in dual and triple rhythm will sufficiently indicate the course taken in this part of the procedure. My first step in training his tone-sense was to teach him to listen to my utterances for the purpose of

imitating them in his own voice. To this end it was necessary to select such sounds as were within his daily mental experience, and musical tones were not. Therefore I began with speech, uttering such monosyllables as *ho, ha, hey*, etc., which he endeavored to mimic. These monosyllables were spoken, not sung, and spoken shortly and almost harshly, within easy reach of his voice. When this stage was over-come, I pitched short musical tones on monosyllables, to which I added a *t* or *p*, in order that the tone could be more easily terminated. Of course only one short tone was taken at a time, and all tones were kept within easy reach of my pupil's voice. The next stage was to select words of two syllables, with a different tone for each syllable; the two tones were kept short, and melodious intervals were selected. During this stage single tones were prolonged by prolonging vowel sounds, this being the essential difference between song and speech, as in speech the vowel sound or tone is cut short. Here my pupil learned the difference, or rather the analogy, between a musical tone and a spoken sound. During this same stage I also required him to pitch tones that I played on the piano, no auxiliary musical instrument having been used in all preceding exercises; this he accomplished readily. After this, short snatches of melodies and then simple popular airs were taken up, and, at the same time, the boy practiced on the piano, and progress was rapid. In four months' time this once unmusical boy could play a number of pieces on the piano from memory, he could hum or sing his little melodies, he could discriminate the intervals of the scale, had an acute sense of the repose of the tonic and the progressions of leading tones and sevenths, could distinguish harmonics and by-tones, could hear a modulation or shift of tonic, could analyze a simple period into measures, sections and phrases; he could give intelligent definitions of a tone, of rhythm and modulation, and could combine the primary and secondary triads and dominant seventh chord. I call attention to the fact that the boy was not acquainted with nor was he allowed to practice the scale until after he was able to think and hum little airs. I may mention also that as a part of his rhythmical practice he was required to

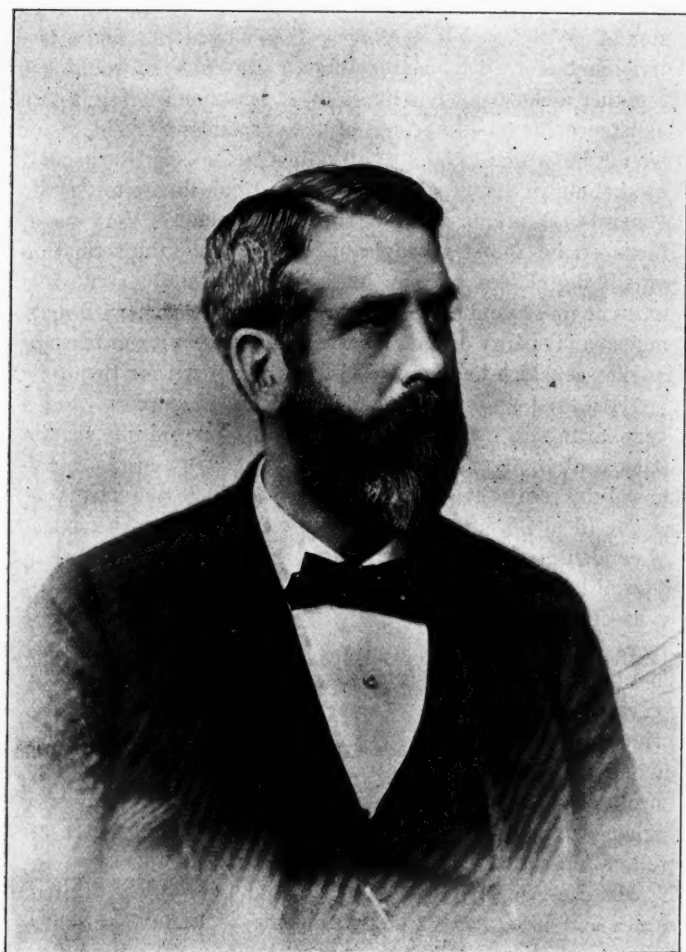
attend a dancing school, and his bodily movements became rhythmical and easy.

“That a musical ear means a musical mind; that an exact ear means an exact mind; that training the ear means to train the mind to hear with unerring accuracy; that studying music means to cultivate such an exact mind; that teaching music means to guide the development of the musical faculties to this end, by means of *direct* methods, whose advance steps are so selected as to minister directly to the most essential needs of the individual student; that the progress of a student should be measured by the degree of exact discrimination to which he has attained; that as music is what we hear, so a musician is a musician only in exact proportion to the degree of his power to hear; that the head is the true educator of the heart—all these and other kindred facts ought, at the present stage of our intelligence, to have become self-evident matters of course.”

## C. E. LESLIE AND HIS WORK.

There is an impression abroad that we have in this country now nothing answering to the old-fashioned singing-schools, and that interest in singing and chorus work is dying out, except in the large cities where the appetite is fed by the training of the public schools. This view, however, like many others of a pessimistic character, is not borne out by the facts. The consumption of class books for singers has largely increased within the past ten years, and never in the history of the country was so large as at the present time. This enormous trade, like that in Sunday-school books, is now conducted by a few firms which by good management have managed to gain a lead, and rarely falls under the observation of the ordinary pianoforte teacher. In the olden time, when Lowell Mason represented the better class of musical cultivation in this country, one of his singing books eventually reached the sale of nearly a million copies. This was the "Carmina Sacra," revised to be the "New Carmina Sacra," and again revised into the "American Tune Book." The revisions, it may be added, were not designed so much to improve the book as to afford occasion for a new entry of copyright. The writer is not certain whether this total sale has ever since been exceeded, but it has at least been very closely approximated by more than one class book of Mr. Leslie. When a book sells upon a scale of such magnitude it is safe to conclude that it somewhere satisfies a want; for every good advertiser knows that no amount of push will create a permanent market for an article which upon trial fails to answer the expectations awakened by the advertisement.

Mr. C. E. Leslie came to Illinois from Kentucky about ten years ago. He had been a singing teacher from boyhood, having a fondness for music, and a knack of collecting and holding class attendance. This, of course, is the same as saying that he appeared to the classes to understand his



MR. C. E. LESLIE,  
Conductor and Author.

business—an impression which has very generally followed his personal appearances ever since. Mr. Leslie's earlier efforts in the northern states were directed to the organization of short festivals, having both an educational and a festival character. In one of these gatherings he would get together a chorus of one hundred, at least, and bring to its assistance his own quartette of trained singers. The result would be a good time, a little instruction, and a general awakening in a musical direction—and this in spite of the general use of music of a simple character. Very soon, however, he found it advisable to encourage the formation of singing classes, and for teachers he collected a staff of a score or more young men, trained in his methods, with magnetism and energy of their own, whose business it was to carry on classes which he had caused to be organized for them.

His first singing book, "The Song Champion," had a very large sale. Edition after edition was run off, yet the book continually got out of print. This work has been followed by more than twenty others, of which the last one, "The Ideal Class Book" is before the public. It is a model of condensation. The practical questions which arise when a pupil begins to read by note are answered in this book with a directness, brevity and terse diction which are the result of years of driving work in the class room. Then follow about one hundred and fifty pages of music. Some of it is very easy, plain, almost barren. It is the music for the primary lessons. Gradually it becomes more difficult, and among the pieces are many by authors of reputation. The purely class room work is supplemented by a few pieces of a higher character for solo use in the concerts of the class, as well as for the taste of the more advanced singers.

Mr. Leslie's operations now extend over all the United States and into many foreign countries. In fact, he sends books to all the Canadian provinces, including Nova Scotia, to the West Indies, to India, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and many other wholly improbable parts of the globe. In a single season his classes will make use of more than a hundred thousand copies of his latest book, and many thousands of the earlier ones.



He uses all his influence to encourage his young men to save their money, believing that carelessness in money matters is at the bottom of many failures in the musical profession. He says that when a young man has saved five hundred dollars he is on the way to wealth. If desired he takes care of their savings, investing them with his own, or wherever he can light upon a promising opportunity. He himself is a shining example of the doctrine that he preaches. In a single season, while operating mainly in Pennsylvania, he sent home to the bank more than thirteen thousand dollars, saved. Besides real estate investments, and his books, which themselves represent twenty thousand dollars capital, Mr. Leslie has a stock farm, near Madison, Wis., devoted to breeding polled Angus cattle. He has about seventy head of this class of stock on the farm, and five hundred acres of as good land as the state of Wisconsin can show.

From the artistic side a man of this character will sometimes be judged unkindly, since his executioners will always be professional musicians who have the technic of the art, but have no practical acquaintance with the class of music students to which Mr. Leslie appeals. He is a genuine American product, a straightforward business man, with a natural fondness for music and a talent for it. And while the fastidious critic will occasionally wonder whether a finer grade of artistic effect would not answer better in the books, there is at least one answer, which is, that up to the present time books of this character have reached popular success, and no others have.

## THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

### LEGATO TOUCH. A DIFFERENCE.

The *Etude* for April had a consensus upon legato touch, in which certain questions were answered by Messrs. Virgil, Wolsieffer, and Lechner. The general conclusion of the matter is sufficiently shown in the following extracts:

"In the slow legato practice of a beginner, the hand should be as passive as possible. The pressure of it upon a finger holding a key down firmly would result in injuring its right position." \* \* \*

"The hand must be supported a little above the keys, but the falling of the fingers without raising them would not afford sufficient play." \* \* \*

"The fingers should rise and fall vertically. There should be no pulling or sliding of a finger on the key." \* \* \*

"The fingers should curve inward, and from the point of the second joint the line should be almost level back to the wrist, with a slight depression of the knuckle joint. This depression is most important with young beginners, as it neutralizes all tendency to rigidity."

\* \* \* "All pulling or sliding on the keys is wrong." \* \* \*

"Clinging, in the sense of pressing upon the key, must be studiously avoided."

Inasmuch as these dicta represent what is known as the "conservatory" idea, as distinguished from the "artist" idea, a correspondent inquires what Dr. Mason will say to them. The answer to all such questions will be found in the new edition of "Touch and Technic," Vol. 1, which is now in press. This volume has been radically remodeled by the inclusion of hand and arm touches, as described in *MUSIC* for March, 1892, where the new illustrations were published for the first time, and a description of a variety of finger touches, with methods for acquiring them. The ideas advocated in the extracts above are simply the ordinary teaching of musical conservatories, and are the same as laid down in nearly all instruction books, and quite the contrary of the method employed by all pleasing pianists. The five-finger action, the fixed arm, the hammer finger, and the careful avoidance of effort, upon which all these teachers insist, are directly out of line with the playing of all advanced artists, and this in exact proportion to the degree of their advance. For instance, Paderewski may be placed at the head of all pianists now before the public, in power of modifying tone quality through the touch. Next him I believe I would place Joseffy; next him Pachmann; and then perhaps Carreno and Sherwood. At the other extreme, representing the old school, where finger action is conducted under such restraints that the playing is practically without tone shading, except in the single point of power, I would place Gruenfeld, then almost any pianist one cares to mention—D'Albert being

the most eminent representative. The latter case is the most instructive of all. For if this great virtuoso had only the power of tone color, and the poetic disposition to use it, with his present genius, he would be the most interesting pianist before the public. But wanting this quality, his performance of a Bach prelude and fugue goes on like a thunderstorm or a cyclone, and when it is over one only wonders at the mighty force which has come to expression. Even in that most sentimental of concertos, Chopin's in E minor, with the inimitable accompaniment of the Boston orchestra under the appreciative baton of Nikisch, himself a pianist, the element of poetry was wanting; and not even the final burst of bravoura could give the inspiration which of its own accord attached itself to the playing of Paderewski. Of course, it is very plain that there are other elements here concerned than merely those of finger treatment. Pianists capable of tone color will not allow themselves to appear upon instruments incapable of it, when others are to be had. But the technic upon which tone color rests is certainly not that of the *Etude* writers. Let us return to Dr. Mason's teaching.

These writers agree that at first the touch should be the slightest possible movement of the fingers, entirely without exertion. Dr. Mason teaches the clinging legato, with a super-legato bearing down and overlapping of the tones, from the very first. With children this bearing down should be slight, at first, but still a positive exertion; later the bearing down force is intended to be very much increased. Again, in the matter of the movement of the finger point or its remaining fixed upon the key after touching, Mason teaches the clinging touch, in which the finger point clings at the place upon which it first alights; and he also teaches the elastic touches, in which the point of the finger is drawn off toward the palms of the hands—exactly as all good concert pianists use it nowadays. Mason applies this touch to the practice of passages of finger work, such as the writers in the *Etude* would consider it rank heresy to practice in any other way than with clinging touch. Mason is with Paderewski, Pachmann and Joseffy at this point. It is for the readers of the *Etude* or *Music* to decide whether they believe that these three great artists understand the correct manner of obtaining pleasing effects from the instrument.

Another point touched upon in the extracts referred to is that of the normal position of the hand with reference to the keys, and the normal action of the fingers in playing, namely, whether the hand is to be held a trifle above the keys, and the fingers move some distance toward the keys before reaching them, yet without being obliged to begin with an up stroke in order to do this; or whether the fingers are to be kept in contact with the keys and rise preparatory to making a touch. Here again we come upon a question which in sound piano teaching would find no possible place. Just as well might the question come up in training a public speaker, as to whether he ought to consider the normal condition of his mouth to be open or shut; if open, how far? Whether, if closed, it should open to a width of two inches preparatory to speaking, and then be

brought back to the normal aperture of the idea seeking egress. For in beginning with the hands and arms as well as fingers, and all the varied positions mentioned by Dr. Mason as belonging to elementary technic, the hand comes sooner or later into almost every possible playing position. In the fast exercises the finger points are almost in contact with the keys. In the slow ones, on the contrary, they may attack from a position some distance above the keys, as in several of the "down" touches; or they may be raised preparatory to touching, as in the slow practice of the two-finger exercise in broken thirds, legato. There is no general rule that can be given, or that ought to be observed, or that *can* be observed, without rendering the playing stiff and mechanical.

True piano playing is to be learned from those who have it—that is from those who have it in the form of being able to interpret a wide range of music in an attractive, musical and intelligent manner, and not from books in which pedants lay down rules. The orthodox tradition at this point has no value whatever, except a purely historical one. Experience shows that when a pupil is well brought up in the conservatory system of playing, and duly graduated, it takes years of study under a good teacher to enliven the touch, diversify the tone quality, amplify the power, and add to the scholastic equipment the central desideratum of the whole business, namely, the ability to interpret poetic music effectively. Moreover, it is shown in Dr. Mason's revised volume that the hammer action of the fingers is not an elementary action, but a highly differentiated one, and therefore not one with which the best possible results can be attained in the shortest time.

M.

---

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE ETHICS OF MUSIC. Plain facts for students, by Edith C. Eastman, Boston. Damrell & Upham. Small 16mo, pp. 77.

The contents of this pretty little book were originally delivered before pupils of Mr. Richard Zeckwer's class in Philadelphia, and, as the publisher's note assures us, were highly thought of by him. There is no fault to find with Miss Eastman's intentions, but it would be going too far to say that she has made anything particularly deep or striking out of her theme. There are four lectures in the book: "Art as Affected by Character"; "Legitimate Uses of Music"; "Character as Affected by Art"; and "Fashion and Taste in Music." The first topic is not treated at all, but instead we have a general inference to draw from the instruction given, that if the bodily and mental powers of the player be well conserved the playing will be better than if a portion of them have been dissipated before the playing begins. This conclusion is eminently sound, but is it worth a chapter? The second lecture appears to recognize

two uses of music: To teach it, and to make it in church. The wholly incidental use of music, to speak from the Beethoven or Wagnerian standpoint, of representing the incommunicable, Miss Eastman ignores. The third lecture is equally wide of the mark. Quite a number of quotations are cited from eminent authors of various epochs and races to show that they esteemed music highly—which certainly was kind of them, even if we are still left in ignorance as to the opinion which music formed of them. The general conclusion is that if one finds that his pursuit of art interferes with his general appreciation of duty and goodness, he ought to stop, or else modify his selection of art. This is undoubtedly true. The fourth lecture, while containing a few observations upon changes in taste, fails, like all the preceding, to get at the root of the matter.

Upon the whole, two observations may be made upon this mistaken little book: First, what is called morality is mainly conventional, although its roots are either ethical or utilitarian, or both. Music has nothing to do with morality, one way or another. It is not in an ethical plane. Music represents spiritual activity, and when this activity soars very high or grovels very low the music representing it becomes very high or very low art. But the ethical state of the spirit represented in the music is only momentary at best, so that supposing we could recognize the ethical quality of the music we hear with any certainty (which we cannot), we would still be left in doubt whether the particular moment represented by the piece in question were a very high moment of a chronic "bad case," or a very low moment of one of the "truly good." The other observation is that supposing the subjects of these lectures to be capable of radical elucidation, it is to be feared that the present author, with all her good intentions (which we do not for a moment question), had not the depth of insight or the experience to accomplish it. To say this is not to deny that the lectures, when delivered with an earnest and womanly (which is to say ethical) manner, might have been extremely useful to the class so fortunate as to have heard them.

**THE ORGANIST'S TREASURY.** A collection of compositions and arrangements for the organ, from the works of modern composers. Compiled and edited by I. V. Flagler. New York: G. Schirmer. Oblong folio, pp. 113. \$2.00.

In this collection of thirty-four new pieces of moderate difficulty, Mr. Flagler seems to have aimed at providing for the wants of church and concert players for popular purposes. The selections lean to the French school, Lemaigre being represented by eight pieces. On the other hand, Merkel is represented by four pieces and Rheinberger by four. So the case is not one-sided, as a hasty inspection might lead one to suppose. The registration is carefully and intelligently marked, as also the pedaling. The collection is an important addition to existing material for the American organist. The original pieces by Mr. Flagler himself are by no means the least valuable part of the whole.

## TRADE DEPARTMENT.

### THE BORDER-LAND.

"With malice toward none, with charity toward all."

Just as in the department of psychic research there are many interesting questions arising along the line where soul and body meet and shade into each other by degrees almost imperceptible, so in music there are a variety of interesting questions arising along the line where art and commerce meet. It is to the consideration of these that this department is consecrated, and the spirit of the treatment cannot be better characterized than in the words of the motto placed above.

Music is a matter of nerves, and at best a nerve is an uncertain somewhat, although at this point musicians are perhaps not in all respects less blessed than other men. A nerve has one end in the material world, where it is the victim of passing circumstance; the other termination is equally beyond control, in the region of the unknowable and the immaterial. So is it with music. The spiritual something which seeks expression through the crystalline forms of sounding tone, is the creature of the inner world, concerning which we in reality know nothing, as men count science; except that out of this unknown, spirit voices speak to our hearts and our souls, speak rarely so intimately as through the speech we call music. But this outward manifestation of music is conditioned by many material circumstances, such as the food and shelter of the composer, the skill of the instrument maker, the good will of the publisher and the like. Nor is music less fortunate in its interdependency with material considerations than other forms of transcendent activity, such as religion, education and the like. These, also, have their commercial sides and a certain material dependency which is not so much commercial as intelligent. That is to say, the preacher has to live, which means salary; the educator also has his little needs, again the pocket book. And besides the mere question of support, there is the greater question of means and instrumentalities. The teacher must have his blackboard, his text book; the preacher his manuals of devotion and the musician his instruments. And in the perfecting and distributing of these there is great cleverness displayed. Thus at whatever point we come upon the line where soul and body meet, we come upon questions of no small importance. It is to such as these that we here address ourselves month after month.

With the "Trade Department," as ordinarily constituted in musical journals, the publisher of Music has small sympathy. It is not intended in this department of the magazine to sell editorial opinion; nor is it intended to permit the publication here of matter

at so much a line, to be read by the readers as editorial, and afterwards copied in advertisements as the opinion of this publication. Let it be understood once for all that every new invention will be welcomed here to the extent of describing what it proposes. Every improvement in instruments will be equally welcome, in spite of the casual mention of the proprietor's name. But this department is not meant for a judgment seat, before which men's business is to pass for destructive criticism, except in cases of practices distinctly outside the pale of honesty. The object of the "Border-Land" department is that of chronicling all proper items which have value to our readers as news. In cases where personal praise appears warranted or proper, the editor will say what he chooses, and sign it. Where approval has been too hastily bestowed, it is proper for any suitable correspondent to point out the nature of objection which the editorial opinion may have overlooked. In other words, this will be in great degree a popular tribune where all sides of every important question will ultimately come to a hearing.

With this explanation, it is hoped that the reader will not hesitate to put in his oar at any moment when such interference appears to him to be needed in the interests of honesty and fair dealing. Communications of this character, however, will not be recognized unless signed, and then only to the extent warranted by the position of the writer or his apparent fairness and competence.

#### THE MASON & HAMLIN SCREW STRINGER.

Among the improvements in piano making which have established their value by thorough tests, few are entitled to more honorable position than the Mason & Hamlin Screw Stringer, a device which completely does away with all that part of getting out of tune, which depends upon the slipping of the tuning pins in the wood of the wrest plank.

It is no doubt known to every reader, that in almost all pianos, including the largest sized concert grands, the string is tuned by

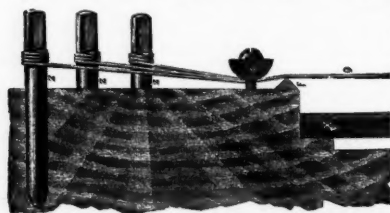


FIG. A.

means of a pin, which is merely driven into a wooden wrest plank, as shown in Fig. A, herewith. There are two imperfections attending this method of fixing the intonation: It is impossible to tune the string by merely turning the pin exactly to its place, because

when the hammer is removed, the pin will spring back a little; accordingly the tuner has to turn it a little too far, and then settle it back to its place, in good part by instinct. Then under very heavy playing it is not unusual for a pin to slip, whereby a piano gets out of tune in the middle of a concert,

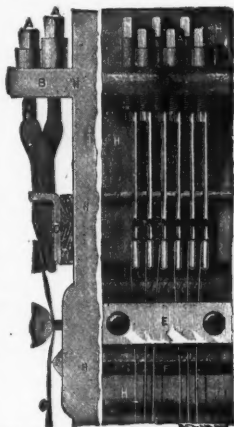


as was several times noticed in certain strings of Paderewski's piano, especially after the Liszt rhapsody. In the Mason & Hamlin screw stringer, the string is attached to a "set screw" which plays in a sort of collar on the steel plate, as shown in the cut, Fig. B, herewith. The tuning is effected by turning the set screw. It being impossible for it to slip, it is susceptible of much closer tuning than the ordinary pin, and by means of a much smaller exertion of force. Moreover, the string is tuned by the upward or direct adjustment, and not by means of turning it backward and forward several times, as in ordinary cases. The practical result is to eliminate all that part of getting out of tune, which depends upon the stability of the tuning pin; and all that part which depends upon the unfortunate guessing of the tuner in carrying the string too high or too low, thus unsettling its stability in getting it tuned.

There still remain two sources of unstability of intonation, which are not affected by this device. A piano gets out of tune occasionally through the swelling and shrinking of the sounding board, under the weather. This puts the piano out of tune by crowding the bridges up, thereby increasing the tension of the strings; and then when dry weather comes, the bridges are pulled down by the shrinking of the board, thereby relaxing the tension. This source of instability amounts to considerable, especially where the sounding boards are not completely seasoned, or not properly protected from the weather, and is a very important drawback in the cheaper instruments. The main source of getting out of tune, especially in new pianos, through the stretching of the strings, is also unaffected by this device.

Nevertheless, experience of using a piano and organ side by side for some months, will show that the Mason & Hamlin piano will retain its pitch, in unison with the organ, much longer than possible for any instrument not provided with a device of this kind. In fact, one of the main reasons influencing Mason & Hamlin to undertake the Herculean task of introducing a vital improvement of this sort, was the desire of extending the currency of the higher class of cabinet organs in connection with the piano; and in order to be able to secure this with any degree of success they had to remove the objection that the piano could not be kept in tune with the organ for more than a few days at a time.

The screw stringer, therefore, is in part responsible for that important collection of pieces called "The Liszt Organ Library," arranged for the Liszt organ and piano. This collection places within reach of ordinary amateurs, many beautiful orchestral effects, such as are entirely impossible for either instrument alone.



Side View.

FIG. B.

## THE GEO. W. LYON PATENT GUITAR.

Few musical inventors and experts are better known throughout the country than Mr. Geo. W. Lyon, the original head of the great house of Lyon & Healy, which was founded in 1864. Mr. Lyon had then been a practical—one might say a universal—musician for twenty years, playing every orchestral instrument, and the inventor of improving devices in several—the best known at present being the sound chamber in the Geo. W. Lyon pianoforte. In 1889 Mr. Lyon disconnected himself from the house of Lyon & Healy, and in con-

junction with Mr. E. A. Potter and others formed the house of Lyon, Potter & Co. The guitar improvement, upon which Mr. Lyon has been at work for ten years, will be understood from the following descriptions and diagrams:

The object of the improvement is that of securing a fuller, rounder and more sustained quality of tone, with greater volume. This he secures through the combination of two main devices:

1. A newly constructed bridge, arched, with two bearing surfaces upon the sounding board, as somewhat imperfectly shown in the large diagram, Fig. 3. The strings bear upon this bridge at two points, as shown in the diagram, in such a manner that a firmer bearing is secured, and the vibratory powers of the string more fully utilized. The strings are fastened in the usual manner.

2. A sounding chamber, or resonance cavity, of the form shown in Fig. 2. This chamber is freely attached to the under side of the sounding-board, directly under the bridge, and disposed at an angle found to be most favorable to vibratory reinforcement. The tone chamber not only reinforces the tone, making it stronger and more full and sustained in quality, but it also strengthens the sounding board, and helps to distribute the strain more equally, thus relieving the



FIG. 1.

sides and prolonging the life of the belly of the instrument; which, like the old lute and viol, has to sustain the greater proportion of the crushing strain of the strings—whereby in ordinary instruments this part is often depressed, and so cramped as to be unable to vibrate freely. The tone chamber, being attached at the top only, moves with the vibrations of the sounding board, and greatly reinforces these vibrations. The general disposition of the parts is shown best in the large diagram, Fig. 1.

The effect of this improvement is to modify the tone of the guitar in a remarkable manner, the full extent of which may be judged from the circumstance that so good a judge of orchestral instruments as Theodore Thomas, hearing a large guitar of this pattern, at a slight distance, mistook it for a harp, so much fuller was the tone than any instrument of the guitar kind he had ever heard.

Mr. Lyon has arranged to supply his guitars in limited numbers to private customers, but as yet arrangements are not completed for manufacturing them upon a large scale. In addition to placing his patented improvements in the instruments bearing his name, Mr. Lyon is devoting great attention to improving the general

construction and finish of the instrument, with reference to establishing a higher standard of elegance and tonal capacity in this

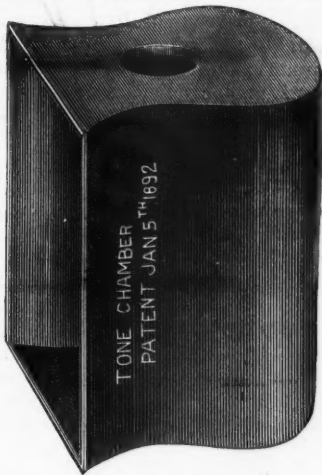


FIG. 2.

branch of instrumental music than has ever hitherto prevailed. The prices of these instruments naturally range a little higher than the ordinary, and for extra finish they range from \$25 to \$185—the latter being richly inlaid and most beautiful instruments. The plainer styles, however, have the full tonal qualities of the most expensive styles.

It will be easily understood that the genial inventor is delighted with the outcome of the arduous labors he has bestowed upon the production of this remarkable improvement in an instrument so long stationary as the guitar has been. But from the standpoint of an outsider it is merely another ray in his halo,—so to speak—since for twenty-five years and more he has brought out one improvement after another, in directions as



FIG. 3.

wide asunder as the piano, the organ, guitar and brass instruments.

## PIANO ADVERTISING.

The piano, of all things, would seem to afford the greatest opportunity to successfully enlist the aid of printer's ink, for it is hardly too much to say that every prominent dealer sees daily some prospective piano purchaser whose mind is already made up in regard to the make of the piano which he shall buy, and if the dealer will study out the cause of this predilection in many cases he can trace it to advertising.

Of the various methods of piano advertising, direct and indirect, many chapters could be written, for the ramifications of the subject are almost endless, but within the scope of this brief article we shall endeavor to cast a little practical light only upon the greatest of all advertising media—the newspaper. Chicago exemplifies the highest standard. No papers in New York can compare favorably as regards the advertising columns with those of Chicago. While these conditions prevail largely on account of the arbitrary rules and inferior printing of the New York dailies, most of which were built up when advertising was in its infancy, still a certain part of the credit for the greater attractiveness of the Chicago papers is due to the closer attention here given advertising by the merchants themselves. Many of the leading piano manufacturers seem to have adopted for their motto in advertising, "Hold fast to that which is good," which is a splendid maxim for everything—except a newspaper advertisement. Then their advertisements—the name of the piano in heavy letters, and a few superlative adjectives in regard to the workmanship, durability, touch and tone in smaller letters, and the location of the factory in medium letters—never were good, if for no other reason than because they are all alike. How different, when an announcement sets forth a striking idea and puts it before the reader in such a manner that he must recall the name of the advertiser for some time, simply from the strength of the impression produced by the advertisement!

Mr. P. J. Healy, of Lyon & Healy, in the course of a conversation a few days since, gave utterance to a number of ideas upon this subject. They form a welcome contribution to the present article, for the conspicuous success achieved by Lyon & Healy gives to Mr. Healy's views the greatest possible weight. Moreover, he has tested the soundness of his advertising theories by the expenditure in various advertising directions during his business career of easily over half a million dollars.

Said Mr. Healy, "I am a student in advertising, and have been one for the past thirty-five years. I say student advisedly, for I find it requires just as diligent an effort upon my part to-day to devise an effective advertisement as it ever did. Competition exists as keenly in advertising as in the actual sale of goods. It is the skirmish line, so to speak. To advertise successfully implies maintaining a position among the leading advertisers in your branch of the trade. The search for new and striking advertising material never ceases in our house. I find much may be learned not only by watching the advertisements of all competitors, but also by studying the efforts of the

progressive houses in all lines of business. It is difficult to lay down even a semblance of a set of rules for piano advertising. We use many kinds. Our contracts embrace a classified advertisement every day in the year in every leading newspaper in Chicago, which usually runs from forty to sixty lines and is changed once a week or oftener; sometimes reading notices; and of course a never ceasing series of display advertisements. The first thing I consider in a display advertisement is, is it attractive? Will it be seen? Unless there is something in its make up which will serve to rivet the eye of the public, I do not consider that it can render proper service, no matter how well it may be worded. If the display is symmetrical and forcible, then the next point is: Will the advertisement on being read convey the favorable impression that we seek to create? The advertiser who overstates his case discredits himself in advance. On the other hand, the advertiser who keeps inside the real truth may make a life-long friend of the reader, for the prospective purchaser only knows the advertiser by his advertisement, and he judges him by that test. If the reader is disappointed when he yields to this advertisement and examines or purchases goods, he will not forget it. But if the reader is pleased and finds that he has gotten more than the advertisement led him to expect, he is certain to have a soft spot in his breast for the advertiser for a long time to come. In regard to the almost endless details, there is very little in our experience that would interest the public. We have an advertising department which is entirely distinct from any other division of the house. We continually strive to improve the efficacy of our announcements, and have for years used a system by which a very accurate account of returns from general media is kept, and—from our own standpoint, of course—we can generally tell at a glance the relative value of every leading publication in the United States."

#### HONEST-MADE PIANOS.

Without prejudice to other leading makes, the Emerson, Fischer, Vose, Everett and Hardman may be said to be the principal representatives of the class of pianos which has secured wide popularity by means of honest workmanship and a popular price. Some of these makes in earlier stages were what is now termed a cheap piano, but by steady ambition, enterprise and knowledge of piano making, all these houses have taken great strides in the quality of their products, for they make it a constant endeavor to improve their work, and they have always striven to give substantial value for the price received. It is a noteworthy fact that, of late years, the above mentioned makers, as well as others of the same class, have very materially narrowed the chasm existing between them and such manufacturers as Decker, Knabe, Steinway, Chickering, Weber, Hazelton and other manufacturers occupying the topmost plane. To-day's purchaser of either of these popular makes becomes the owner of a really well made and durable instrument. The Emerson Piano Co. is very progressive and is making rapid advancement both in the number of

pianos turned out and in the general excellence of each instrument. One of the latest competitors for honors, the Everett is a piano combining the solidity of Boston with the enterprise of the west. Some of these manufacturers are noteworthy examples of the old maxim, "In union there is strength." For instance, the house of Fischer is composed of father and five sons, each of whom is in charge of a separate division of the great manufactory. The Fischer piano from the unparalleled record of its sales (which must be accepted as the conclusive test of merit in a popular piano) may be cited to show what reward awaits the successful piano of this class. Nearly one hundred thousand (100,000) Fischer pianos have been marketed, and the production of the new Fischer pianos goes on at the rate of over two and one half pianos for each working hour throughout the year. Yet, in spite of this rapid production, so perfect is the system that every Fischer piano has a sterling quality that is unmistakable.

While from the nature of the instrument there will undoubtedly always exist a high priced grade of pianos which will never be quite equaled by the popular makes, in spite of their advantage of much greater production, yet the problem of making an instrument which is clearly and distinctly worth more money than these popular makes will increase in difficulty as the years go by. It is probably not too much to say, the Fischer, Emerson or any of the great popular make pianos of to-day, are as good instruments in every way as some of the highest grade pianos of not a great many years back. The musical public owes quite as great a debt to these honestly built pianos of medium price as they do to the highest grade instrument, for the fact that in all their improvements these manufacturers keep the prices down is a very practical offset to any small neglect of the highest æsthetic qualities.

---

#### NATIONAL SUMMER MUSIC SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS.

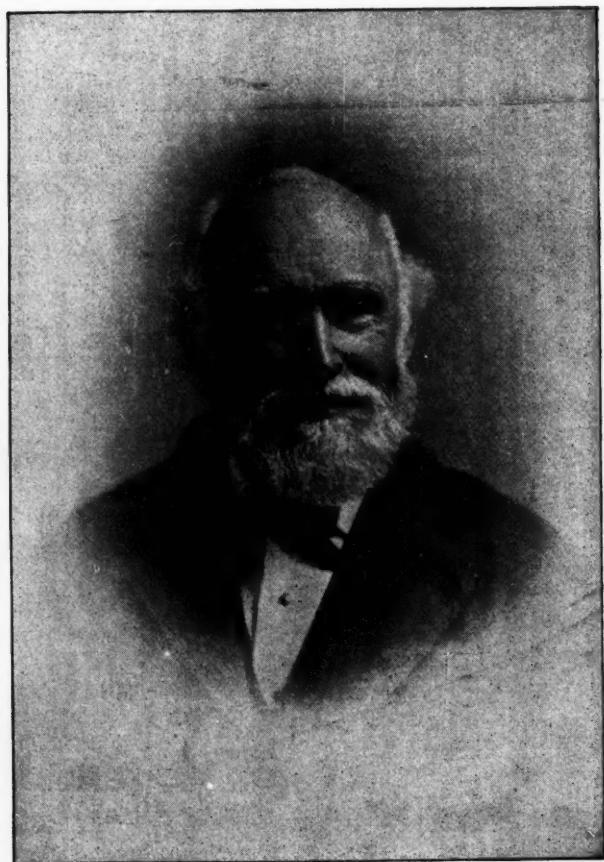
This important educational instrumentality will be conducted in the rooms of the Chicago Conservatory, in the Auditorium, July 19 to August 1. All departments of training necessary for teachers of music in the public schools will be included. At the head of the faculty is Dr. Luther Whiting Mason. The other teachers are Mr. G. A. Veazie, Jr., Mr. J. M. McLaughlin, Mrs. Emma Thomas, Mr. F. G. Gleason, Mr. C. B. Cady and others. Mr. C. B. Cady will also carry on his summer course for piano teachers in the same place. Information relating to the vocal work can be had by addressing Mr. C. C. Birchard, 315 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

---

During the month of April, 1892, the Chicago Cottage Organ Co. shipped out 1,622 organs; viz.: First week, 401; second week, 382; third week, 411; fourth week, 428. Total 1,622. Is not this the largest record yet?







*John Sullivan Dwight.*

# MUSIC.

---

JULY, 1892.

---

## MUSICAL JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS.

The term musical journalism must be taken in a somewhat broad and comprehensive significance, extending from the work of the monthly periodical communicating with the personal following of the editor, to the large and almost world-wide vision of the conductor of the musical department of a first rate city daily; or the still more differentiated function of the musical editor proper, who controls an entire periodical devoted to musical intelligence for musical readers. Within these lines it is not possible to effect a satisfactory classification. For, while it would be natural to place the professional musical editor at the head, by reason of his supposed superior knowledge of the subject, and the further reason of his treatment of musical intelligence for musical readers (and therefore presumably a treatment more exact and penetrative), the facts do not bear out the distinction. The musical editor of the daily newspaper is often a musician of proven ability, and his capacity for treating musical problems from the ground up is sometimes of a high order, and clever enough to elude the unsympathetic philistinism of the managing editor.

There is, however, a distinction which can be drawn between the function of the editor who purveys musical intelligence and opinions in the daily papers, and him who purveys the same for musical readers in a musical periodical. The musical writer in the daily press always con-

ducts his department from a literary standpoint, or ought to; dealing with the deeper musical problems only in such degree and frequency as their interest to general readers may seem to warrant; whereas the musical editor proper, addressing musical readers, many of them professionally engaged in the art, has the right to presume any legitimate question relating to the art or its practice to be timely, without regard to its being brought within the province of "news" by an actual occurrence.

The distinctly musical periodical had its humble origin at about the same time as the newspaper, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. One of the oldest now existing is the *Allgemeine Musicalische Zeitung* (General Musical Journal) printed in Leipsic, where it was founded in 1789, and has been published weekly ever since. Its volumes contain current notices of the first productions of about all the important music since Beethoven's second period. But the tendency of all established institutions is to run into ruts. An editor founds a periodical for the promulgation of a certain set of opinions, and surrounds himself with a staff believing much as he himself does. The tendency then is to restrict the horizon more and more to the disciples of the sect, and to bar out the opposition. In time the new set of opinions finds wider favor, or they are proven to be sterile of results. The effect upon the periodical is about as serious in one case as the other, the subject gets stale, and the editor and contributors alike are too much pre-occupied in mind to discern the new and vital questions which always press for solution. After being some time dead in fact, it finally dies publicly and officially, and is relegated to the bound volume series of the curiosity hunter.

The *Allgemeine Musicalische Zeitung* has several times experienced a period of stale life of this kind, without actually dying from an official and printing-office standpoint. Schumann found it too much given to what he called "honey-daubing" in his time, by which he meant praising injudiciously every musical composition which conformed to the existing standard of style and form, and ignoring entirely, or ferociously condemning, all which showed

marked differences with the current styles. In order to counteract this unfairness he himself with a few friends established the "New Journal of Music," which still exists.

There were also other reasons of a more intimate character why a musical periodical was needed when Schumann established his, in the fact that about that time certain new questions of an artistic character were pressing for discussion more forcibly than ever before. When Mozart wrote, and when Beethoven was writing his own earlier compositions, there were indeed novelties of style in no small number, and plenty of infringements upon existing models; but the principles were not yet formulated, and Beethoven's divergencies from the practices of his predecessors were, we may suppose, more instinctive than intentional and intellectual. But by the end of Beethoven's career his practices had reached a degree of divergence from the model of Mozart and Haydn, no longer admitting of classification with them. When the compositions of Schubert began to be better understood, and when Mendelssohn had written his "Midsummer-night's Dream" overture, and had published the earlier "Songs Without Words," there were new principles illustrated which demanded discussion of a thorough and uncompromising kind. Such a discussion Schumann proposed to give them, and did give them. And the new agency has proven of great benefit in clearing up the atmosphere, and in arriving at a true ground of criticism.

About the time that the "new romantic" school had arrived at the plenitude of its powers, say in 1848, Richard Wagner began to serve as a *pons asinorum* for musical "on-going" students. Since the performance of "Rienzi" in Dresden in 1842, the musical world has not suffered for lack of subjects of interest. A constant succession of brilliant stars has appeared above the musical horizon, and a succession of new works of vigor, and oft times of genius, has been brought forward for the attention of students. Hence an increase in the number of musical journals, and a wide discussion of representative principles. Moreover, in point of originality and incisiveness the journal established for the promulgation of new principles in music stands a

much better chance of attracting attention than one intended to be exclusively orthodox. And this for several reasons. In the first place it is a more vigorous editorial mind which proposes to effect the currency of new principles in advance of their general acceptance. To undertake to lead public opinion in this way involves force of character and incisiveness of mental action. Then there are a certain number of readers who are on the lookout for the new and striking. These gather readily to the new standard, and with the enthusiasm of converts are ready to join in the rallying cry.

It is not easy to say when the first American musical journal was established. Probably quite early in the present century there were attempts at periodicals of this character. Many of the earlier ones were limited in scope, and fell far below what would now be regarded as a proper standard. For example, there lies before me a bound volume of *The Musical Reporter*, of the year 1841, printed in Boston. It is a moderate 12mo in size, about the same figure as a "Fourth Reader" of the common school series. The volume is incomplete, the August number being the last. The total number of pages is 432, or an average of fifty-eight per month, of which about twelve are music. Among the other musical periodicals apparently then in publication were *The Boston Musical Cabinet*, a monthly edited by Geo. James Webb and T. B. Hayward. It was in quarto form, sixteen pages, twelve of them music. Another was *Hastings' Musical Magazine*, from which several extracts are made. There is no name given of editor or publisher of *The Musical Reporter*. It was probably the work of some musician not belonging to the clique of the Boston Academy, but who he was there is nothing to indicate.

The first musical Journal in America to attain national importance and influence was *Dwight's Journal of Music*, established in 1853 by Mr. John S. Dwight, in Boston. It was a quarto of eight pages, sheet music size, published once a week. Mr. Dwight was born in Boston in 1813, and after graduating from Harvard, about the same time as Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Ellery Channing, took a divinity course, and for seven years occupied a Unitarian

pulpit. He then gave up theology in order to devote himself to art and literature. In 1842 he joined the Brook Farm community, and while there edited the musical department of "The Harbinger." Later he contributed critical articles to the Boston daily papers, and was one of the original members of the Harvard Musical Association, which was formed in 1837 for the purpose of creating a musical taste and intelligence in Cambridge, to the end that the University might appoint a professor of music, and recognize music among the "humanities." In pursuance of this end the association gave musical evenings in Cambridge for many years, at which the best compositions in the line of chamber music were rendered. The Harvard association later stepped into the arena of orchestral concerts in Boston, and for several seasons gave the only reliable series of symphony concerts which the city of Boston could boast.

Upon the literary side Mr. Dwight was splendidly equipped for his task. Master of a singularly easy and elegant English style, and of gentle manners and breeding, well versed in literature and in modern languages, he had also a great deal of musical cultivation. Even if one were to suppose that his early years in Boston had failed to afford him the training of ear which young musical enthusiasts now get, it is evident that the period of the Harvard musical evenings must have effected an education as thorough as it was pleasantly acquired—a sort of "working out of his own salvation," as many a self-educated American musician has done, and done well too, both before and since.

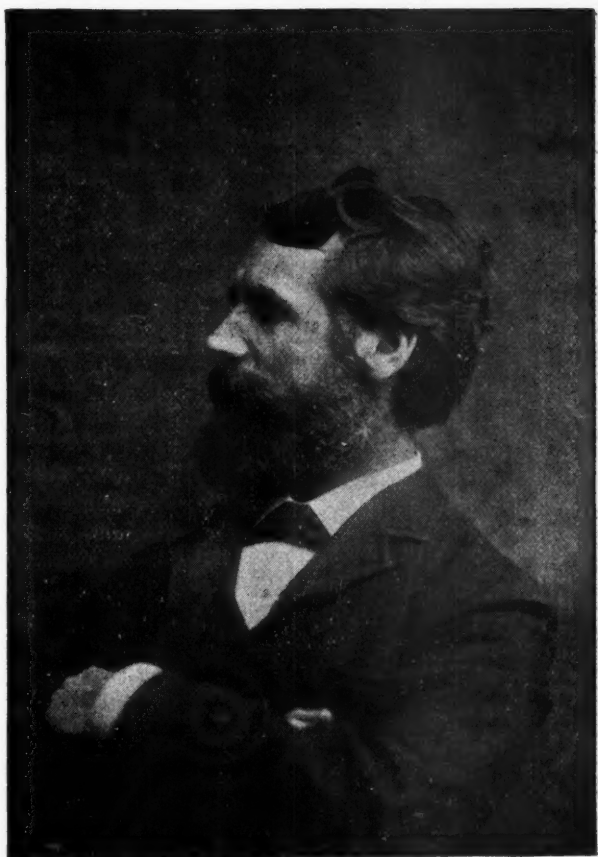
My acquaintance with *Dwight's Journal* began in 1853, but I have not in my possession at the present time anything before July 1855, when three years had already elapsed since its founding. The writers in this volume were first and chiefly Mr. Dwight himself, who wrote notes of concerts, devoting a few lines to each; translations from the German, reminiscences of a summer tour in Germany, etc. Mr. A. W. Thayer, the Beethoven biographer, was a frequent writer in those days and for several years later. So also was Mr. C. C. Perkins, who donated the Crawford statue of Beethoven to Boston Music Hall. Among the interesting

bits in the numbers for 1855 are extracts from Richard Wagner's "Opera and Drama," then a new work, translated in part for the *London Musical World*. There are also many criticisms of Wagner's Philharmonic conducting in London, of the sort made familiar by the extracts in a former number of *Music*. The publisher's announcement says: "During the three years since it was established this Journal has met with constantly increasing favor, and it entered upon its seventh volume with the number for Saturday, April 7th." Then follows an enumeration of the kinds of articles which the volume would include. Owing to the small size of the journal many discussions were carried through in serial form—Wagner's "Opera and Drama," for example, lasting several months.

After six years' publishing by his own efforts, Mr. Dwight surrendered the publication to the house of Ditson & Co. This at first was an advantage, but later became a source of failure, the conflict between art and commerce hindering the free exercise of the editorial progressiveness, so that in 1880 Ditson & Co. discontinued it. But Mr. Dwight had still sufficient influence to induce Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to assume its publication, and it was continued by them for three years, when it was finally discontinued.

The influence exerted by *Dwight's Journal* was entirely disproportionate to its size or its circulation. It was a voice crying in the wilderness. It was the first periodical in America devoted to the promulgation of musical ideas of the very highest and most sacred character. Moreover, there was so great a charm in Mr. Dwight's own personality, and in his style, that every young musician who fell under his influence inevitably became his disciple. It is true that many of these young gentlemen afterward outgrew their teacher, or thought they did, and also outgrew the dutiful memory of the inestimable debt they owed him. It was fashion in some circles to speak ungenerously of Mr. Dwight, even for some years before the Journal was discontinued. Gottschalk the pianist was one who particularly could not forgive Dwight for having once criticized his playing somewhat unkindly. No one who knew Mr. Dwight





Mr. H. Thomas

personally would doubt his entire sincerity; but it cannot be denied that he failed to keep up with the movement of the great world-stream of music. So there was a certain pathos in his closing article in 1883, when upon laying down the editorial pen which he had wielded so well for thirty years, he said that "the claims of the great composers of the romantic period having now been generally recognized," and there not appearing new names coming on equally well worthy of praise, there seemed to him nothing better to do than to discontinue.

Many other useful periodicals devoted to music were undertaken earlier than *Dwight's Journal* but none of them attempted to do more than address the personal following of their editors, upon the topics then supposed to be the only ones capable of securing and interesting the attention of American readers, especially those in the country. In fact there is still in many quarters a skepticism in regard to the interest taken by readers in the discussion of artistic questions "for art's sake." Among the more important of these was *Watson's Art Journal*, established in New York in 1863, by the late Mr. Henry C. Watson. This eminent *litterateur* was an Englishman, with an unquenchable enthusiasm for art. His services in musical journalism were long and honorable. A succession of short-lived attempts at musical journals, with a semi-literary character, followed from the *Musical Chronicle*, which he established in 1843, to *The American Musical Times*, *The Philharmonic Journal*, and finally *Watson's Art Journal*, in 1863. Besides those services to the art, Mr. Watson was author of the libretto to Wm. Vincent Wallace's "Lurline," and one of the founders of the New York Philharmonic Society, the Mendelssohn Society, judge of musical instruments in many important expositions, etc., etc. After his death, in 1875, his *Art Journal* was continued by his friend and pupil, Mr. W. M. Thoms, already a journalist of experience and tact. Under his management the periodical has improved in appearance and enterprise, and bids fair to endure to an honorable old age.

*The New York Musical Gazette*, published by Mason

Bröthers, was devoted to choral music and the Lowell Mason ideas mostly. It was afterwards bought by Theodore Hagen, a capable German, and printed as the *Weekly Review*, and was for quite a number of years the only musical newspaper, as it was the first—since *Dwight's Journal* took but small interest in occurrences from a "news" standpoint.

The ablest musical newspaper, I believe, of its time in New York was *The Music Trade Review*, controlled by Mr. John C. Freund, an Englishman of great journalistic ability, but with little or no knowledge of music. His venture failed and was succeeded by another still larger called *Music and Drama*. This in turn encountered reverses, and was succeeded by *The American Musician*—so called, perhaps, from Americans possessing little or no influence in its columns.



MR. OTTO FLOERSHEIM.

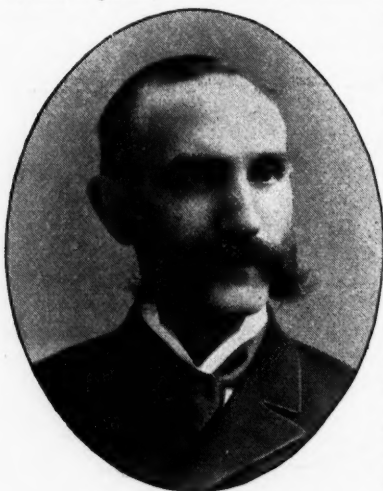
All of these, however, were more attempts at complete musical newspapers than actual realizations of that idea. For the complete fulfillment it was left the *Musical Courier* to achieve the distinction of being not only the largest weekly periodical in the world devoted to music, but also the most comprehensive and by far the most profitable. It is stated on good authority that the annual earnings of this journal amount to as much as fifty thousand dollars per year. The chief of the business department is Mr. Marc Blumenberg, and it is to him that

the exceptional financial success has been due. The chief of the literary department is Mr. Otto Floersheim, a composer and *litterateur* of pronounced ability.

Associated with Mr. Floersheim for some years has been Mr. J. G. Huneker, a brilliant and versatile writer, of wide journalistic experience. *The Musical Courier* affords a great variety of interesting matter, and the treatment is light and brilliant rather than earnest and dignified. It is the tone of the club man after dinner, rather than of the enthusiast at his desk. Accordingly it has a large following of what might be called the "worldly element" in music. It fills a place, and it would not be impossible to remove

from its columns everything against which gentlemanly taste would rebel without in the act depriving it of the source of its real power.

Of the various smaller journals devoted to specialties the name is legion. The most successful musical journal devoted to educational interests is *The Etude*, published by Theodore Presser, in Philadelphia. It is devoted to the



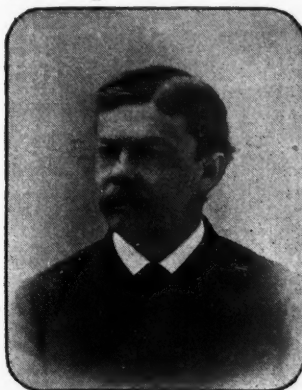
MR. THEODORE PRESSER.

wants of piano teachers and piano students mainly, and is it edited with considerable ability. Among its writers are Messrs John C. Fillmore, John S. Van-Cleve, C. B. Cady, C. W. Landon, W. F. Gates, Max Lechner, etc. It is said to have a *bona fide* subscription list of twelve thousand, which is the largest ever attained by any musical periodical in this country.

Another monthly journal is *Church's Musical Visitor*, edited by Mr. Jas. R. Murray, formerly assistant to Dr. Geo. F. Root, in the "Song Messenger" and other undertakings. Mr. Murray is a pleasant writer, appealing mainly

to the Sunday School and singing class constituency, but not by any means incapable of more ambitious work, as many of his musical compilations for the John Church Company show.

There are quite a number of monthly publications which have large circulation, for example, certain ones published

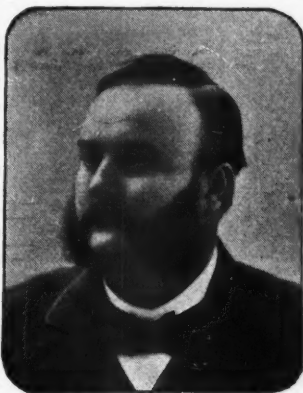


MR. JAS. R. MURRAY.

at Logansport, Indiana, *The Echo* and the *Home Musical Journal*.

Among those devoted to trade interests the *Chicago Indicator* is perhaps the most conspicuous success. It does not aim at musical work, but purely at trade news, and within its department it is strong, and very successful from a financial standpoint. Another journal of allied interests is *The Presto*, of which Mr. Frank D. Abbot is editor.

*The Presto* is a "live" paper, as its name would indicate. Like the *Indicator*, its space for purely musical matter is too slight for practical efficiency. One remembers the story of the Irish cottager who declined to turn the pig out from under the bed, saying, "What, turn out the gentleman that pays the rint? Divil a bit." The "gentleman that pays the rint" is entitled to the parlor if he wants it in all these cases, and it is extremely fortunate that his manners and style are occasionally so good as to justify his environment.



MR. DEXTER SMITH.

*The Musical Record* is a monthly publication issued by the house of Ditson Company. The editor is Mr. Dexter Smith, who for many years was editor of *The Folio*, issued

by White, Smith & Co. Mr. Smith was a good song-writer, a pleasant paragrapher, and a genial man of many friends. These qualities make him a pleasing editor for the kind of publication, but the seeming lack of incisive opinions in some one direction has deprived his career of the advantage which a tool has in its "cutting edge."

Very different is the mission of the *Boston Musical Herald*, which was originally established by the late Dr. Eben Tourjee, as an organ of the New England Conservatory of Music. In November last it was acquired by Mr. Geo. H. Wilson, editor of the "Boston Musical Year-Book." Mr. Wilson called to his aid Messrs. Krehbiel, Finck and Henderson, and proposes to devote the *Herald* to news concerning new works and their performances in different parts of the world. The more important of the articles of Dr. Edouard Hanslick, the famous Vienna critic, are translated, and the *Herald* fills this part of the duty of a musical journal admirably. This is its specialty. Mr. Wilson is at present the bureau manager of the World's Fair music, having been placed there by Mr. Theodore Thomas.

Perhaps there is a still better illustration of the tendency towards differentiation of function to be seen in the Chicago *Music Review*, published by Mr. Clayton F. Summy. This little octavo of twentyfour pages devotes itself to brief notices of new music, and manages by the help of many competent assistants to cover its province extremely well. In its line it is indispensable. Most of its notices are fortified by musical illustrations, showing the principal subjects, style of treatment, etc. Mr. C. B. Cady is doing some admirable writing in this periodical, in the form of a critical thematic catalogue for the use of teachers. M.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## AN ARGUMENT IN VOICE.

As if 'twere music, tinkling clear  
O'er silver strings, her liquid voice  
Did drip and ripple on; and as I poise  
I catch with list'ning ear:  
"Ah, music's not in sound alone!  
Not only is the sylvan note,  
That 'scapes in rapture from the wild-bird's throat,  
The voice the forests own."  
Who'd argue, when so tuned a tongue—  
(The brook's own master taught its part)—  
Declares the secret of the greatest art,  
Clearer than if 'twere sung?  
When speaks a voice, untamed and sweet,—  
As water pearls through ice-limned streams,  
All honey-combed and celled, when April teems,—  
Who'd time it's cadenced beat?  
Such tones (as music's very soul  
Beats 'gainst a prison-walled throat,)   
Argue in vain to prove their merest note  
A trifle in the whole.  
Pray hush again, expectantly!  
She drinks in air like sparkling wine;  
Breath speeds, lips part with impulse full and fine,  
To break in accents free:  
"I'm dumb, and neither hear nor feel  
Nor sweep the cords of throat or lute,  
With rhythms that your time and timbre suit,—  
Mere ivories to reveal.  
"And yet 'twere folly to agree,  
That since my ear and tongue refrain  
To bridle to your form your code and strain,  
My heart must tuneless be.  
"Oh no! I've found a music too;  
Perhaps few devotees abound  
To worship round its occult shrine of sound,—  
Its forms so ever new.  
"Nor does it leave the bird's song out,  
Nor hush the lips when hearts break forth;  
It gives each atom's pulse-beat its full worth,  
Encircled round about.  
"It sets the infant's laugh and touch  
To melody, nor fears to grasp  
The soul's own; and with its hand may clasp  
And feel and sense as much."  
Thus,—impudent as summer wind,  
Declaring air to be a myth,—  
To prove, my lady (whom we're dealing with)  
Quite disproves her mind.                      ANDREA HOFER.





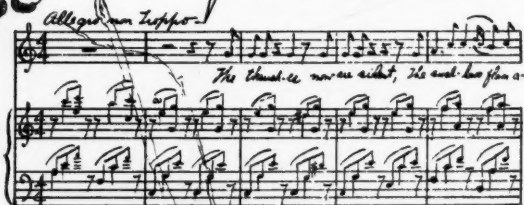
## The Falling of the Year.

Words from the Scotch.

Music by

*Julia Lois Caruthers*

*Allergo non troppo*



*way, Robin's here in coat of blue, And wears his breast that gay.* @

*Robin, Robin red-breast, O Robin, Robin dear - O Robin sing as*

*sweetly in the fall-ing of the year!*



## MUTUAL COURTESY BETWEEN ARTIST AND AUDIENCE.

It is an old saying that courtesy counts for much and costs nothing, and it is never more true and nowhere more necessary to be remembered than in the delicate, often strained relations, existing between the musical artist and his audience. I refer, to that deeper, truer courtesy of judgment and feeling, which is the real source of its every outward demonstration, in this instance, as in business, family and social life; and which must be based upon mutual respect, sympathy and kindness, and mutual tolerance of different points of view.

To the artist, his vocation is, or should be, a religion; engrossing his best powers of mind and heart, and his intensest capacity for enthusiasm. Every smallest detail in its service has for him a certain subtle charm, an idealized importance and indefinable sacredness, like the little common acts of everyday helpfulness performed by the lover for his lady, which the uninitiated cannot be expected to comprehend. To him, art is a self-existent, self-sufficient divinity, worthy a life-time of the highest, purest, most unselfish devotion; and when he steps upon the stage, in his capacity as high priest in the temple of the beautiful, his little personal fatigues, vexations and disappointments are all forgotten in the devout fervor of his office.

To the audience, on the other hand, he is to furnish simply an entertainment, provided by the lyceum committee, or opera house manager, at so much a ticket. It comes to be amused, or at best to allow itself to be interested. It affects no smallest degree of reverence, but waits patiently, and for the most part pleasantly, though with exasperating passivity, to be pleased or astonished; to be repaid for the trouble of coming by some agreeable sensation, or some novel and startling display of skill. For the average human enjoys, above all things, the attitude of wonder.

It the artist be a true one, in spirit, as well as in ability and equipment, his audience will be gradually lifted above these trivial, petty phases of mere sensuous pleasure or superficial enjoyment, to a higher and to many a wholly unthought plane, of spiritual æsthetic gratification; will be stirred, aroused, quickened to intenser life, by the impetuous fervor of his psychical activity, as the unconscious, sluggish iron is charged by mere contact with the powerful magnet, the electric pulsations being in both cases irresistibly contagious. His hearers will find this new state of magnetized being, this awakening of dormant faculties, this involuntary stretching of untried wings, at first languidly pleasurable, then more and more exhilarating, as the artistic spell deepens, till at last there comes a grateful recognition of a purer, worthier delight than that of the senses, and not less real; a glimpse, however brief and incomplete, of a possible soul-life at a higher altitude, apart from all sordid, material considerations.

But this result can only be attained by the true art enthusiast, genuinely interested, both in his work for its own sake, apart from its direct returns in gold or glory to himself, and in its effect upon his listeners; one governed by the intense desire and unswerving effort to render the beauties and meaning of his art vividly apparent to others, not simply to prove his own ability, but for the sake of reaching and benefiting them. I believe that many a failure in the concert-room may be traced, not so much to the stupidity of the audience, or the lack of skill and power on the part of the artist, as to his small vanity and cold arrogant indifference, his attitude of mental discourtesy.

When a man's whole manner says to his public, "This is something which you ought to understand, but of course you do not, and so you must take it on faith, and duly admire my superior powers", He is naturally and quite pardonably met with indifference, if not with sneers. For a memory which can compass and retain our entire musical literature, and a technical velocity of 20 notes to the second, are, merely in themselves, of absolutely no value to human needs or human progress; only when serving as means to a

higher end do they become of use to the race.

But he who says to his audience, with the whole concentrated force of his being, "Come let us enjoy together the exquisite beauties, the subtle suggestions and passionate power of these great works. I will do my best to interpret, you to comprehend," may be sure always, even under most inauspicious conditions, if not of full intelligent appreciation, at least of respectful attention and sympathetic interest, and will often be astonished by the spontaneity and profundity of the musical intuitions of many a novice.

To admit candidly that one's audience is not on the same musical plane with oneself, need not be considered in any sense either as derogatory to such audience, nor as self-laudatory. It simply implies that the artist is a more or less successful specialist in his own chosen line, and it would be a pity indeed if the years of effort he has expended had not carried him further along this line than the average layman, and I see no justification here for the supercilious tone native to or affected by so many professional musicians. Thus much for the first element of courtesy in the artist, his attitude toward his audience.

Concerning the program to be presented, a certain discretion, may often be exercised in the selection of the artistic material, and, in the order and arrangement of its presentation. The old principle of "Gape, sinner, and swallow," may perhaps have been made to work in connection with Mediæval theology, but it is not adapted to the present needs of art development in America. Neither is it in any sense a discredit to the artist or a catering to the undeveloped desires of the public, if he occasionally adapts his efforts to their special needs and present stage of evolution. I do not by any means intend to imply that he should ever lower himself and his vocation so far as to pander to the present vulgar taste for the sensational and the frivolous; to seek favor with a commonplace majority by prostituting his talents in the service of the merely commonplace, as do many modern writers in the so-called realistic school of literature, and as Patti does when she sets a pernicious example for lesser warblers by singing

"Annie Rooney," and the like, for the applause of the masses.

To adhere to compositions strictly legitimate from a musical standpoint, is our inviolable principle, which even courtesy or amiability must never lead us to overstep, any more than policy or self-interest; just as in society to refrain from falsehood or flattery are principles which no stress of etiquette should ever force us to violate; but within these limits we should in both cases be as lenient and affable as possible. To select all the numbers of his program solely because they best suit his own taste, without regard to the possibility of comprehension and enjoyment on the part of his hearers, is in the artist as selfish and egotistic as for a host to invite his friends to dine, and serve only such dishes as are favorites of his own, with no reference to the tastes, preferences, and digestive capacity of his guests.

There is often a choice between works of about equal merit, as to their fitness for certain times and seasons and the likelihood of their being readily understood and enjoyed, just as there would be a choice between poems of Longfellow and Browning, if we were initiating a child or a foreigner into the beauties of English verse. There seems to exist an autocratic determination among many musicians to administer the concentrated extract of musical nutrition with a table-spoon, even when the the invalid or infantile organism of the recipient is hardly equal to coping with the mildest homeopathic third attenuation. And when the patients in such cases make wry faces and stay away altogether in future, we are apt to hear rather too much about "pearls before swine."

How many of the organists who complain that Bach recitals are so poorly attended, are themselves sufficiently up in mathematics, for instance, as to really enjoy, or even attend, a profound and exhaustive lecture on integral calculus, or electro dynamics? Not a few university students and professors, as well as scientists and dilitantti, do actually enjoy such treatises, though they may have ever so little appreciation of Bach; for the simple reason that they have specialized upon one line and not upon the other.

I leave it to any candid mind to decide where, if anywhere, in this connection, the porcine simile applies. The Englishman who declared emphatically that all Italians were absolutely ignorant, if not imbecile, because they could not even speak English, was in the same mental attitude with a host of musicians of my acquaintance. We are apt to think that what we know all ought to know, as a matter of course.

Another frequent and most unworthy error, because rooted wholly in the personal vanity or sordid self-interest of the performer, is to visit on a small audience one's vexation because it is not larger. How often do we see a soloist or an orchestral club slighting, almost insulting, the few who have assembled, in spite of the storm, or the grippe, a counter attraction, or the gennerally unmusical character of the vicinity; hurrying carelessly through a mutilated program, with the evident feeling that it is plenty good enough for the corporal's guard in attendance; sour of visage, surly of manner, expressing but one sentiment toward their audience, that of "Damn you, what are you so few for!" and sure to abuse the vicinity ever after as hopelessly benighted and behind the times in music.

They forget that these very few prove conclusively by their presence that *they* are precisely the small, interested, appreciative, and intelligent band of the faithful in that community, deserving and rightfully expecting the best that the performers have to give, just as much as if they were ten times as numerous. They have done their part, and it is not their fault that there are not more of them. After all, even when the hall is crowded, it is still to this select minority that the artist must appeal, and to whom he must look for real sympathy and encouragement. It is the little leaven that raises and vivifies the whole mass; his favorable point of contact with the crowd; the conducting medium through which his influence must be transmitted and disseminated.

When we converse with a fellowman, it is not to his whole material bulk that we address ourselves, not to his 160 pounds avoirdupois, but to the few ounces of refined,



highly-organized matter, constituting his brain. Through that medium, we reach what we call his personality, and wake a responsive interest, which is gradually transfused through his whole being, till it shows in the very expression of his features, the attitude of his body, and his unconscious gestures. Just so with that great, complex organism, an audience. Its brains and heart, infinitely small in comparison to its bulk, are concentrated in the nucleus of refined, sensitive, cultured spirits present. The mass is dormant, æsthetically speaking, till stirred to warmer life by the radiating pulsations from this centre of vital consciousness.

Would you have a practical illustration? Raise the dampers of your piano with the pedal, and sound one central tone, not harshly, but strongly, resonantly; and see how the vibrations are communicated to the other strings, till the whole chord rings in responsive harmony. But remember, the dampers must first be lifted from the strings.

And here is a point for audiences. In attending a concert, take the trouble to lift for a moment the deadening dampers of sordid daily care and practical thought, from the delicate strings of feeling and imagination, and allow them to pulsate freely to the thrilling touch of the ideal, as it comes to you from the highly charged, intensely vibrating soul, of the artist. Trust me, the result will be as delightful as surprising. Do not expect him to do alone, and in spite of you, all the work, or to produce all the effects; to establish unaided that magnetic *rapprochement*, that subtle, indefinable essential for the best results, called "a musical atmosphere". Do him the courtesy to respect his intentions, and aid his efforts, so far as in you lies.

Some persons have a way of settling back in their seats at any musical entertainment, with an air and feeling of positive antagonism to the performers. Encased in their armour of natural and acquired stolidity, they defy the artist to find a vulnerable point. Bracing themselves to resist his every effort and appeal, they pride themselves upon their success; for they wish it to be well understood that they are *connoisseurs*, not to be tickled with a straw;

that their critical taste and superior advantages have rendered them extremely difficult to please. Their approval is only grudgingly granted to great genius and brilliant celebrity combined, and if by any chance a spark of enthusiasm is wrung out of them, it is in spite of themselves, and almost to their chagrin.

Another class, genuinely and doggedly convinced that they do not enjoy classical music, have made this assertion so often that they are determined never to yield an inch from their position. Furthermore they are inclined to think that if others only had their candor and power of analysis, they would openly make the same avowal. The apparent pleasure of others about them they regard as shallow enthusiasm or mere affectation. Why they attend the concert at all heaven only knows, unless to prove once again to themselves and their friends that their souls never can be moved by any "concord of sweet sounds." They wilfully close their eyes, and because they can perceive nothing through the lids they affirm and believe that there is nothing to be seen. Fortunately each of these classes, though redoubtable, is not large, or the greatest enthusiast would succumb. The attitude of the majority of hearers toward the artist and his work, is, as it should be, conciliatory and sympathetic.

Another hint for the listener is to give the performance your entire attention. You have no right to sit through a program, stolid and indifferent, planning next week's business or next day's shopping list, and then complain that the artist has no magnetism, and that classical music is a bore. Besides what you yourself lose of possible pleasure and profit, you are acting as a clog, by just the weight of your personality, upon both performer and public. The electric current is broken at your point of contact. You are as a wet blanket to the first faint flickering sparks of enthusiasm glimmering in the hearts of those about you, and a positive impediment to the psychological acoustics of the hall. More directly discourteous than to allow the thoughts to wander continually to other matters, is it to visibly make use of the few moments occupied by a musical

composition to count the number of new bonnets present and con their styles, to read over the old letters accumulated in your pockets during the past week, to trim your finger-nails, to crunch peanuts, or even to take a nap. Comparatively few are guilty of such egregious offences against good taste as these, but one can scarcely attend any musical performance without opportunity to observe them all in some instances. Applause is a matter of taste, habit, temperament, and the merit of the performance, but attention is a rigid rule of the concert-room.

Above all, remember that the one thing most disastrous to your own and others' enjoyment of music, and most discourteous, as well as discouraging to the artist, is any audible disturbance during the performance of a number. Silence is to music what light is to painting—the first absolutely essential condition, upon which all its effects and impressions depend. The slightest noise, even involuntarily produced, as is often the case, rudely interrupts the smoothly-flowing current of sound waves, and blurs the outline of the work, like a shadow falling across a picture; distracts the attention, breaks the continuity of idea, and destroys the mood, which must be laboriously re-established by the performers after every such disturbance.

You would think it very ill-bred to stand between the window and a picture, intercepting the light, thus dimming the colors and causing the fine points to be lost altogether, just when the painter was exhibiting his work and trying to create a favorable impression for it upon an assembly of friends. Yet any disturbance in the concert-room is a breach of etiquette of precisely the same nature and degree.

These petty sins are of various sorts, beginning with tardiness in arrival. If a concert is worth attending at all, it is worth while to take the very small trouble to be in season. It is just as easy to be in the seats at 8 o'clock, as at 8.17, if you only think so and plan for it, and it is only a common courtesy due the artist and audience. It is very singular that in a country where railroads, with their inflexible time schedules, are such an important and universal feature of life, the habit of punctuality should

not be more generally diffused. Few people are habitually late to a train, to business, or to dinner, but many seem to consider it of little consequence, indeed, rather fashionable and elegant, to be from ten to thirty minutes behind time for every concert, lecture and theatre; and to enter, to the infinite disturbance of all, with squeaky boots, noisy inquiries for their proper places, or the closing sentences of conversations begun upon the street, oblivious of the fact that they are positively defrauding both performers and listeners of their just rights, as much as if they were trespassing upon their property or picking their pockets. Where, as will occasionally occur, tardiness is unavoidable or inadvertent, it is a simple act of good breeding, attended with small self-sacrifice, to wait for the close of the number in progress before entering, even when the door is not locked in your face by an usher who can not be bullied or bribed.

There has been a new commandment added to the decalogue for the special benefit and behoof of concert-goers, the observance of which marks the distinction between the polished and cultured habitue of the concert-room and the heedless or ill-bred novice. It reads: "Thou shalt not whisper!" Dr. Holmes gives as the first criterion of the well-bred conversationalist, "Lips that can wait and eyes that do not wander", and the same rule applies in this connection. A remark which is of so little importance and real interest that it will not keep till the end of a ten minute number, cannot be any great loss to the community, and had better be omitted altogether and that much breath spared, than to disturb a dozen absorbed neighbors.

Singularly enough, it is often those most devoted to music who are the most inveterate sinners in this direction, their enthusiasm bubbling over in little sighs, grunts and exclamations. They forget that when they ejaculate, "What a delicious melody!" no one hears any more of the melody in the several surrounding rows of seats; or "That run is divine, I wonder if he gets it with stroke or pressure, or rotary shoulder-blade action," the end of the run is lost both for themselves and others about

them. Enthusiasm is a glorious faculty, but even that should be somewhat in subjection to the laws of courtesy.

Furthermore, few people are aware with what distinctness, not only the buzz of their whisper, but its words and sentences, are audible from the stage, to the abnormally keen and attentive ear of the musician. It is sometimes very amusing to hear the totally irrelevant and vapid remarks now and then interpolated in the midst of the most impassioned and pathetic passages; and I can assure the reader that such random fragments of conversation as "O dear, I'm so hungry?" "Miss Jenks has a grey one with pink flowers". "I wish he'd part his hair in the middle like —", are not specially calculated to intensify the fervor of the player's interpretations. In German audiences, a whisperer receives such an avalanche of hisses from the holders of surrounding seats, and is made thereby so obnoxiously conspicuous, that he is glad to retire into silence and obscurity. I think a hint should save our finer-fibered American public from this rude lesson.

The final observance of etiquette in the concert-room is to remain seated and quiet till the performance is over. The last number of a program is usually selected with a view to a fine effect at the close, and if this is interfered with by a hubbub in the audience the artist has no chance to redeem himself later, as with former numbers. Opportunity should always be afforded before the beginning of the closing selection for people to withdraw, and those unable or unwilling to sit it through should make their exit then. No one would think of rushing out of church before the sermon was finished, or tearing down the aisle in the midst of the benediction. Why then not wait till the musical session is ended?

Etiquette, which is but a term representing the sum total of the thousand little acts of omission and commission which make up good manners, is a flower, which blossoms only in the congenial soil of courtesy, the inner spiritual grace; and both, though seemingly but minor adjuncts in the concert room, in reality make a factor of prime importance to the artist, to the public, and to the composer whose works are presented.

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

To W. 11 E  
**I CANNOT HELP LOVING THEE.**

(Soprano, or Tenor.)

CHARLES MACKAY.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

**Voice.** *Andante con moto.*

**Piano.** *Melodie marcato.*

*dolce.*  
If the ap - ple grow On the ap - ple tree,

*p sempre legato.*

And the wild wind blow — O'er the wild wood free;

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is 'Andante con moto'. The piano part features a 'Melodie marcato' in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The voice part has lyrics in English. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the initial instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal entry with the lyrics 'If the ap - ple grow On the ap - ple tree,'. The third system continues the vocal line with 'And the wild wind blow — O'er the wild wood free;'. The fourth system concludes the piece with a 'poco rit.' (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment consists of a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand.

*a tempo.* *piu tenuto.*

And the dark stream flow To the deep - er sea,

*p a tempo.* *f*

*dolce.* *rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo* *appass.*

And they all had ceased grow - ing, and blow - ing, and flow - ing, I

*p* *rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo.*

can-not help lov - ing thee, — As flows the dark blue stream —

*f*

*rit.*

To the deep - er sea, To the deep - er sea; I

*tenuto.* *rit.*



*a tempo.*

can - not help lov - ing thee, — can - not help lov - ing thee.

*p rit.*

*a tempo.*

*ff*

*p rit.*

*p*

*dolce.*

Yet if wild winds blow Nev - er more on lea,

*p sempre legato.*

And neer blos - soms grow — On the health - y tree;

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

*a tempo.*

And the - faith - less stream Flow not to the sea,

*più tenuto.*

*p a tempo.*

*f*

*dolce.* *rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo. appass.*

And they all should cease blow - ing, and grow - ing, and flow - ing; I'll

*p* *rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo.*

nev - er cease lov - ing thee, — As flows the dark blue stream —

*f*

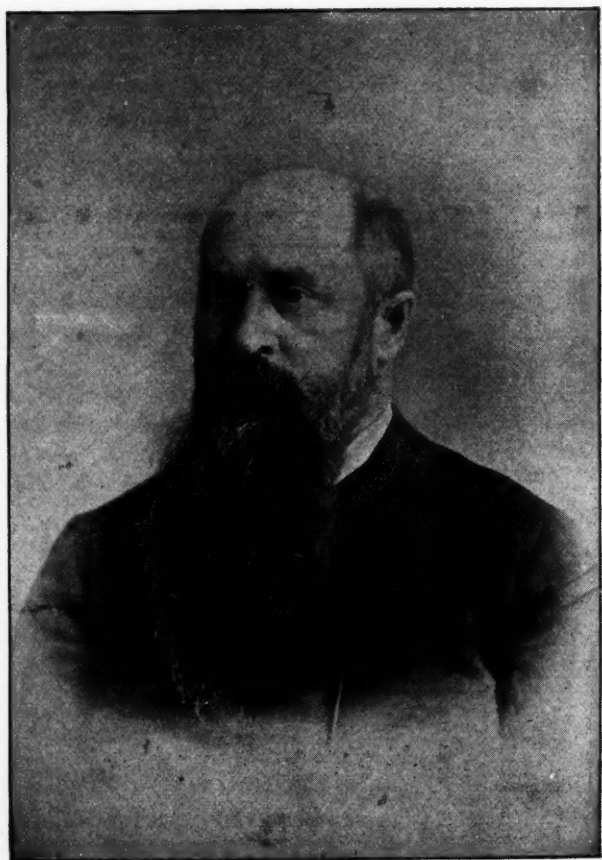
To the deep - er sea, To the deep - er sea; I'll

*rit.* *lenuto.* *rit.*

*a tempo.* *p rit.* *p*

nev - er cease lov - ing thee, — I'll nev - er cease lov ing thee

*a tempo.* *ff* *p rit* *p*



*J. C. Fillmore.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC.\*

The first edition of this book was published almost forty years ago. It was fundamentally opposed to the current theories of musical æsthetics, and being remarkably clear and strong, controversial in tone and exceedingly acute in polemics, it awakened much interest and aroused a great deal of antagonism. This is, if I mistake not, the first translation of the book into English, and the new version ought to be welcomed by every thoughtful musician and psychologist as a very important contribution to the much needed discussion of an important and extremely difficult and abstruse subject; particularly, as Mr. Cohen's work as a translator has been remarkably well done. This is not to say that I believe Dr. Hanslick's doctrine to be wholly sound; indeed, I believe that a fallacy lies at the foundation of it. But it is an honest and straightforward attempt, by an exceedingly able and acute writer, to get at the fundamental facts and principles by which music is to be judged. As such it deserves most respectful attention, and a careful study of it will well repay any one who is capable of understanding it,—if in no other way than as an intellectual gymnastic.

The book is primarily a protest against the doctrine that Feeling, or Emotion, is the content of Music. The first two chapters are taken up wholly with an effort to show what music is not; *i.e.*, in Hanslick's view, that it is not at all the expression of emotion; and in controverting the all but universal opinion of philosophers, musicians and people generally, to the contrary. Dr. Hanslick has no difficulty in showing that music cannot possibly express Love, Hate, Anger, Jealousy, or any other desire, affection or passion, assuming, as he does, that the "definite character of these emotions rests entirely on the meaning involved in them;"

\*THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC, a Contribution to the Revisal of Musical Aesthetics, by Dr. Edouard Hanslick, professor at the Vienna University. Seventh edition, enlarged and revised, translated by Gustav Cohen. Novello, Ewer & Co.

*i.e.*, must include the idea of persons and relations. It is perfectly clear and undeniably true that the idea of Love or Hate necessarily involves the idea of at least two persons and of their mutual relations; and it is equally clear and true that there is absolutely no succession or combination of musical sounds which can express or convey to the mind any such ideas. There is no musical equivalent for a man or a woman, or any other sensible object, or even for any of the ideals to which men aspire. Dr. Hanslick renders good service, therefore, in emphasizing this fact, and his presentation ought to do much toward dissipating the mental confusion which has resulted in a vast deal of reading into compositions meanings which never had lodgement in the mind of the composer, and which are not only not *necessarily* in the music, but are not in it *at all*; being only in the sentimental imagination of the critic, or so-called "interpreter." There is an enormous number of "interpretations," which not only do not interpret, but which are pure sentimental nonsense. Properly speaking, music never does and never can "depict" or "describe" anything whatever; and I repeat, Dr. Hanslick does excellent service in pointing out this important consideration with reiterated emphasis. We shall never get at the fundamental principles of real musical criticism until this error is removed from our minds.

But while I heartily agree with Dr. Hanslick in this, and cordially approve this portion of his doctrine, I do not think it necessary to believe that music does not and can not express and convey emotion; I believe just the contrary. What we need here, first of all, is a thorough definition and analysis of emotion, and next a clear understanding of the means by which emotion finds its way to outward manifestation.

Here, I think, Dr. Hanslick is very near to the truth, but has just missed the core of the whole matter. The point is to discriminate clearly the element of the intellect from that of the sensibility in what we call emotions, such as love, hate, etc. Such emotions are, of course, called forth by *ideas*. There can be no desire or affection without an *object* of desire or affection. There can be no aspiration

without an *ideal* to which one aspires. Given an object or ideal, and we are conscious of attraction or repulsion ; of a psychical *state*, complacent or otherwise, with reference to it, and of psychical *movement*, more or less eager and intense, toward the object or ideal. These psychical states and movements we call feelings or emotions. The former term ought, perhaps, to be used mainly for states of the sensibility which approximate quiescence, such as we call *moods*, not necessarily awakened by any definite objects ; reserving the term emotions for *movements* of the soul,—the *going out* of the soul toward objects or ideals which attract or repel.

It seems clear to me that Dr. Hanslick overlooks the fact that these psychical states and movements may be clearly expressed and conveyed, as such, *without any reference to the objects which call them forth*, and that these expressions are really and truly manifestations of *emotion*. Indeed, if this analysis be correct, emotion is nothing more nor less than these psychical movements *considered apart from the objects of them*. A man may express not only different degrees but different *kinds* of psychical motion, by means of his countenance and manner, so that they shall be perfectly recognizable for what they are, apart from any knowledge on our part of the objects which called them forth. We may know beyond question that a man is hopeful, in greater or less degree, without in the least knowing what it is he hopes for. Further, it may be entirely clear to the observer that what he hopes for implies moral elevation or the reverse. So of Love, Hatred, Fear, Worship, Admiration, Aspiration, Despondency, Despair etc.

Now, it is certain that inarticulate sounds also express the states and movements of the sensibility, beyond the possibility of mistake. An infant concealed from our sight coos with pleasure, gives forth cries of delight or of pain and we never mistake the one for the other. That is to say, has, reveals and conveys to us the states and movements of his sensibility by means of mere inarticulate sounds, without any knowledge on our

part of what caused the emotion. The *object* of an emotion, then, *is no essential part of the emotion itself*, although the emotion might not have been called forth without it. And the *expression* and the recognition of the emotion does not necessarily involve knowledge of its object. This seems to me the fundamental fact of the whole matter.

Further: Some *specifically musical* sounds and series of sounds at least, also express emotion unmistakably. For example, some Indian love songs and some Cossack melancholy songs, which I have recently studied, are quite unmistakable in their character, even when one knows nothing whatever of the meaning of the words. And it must not be forgotten that they are known to have the same emotional significance to those who make and sing them as to us who hear them sung. They lack also that element of decided rhythm which Dr. Hanslick regards as the main factor in primitive music, and which he despises. Indeed, a somewhat extended and careful study of primitive music among our North American Indians, supplemented by hearing the songs of a native Cossack, and by reading, has convinced me beyond a doubt that music always means feeling to primitive man.

But is this significance of music confined to the primitive man? Is the universal conviction of men that music is related most intimately to emotion a fact of no importance? It is wholly inadequate to say, as Dr. Hanslick does, that the effect of music upon the emotions is merely "pathological," a mere excitement of the nervous system. How is it that we all get the same impression of *ethical* quality in some of Beethoven's instrumental works, while we never get it from those of Chopin, Schumann or Mendelssohn? Does the music deceive us? Or does it reveal qualities of character which are necessarily implied in certain kinds of emotion of which the music is the expression? I cannot resist the conviction that the latter is the true explanation. I cannot see how spiritual aspiration can be *felt* as implied in a composition unless it is there and was put there by the composer, at least when many agree in finding it there; any more than I can believe that the comfortable cooing of



an infant implies pain. Sound does not cease to be expressive of emotion when it becomes specifically musical in character, and comes into relations of tonality, melody, harmony and form. On the contrary, there is all the difference in the world in *character* between the themes invented by the composer, no less than in the development of them.

This Dr. Hanslick also insists on; but he fails to tell us what it is or may be which determines the character of a theme. He justly attaches great importance to "the *leading theme* of a composition; it alone," he says, "reveals at once the mind which conceived the work." This is perfectly true, and of the first importance. But does he mean that that "mind" of the composer which is revealed is Intellect only, excluding the Sensibility and the Will? If he does not mean this, I have failed to understand his main contention. If he does mean this, I must believe that he has just barely missed the kernel of the whole matter; for he admits that themes have individuality; he even says (p. 88): we "detect in Beethoven's symphonies impetuousness and struggling, an unsatisfied longing and a defiance, supported by a consciousness of strength" (!) True enough; but are not these qualities of the Will and of the Sensibility? These are *moral* qualities, depending on (1) perceived ideals, (2) psychical movement (emotions) towards those ideals, (3) setting of the Will to overcome obstacles which oppose the attaining of the ideals. To deny to music an intimate and vital relation to emotion is to say that it may have *character*, such as Dr. Hanslick ascribes to the Beethoven symphonies, without implying or revealing corresponding qualities of character in the mind which produced it! Is this credible?

I can hardly believe that a proposition so stated would be believed by Dr. Hanslick himself, in view of the above quoted statement, as well as others which will not escape the attention of readers of his book. It is true that his positive statements of doctrine, no less than his denials of the commonly received beliefs, would seem to make him the boldest of materialists in his philosophy of music. On page

128 he says: The *form* (the musical structure) is the real *substance* (subject) of music.—in fact, is the music itself, in anthithesis to the feeling, its alleged subject, which can be called neither its subject nor its form, but simply the effect produced." On page 162 he says: "Music consists of successions and forms of sound, and these alone constitute the subject." This would seem to make musical *construction*, a purely intellectual process, the only activity present in the act of composition, and this is true enough of the work of writing what is called "Kapellmeister music;" but is as far as possible from being the truth in the work of a spontaneously creative genius, like Schubert, for example. And I cannot but think that Dr. Hanslick, in strenuously disclaiming any intention of materializing his philosophy, and in insisting as he does on the character of themes, cuts the ground from under his main position. When he says (on page 172) "Thoughts and feelings pervade with vital energy the musical organism,——they are, as it were, its breath of life," what does he mean, if not that there is feeling contained in the music, expressed by it, revealed in it?

The truth would seem to be, that, in revolting from the hyper-sentimentalism, which must imagine scenes and incidents in every musical composition embodying emotion, and from that mistaken philosophy of music which makes its highest function consist in cleverly suggesting ("depicting" or "describing") scenes and events, he has swung to the opposite extreme. In theory he holds to a philosophy as untenable as that which he discards, while he cannot help perceiving facts which he labors, without success, to reconcile with the narrow limitations of his theory. The truth lies, I believe, between the two extremes. There are more things in music, doubtless, than have been dreamt of, as yet, in anybody's philosophy; certainly there are more than Dr. Hanslick's philosophy can logically admit. Music embodies and reveals *character*, with all that it implies; and this means a great deal.

There is, indeed, in Dr. Hanslick's book, more polemics than constructive philosophizing; more information as to

what "the Beautiful in Music" is not, than as to what it is. The author refrains from attempting any definition of the beautiful; probably because he knows well enough that no definition is possible; although he does not say so. Beauty is a quality which every one perceives, but which no one has been able to define, possibly because it is simple and ultimate. We can, however, define some, if not all, of the conditions of its manifestation.

In everything which manifests beauty there are to be considered:

- (1) The material of which it is made;
- (2) The orderly disposition of the material;
- (3) The idea which the artist sought to embody in his orderly arrangement of the material.

The material of music is *moving sound*. Under this epithet "moving" it is right to include, as Dr. Hanslick does, the variations in intensity of a single sound or of a single combination of sounds, as well as changes in pitch and in rate of speed. We sometimes attribute beauty to sound itself, to that quality of tone which gives a pleasant sensation. This is probably legitimate. All beauty is conditioned on order and proportion, and when Beauty is present, the more clearly we perceive these relations, the more strongly does the beauty impress us. But tones which give us pleasant sensations in and of themselves, without reference to their relations to other tones, are invariably complex tones, the components of which may be expressed by the simplest mathematical ratios, and so are, in themselves, subject to order and proportion. And although we find tones pleasing without knowing the laws to which they are subject, it is precisely their physical constitution and their relations to the constitution of the auditory apparatus that makes them pleasing. Nevertheless, Beauty which manifests itself merely as the pleasing in sensation must be regarded as of the lowest order, not being primarily addressed to the higher mental and spiritual faculties.

The orderly disposition of the material of music in such a way as to manifest beauty and so make of the composition a real work of art implies five qualities: Unity, Variety,

Symmetry, Contrast and Climax. Unity comes of the development of a composition out of a single "motive," or at most out of a few contrasted motives. The "motive" is a melodic germ which is repeated over and over according to a definite plan. The first movement of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, for example, is developed out of the original motive first announced, by multiform repetitions of it, just as truly and just as logically as an oak tree is developed out of the original germ in the acorn by multiplied repetitions of that germ. It is a growth.

In point of Variety the analogy holds equally good. No two oak leaves or buds are exactly alike; although all of them are of one unmistakable type. So Beethoven repeats his motive in numerous forms, varying from the original, but always recognizable as modifications of it. And it is precisely this Variety which makes Unity possible. No work of art can possibly be produced by any number of exact repetitions of a motive in its original form. Such a process would result in monotonous uniformity, not in unity. Take the Beethoven motive above referred to: and repeat it twenty times, or twenty thousand times; you are no nearer making a composition at the end than at the beginning. There is no progress; only marking time. Unity *in* Variety is the condition of progress.

Symmetry is the arrangement of the successive phrases in balanced proportions. Contrast heightens the effect of one motive or member of a composition, by placing one of a different character where it can serve as a foil to it. The lyric theme in the first movement of the Beethoven symphony above referred to is an example. Climax is the marshalling of the successive tones of a phase, the successive phases of a period, and finally the successive larger portions of a composition, so as to produce a culmination of interest. Again, the Fifth Symphony, or indeed any one of Beethoven's instrumental works, may be cited as an example.

These conditions must be fulfilled if Beauty is to be manifested in an instrumental work. But I think that they alone do not suffice. There have been, and there still are,

great masters of the technic of composition who produce learned works, masterly, indeed, so far as mere intellectual comprehension and control of material are concerned, but these works are by no means characterized by that supreme beauty which has immortal life. Listen to an evening of Chamber Music by our best living composers, and at the end let Schubert's "Trout" quintet or his string quartet in D minor be played. The difference is world-wide; it is the gulf between "genius" and the lack of it. The few have the gift of spontaneous creative power. They see all that others see and more. The imagination of the really creative artist not only selects and arranges consciously with reference to the above fundamental principles, but it intuitively seizes upon those successions and combinations which will inevitably produce a beautiful result. This original intuition of beauty seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of genius.

The student of musical composition, occupied with learning the technic of musical construction, impressed with the extreme difficulty of attaining to mastership, naturally looks up to those whom he sees greatly in advance of him in this respect, and seldom makes any discrimination in favor of genius. Hence the enormous reputation in their day of masters who lacked the highest order of imagination. Musicians of Beethoven's time venerated Hummel more than Beethoven, and Brahms is sincerely venerated in our own time. But listen to a Brahms symphony and then to the Schubert Unfinished, or the great one in C, or to any of the Beethoven symphonies. Brahms is possibly a greater *master* than Schubert, but the latter created forms ravishing in their beauty, while the latter,—but I must not expose myself to the bludgeons of nine-tenths of the musicians who read this magazine.

But is there, as Dr. Hanslick thinks, nothing in the most beautiful instrumental compositions beyond the mere play of the creative imagination in combining sounds to produce a beautiful result? Is there no further idea to be embodied?

If we had nothing beyond the Schubert symphonies and other instrumental works, there might be some show of

reason in maintaining this opinion. Schubert's imagination produced beautiful music as a tropical river basin produces vegetation, spontaneously and without cessation, and it would perhaps be as difficult as Dr. Hanslick imagines to define any particular emotional content in most of them. But it is nevertheless clear that Schubert, in common with people in general, regarded music as an utterance of feeling. Consider his songs; how perfectly he always hits on the right phrase to express precisely the feeling suggested by the words. Could anything be more intensely dramatic than the music of the "Erl King"? Or more tender than "Du bist die Ruh"? Or more pure and refined than numbers of the songs in "Die Schoene Muellerin," or the "Schwanengesange?" And if music was felt by him, in all cases where he set it to words, as intimately and vitally related to emotion, is it probable that it ceased to have emotional significance to him when he wrote purely instrumental music? Will even Dr. Hanslick seriously maintain that the horn-motive of the introduction to the great symphony in C does not necessarily imply a different state of the sensibility from that implied in the principal motive of the first Allegro, or in that of the second movement? If you ask us to define in words just what state or movement, of the sensibility is implied in each of these motives, and in their elaborate development, it may be difficult to comply, for two reasons: First, because we are accustomed to define or label emotions in terms implying ideas and relations, which cannot be expressed in music; and, second, because emotions can only be suggested, not expressed, in words. But we may easily perceive and feel where we cannot define or explain.

Again, take the Beethoven third, fifth and ninth symphonies. Here every appreciative listener, including Dr. Hanslick, perceives that we are in a spiritual region wholly foreign to Schubert's imagination. We are dealing with a creative mind in which the ethical element is predominant. And this is revealed, not in terms of the intellect, but in terms of the sensibility. The music does not and cannot reveal to us the *considerations* on which Beethoven's ethics were based nor even his ethical judgments; but it does reveal



to us *ethical quality*. And it does this simply by embodying emotional states and movements which imply ethical beliefs, and a right attitude of the will with reference to obligation.

This, then, I believe to be the innermost "Content of Music." I believe that every composer of genius not only invents and develops beautiful motives, but conceives his motives as emotional utterances, as truly as the primitive man does his spontaneous love songs, or battle songs, or religious songs; and that he conceives the elaborate development of them not merely as the play of beautiful sounds and the combination of them into an artistically beautiful result, but as the progressive, logical development of psychical movement, which is nothing more nor less than emotion.

Beauty in music, then, is of three orders. The lowest pertains merely to the pleasing in sensation. The second inheres in the intellectual qualities of the work, in the logical development of it according to artistic principles. The third pertains to the expression of the states and movements of the sensibility, and ranks according to the nobility of the emotion expressed. The lowest grade of beauty in this order pertains to music which is playful or comical, and serves merely for pastime and recreation. The highest is that which embodies ethical feeling. In music, as elsewhere, the moral dominates, and, other things being equal, that music will be highest and noblest which implies ethical quality.

There is no reason why these three orders of Beauty should not coexist, and as a matter of fact they do coexist, in varying proportions, in every musical work generally acknowledged as of high rank. Every really great composer employs beautiful tones, invents beautiful, significant, characteristic motives, develops them, logically, into beautiful, elaborate works, according to the fundamental laws of Art, and embodies in them an emotional content worthy of a great man. When this latter element is conspicuously lacking—in works otherwise meritorious, we have the shallow pseudo-classicism of Dussek, Hummel, *et id omne genus*; the "Philistines" against whom Schumann and his fellow Romanticists of the "Davidsbündler" waged



such unrelenting war. If Beauty of tone and of artistic structure be unduly neglected, we have the extravagances of the ultra romanticists, and the bizarre performances of Liszt and Berlioz, and other makers of "programme-music." In the combination of all the orders of Beauty under the inspiration of genius, we have works which are truly "classic" in every sense of the word, whether they belong to the "romantic" school or not; works which are of the highest rank and have enduring qualities must avoid both extremes, and neglect none of the elements which make a work of art beautiful; and among these elements we must surely count the expression of worthy emotion.

JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

### BIRTH OF MUSIC.

When lordly Chaos trembled on his throne  
 Of fogs and darkness, as the world began,  
 Chromatic discords led the dismal van,  
 And brooding vapors filled the vast unknown;  
 Ere Time complained, o'er yielding depths, upborne,  
 Low-sounding voices gathering as they ran,  
 Revealed the presence of some inborn plan,  
 Eternal in its spirit life and tone:  
 The fitful shadows shrink within themselves  
 As mists and murky clouds fast disappear,  
 And rhythmic measures pierce the gloomy maze,  
 While forms celestial, fleet as fairy elves,  
 Bright harbingers, the dawning world to cheer,  
 Break forth for joy, and chant Creation's praise.

W. I. CRANDALL.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

## THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.

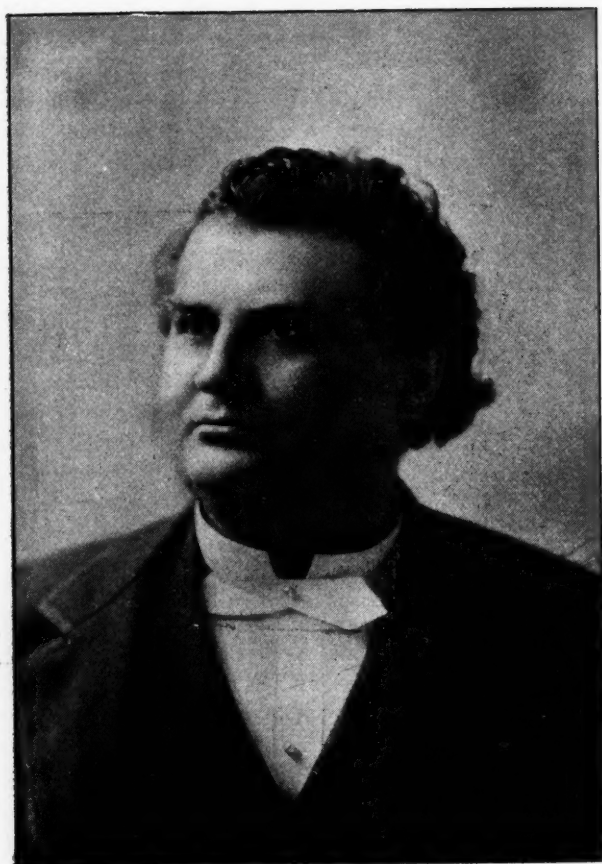
The annual meeting of the American College of Musicians, appointed in Chicago June 29, calls attention again to this the most important and at the same time the least understood of all our American musical societies. The College is an incorporated body of professional musicians associated for securing two objects:

1. To establish a proper standard for professional qualification in music.
2. To induce those intending to follow music as a profession to qualify themselves according to this standard.

Certainly there can be no doubt as to the value of these two ends. The more so when it is known that so recently as 1884 there was not a single music school in the country whose catalogue defined a musical course for graduation, in such way as to insure the musical quality of the student completing it; nor any school in the country possessing an impartial method of administering a musical examination—supposing they had had any musical examinations to administer.

The College had its origin in the brain of one man, Prof. E. M. Bowman, who has been its president from the first. Associated with him were Messers Albert R. Parsons in New York, Dr. Mason, S. B. Whitney in Boston, Robert Bonner in Providence, Clarence Eddy and Fred. Grant Gleason in Chicago, Mrs. Eddy, Fred. W. Root and others.

The first practical task of the college was that of defining a standard of attainment, the tests bearing close reference to the qualities of artistic discernment and interpretation, musical taste, and a proper depth of theoretical knowledge. Upon the practical side this work had to be done from the foundation; for while artists were interpreting all schools of music more or less competently, the seminary lists were still busy with Czerny studies and works of mere pedagogy, without the slightest value from the artistic side. Students



MR. E. M. BOWMAN.

(Founder and President of the American College of Musicians.)

might graduate any day with only the most meagre idea of music from the side of its poetry and its great representative minds. The list of pieces from which a candidate must make his selections, for his demonstrative examination before the College examiners, changed all this. The following is the list, and the candidate is expected to perform at least one piece from each of the composers named:

BACH.—Select Pieces, Fugues in C minor, D major, or B flat major (Clavier.)

MOZART.—Sonatas.

BEETHOVEN.—Sonata in A flat, Op. 26; or C minor, Op. 13.

MENDELSSOHN.—Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14; Songs without Words, Nos. 1, 3, 20, 34.

F. HILLER.—Twenty-four Rhythmic Studies, Op. 56.

SCHUMANN.—Romance in F sharp, Op. 28; Traumeswirren, Grillen, Warum, Op. 12; Kreisleriana, Nos. 2, 4.

CHOPIN.—Nocturnes, Waltzes, Mazurkas.

LISZT.—Rhapsody No. 11; Liebestraume.

Along with these pieces, or representative ones of them, the candidate must have a "good working knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, musical history, æsthetics, and acoustics." The examination papers, sent to any applicant upon addressing the secretary, will show how broad is the interpretation which the College puts upon its preliminary announcement.

But it has proven that to make plans, and to secure their carrying out by the musical public at large, are two different things. In the eight years of its existence the College has held eight examinations, at which about one hundred and thirty candidates have entered, of whom about seventy have passed and been admitted to associateship. There are three grades of membership. The Associates represent the entering grade, which is supposed to be equal to a very respectable qualification for a practical musician and teacher. The next grade is that of Fellow, which represents a more complete attainment, and a higher order of musical mind. A certain element of originality and personal force is expected. The highest grade, that of Master, represents the highest attainment. complete knowledge of musical theory and science, a mastery of some one instrument, and decided originality in

musical composition, are expected. The number of Masters is very small.

The college began by electing to Associateship the majority of practical musicians in all parts of the country, who were distinguished and of approved reputation. But it happened that a part of those so elected did not care to co-operate, in consequence of which the college has had to struggle against the impassiveness of some of those supposed to have been concerned in founding it. On the other hand, there were musicians equally or better qualified for the honor, who would have been pleased to join in an enterprise corresponding so well with their educational ideals. In some cases these were converted into enemies by the accidental omission of their names. Moreover, the original plan contemplated holding examinations only at the annual meetings, and under the supervision of the original examiners. This practically restricted the legitimate supply of musical degrees and diplomas to a single organization, and a single occasion each year, for the entire United States. In addition to this sufficiently unfavorable view of the College, as it presented itself to the average teacher, there was the further disadvantage that every teacher sending his pupils to be examined for admission to the College placed himself in the attitude of offering his work for inspection and possible rejection by other teachers, perhaps no more competent than himself. This phase of the College presented itself immediately to heads of flourishing music schools, and, so far as I remember, there have never been associated with the College or its management any heads of music schools or teachers prominent in them, with the single exception of the Metropolitan College, of which Mr. Parsons is vice-president.

These fundamental difficulties of the situation were already sufficiently evident as long ago as 1888, and at the meeting in Chicago action was taken looking to the establishment of local sections of the College in any town having ten or more associates resident there; and the provision of examinations there under the supervision of at least one head examiner, with such assistance as the president of the

College might assign for the duty. Nothing came of this action practically, for owing to the sluggishness or disfavor with which the plan was viewed by a few of the examiners, no local sections were organized, and the following year the College took the ruinous step of deciding to localize itself in New York. The extremely meagre results attending this decision became apparent enough in about three years, and last season the College found that it must again visit other parts of the country, which, of course, brought it to Chicago.

Within the councils of the College there have been certain elements of disharmony, not to say unresolved dissonance. A few, like one Thomas A. Becket of Pennsylvania, have argued over and over again that having now a certain constituency of regularly examined associate members, all of the original charter members still remaining (who got in it will be remembered by election and not by examination), ought to resign and offer themselves as candidates for admission again after examination. The idea is pleasing and it would be a most edifying spectacle to find Clarence Eddy or Mr. Bowman offering themselves humbly before some of their own pupils for examination and admission to a society, for which these pupils had been prepared by the teaching of these too humble professors. From the fact of such ideas as these being urged by individuals inside the College, it is evident that in some cases, at least, the lines were drawn rather too low. But this is a detail with which we have nothing to do.

The number of candidates, who have presented themselves for examinations by the College aggregating no more than the annual music school product of any one leading city, and its best schools at that, is conclusive that if the College means to convert the musical world it must start harder. And the question which will confront the ensuing meeting is as to the nature and force of that start. Upon this point something may be said.

It is plain that the College can never expect to monopolize what may be called, without disrespect, the "diploma trade." Hundreds of pupils in all parts of the country are

pursuing courses of musical study for the purpose of being sure at the end that they have studied the proper branches and in the proper amount ; the certificate of the College in which they have been taught is their legitimate evidence that they have at least made an honest effort to educate themselves properly. Moreover the rivalry among schools tends continually to raise the standard of examination, whereby, within the past few years, great advances have been made, and in the line of practical demonstration the graduates of any good conservatory are far within the limits required for passing the college tests. The only delicate point for the general student would be the theory, which is taught by a few of the leading musicians in a far more productive and modern manner than that pursued in almost any conservatory. From the teacher's standpoint there is always the other difficulty mentioned above, that a pupil properly qualified according to the standard of the college where her education has been acquired may be rejected, and this upon some accident or unimportant point. Here the collision between the College of Musicians and the Conservatories is radical, and can never be removed except by inducing the schools themselves to conform their own examinations to the standard of the college. With certain modifications I think this might be done. In 1888 I presented a plan for a lower certificate than the one now given, a little less severe in theory, such certificate to be the graduating point of the conservatory, and the place where the ordinary student might properly receive a certificate for teaching. Holders of these certificates were not to be members of the College, but "Licentiates," the idea being that at a later time all the serious disposed would offer themselves for the higher tests and full membership. I desired that the practical examination for associateship should be elevated instead of lowered.

The alternative to uniting the College and the Conservatories by a lower degree is that of consolidating the private teachers with the College, making its diplomas the object of their teaching, placing private teachers in this manner upon a level with the schools, or even superior to them, (if a higher standard were to be retained) in this point of the



"diploma trade"—a formula used here for brevity, and not in token of disrespect. Unfortunately the College has not yet been able to bring about this hearty co-operation with the private teachers, partly for reasons of personal jealousy, and partly because the examining body of the College has always remained unduly small, and the locality of the examination generally inaccessible. For it is plain upon the face of it that no student is going to the trouble of a thousand mile journey for an examination in a profession, while he might have one about as good at home.

The only method promising to effect this consolidation with the private teachers would be first to get them united with the College, second to agree upon the proper standards for certificates and diplomas, according to their consensus of judgment as musical education now stands, and to make the examinations as accessible as music lessons now are. I believe it would not be impossible to secure all these advantages but if I were to be asked whether I *expected* them to be secured, I would be obliged to answer that the point remains doubtful.

Nevertheless it is quite certain that the College is now confronted with the alternative of disbanding or else of taking steps in advance which will place it where it belongs, namely, in the van of progress and influence. And while it is easy to trace the good effects of its influence in the general elevation of educational standards since its foundation, it is too soon for it to be allowed to lapse. Moreover there is another movement which may be expected to materially assist the College in the future. I refer to the Music Extension movement. The effect of this organization will be to diffuse musical intelligence and taste in circles as yet unreached; and the result of this in turn will be the desire of such tests of attainments as those afforded by the College, and thereby the provision of candidates in considerable numbers for its examinations, wherein the work of Messrs. Bowman, Sherwood, Mason, Bonner, and the other leading spirits in its organization will not be without good fruit.

BY A CHARTER MEMBER.

## THE MUSIC OF RUSSIA.

Far back in the distance when the Russians were "pygmies in knowledge but giants in faith," the Epic songs had their birth. For nearly ten centuries they have been handed down by oral tradition, preserved through the two hundred and fifty years of dreary servitude to the Mongols, and cherished as a sacred inheritance from father to son. As character is known to be influenced by the physical formation of a country, so unquestionably are its primitive arts, and the creative art of music is no exception to this rule. The monotony and length of the old Epics are counterparts of the physical geography of Russia, and to make the comparison the stronger, the minor key in which most of them are sung, corresponds to the general dreariness of that vast territory. Nothing more monotonous can be imagined than the few measures repeated again and again, until the end of the song is reached, or until the singer, wearied by exertion stops to rest. It is needless to say that these singers rely entirely upon memory for the music of their songs. The airs are not written, and as the time and rhythm depend upon individual interpretation, it is a most difficult matter to inscribe the air from simply hearing it sung. This however has occasionally been done, but no tempo has been indicated; and in one instance the notes were continued quite across the line without being divided into measures. The air is usually composed of two divisions, so to speak. The first is recitative in character, and the fundamental note of the scale recurs as many times as there are syllables in the words to be sung, except the last two of the line, which end in two prolonged notes. The second division is, properly speaking, the *musical* phrase. This is elaborated, and in every development bears the impress of the melancholy dominating the entire melody. Sometimes the sentiment of sadness or agony, becoming more acute, is expressed by a sob or cry, utterly beyond the compass of

any scale. The principal phrase is repeated between each verse or paragraph on the Kobza, to relieve the tension occasioned by the stirring events narrated in the musical poems. The words of the old songs are full of diminutives and terms of endearment, so frequently used in the poetry of half-civilized nations, which appealing to the affections. You find yourself drawn to it as to a child who has come to you with its little joys or sorrows, never questioning your interest in them. Listen to the solicitude expressed by the old Minstrel for his Kobza, his companion from boyhood. His last thought as he is dying is for it, as if it were a living thing soon to be left alone:

"Oh, my Kobza, my faithful friend, my bandura so beautifully painted, what will become of thee?

Shall I burn thee and scatter thy ashes to the winds,  
Or shall I leave thee here on this hill?

When the rebellious winds whistle over the steppes

They may make thy chords vibrate and give forth their sad and plaintive sounds.

It may be the Cossacks, who ride by, will hasten to thee.

Perchance thy moans will strike their ear and by thee they will again be led to this spot."

The fact that this is one of the most popular songs of the Ukraine even now speaks volumes for the loving reverence in which the sentiment of the old poems is still held.

Each singer has one or two airs to which he sings all the songs in his repertory. From once having been a profession, this has now become a domestic diversion, except in Little Russia, where the Minstrel still sings for remuneration other than that of food and shelter. He is there known as a Kobzah or Bandurista, from using one of those instruments to accompany his voice. The kobza is much smaller than the mandolin but closely resembles that instrument, and its sound is extremely sweet and soft. In many of the stringed instruments a peculiarity of tone is obtained by the use of silk cords reinforced by iron wires. Through the Ukraine the old epic songs are known as "Doumas," in opposition to the "Bylinas" of Great Russia. It is said that the listener, be he endowed with any musical ability whatever, can readily distinguish the one from the other, so marked are the charac-

tistics of each. These old tunes are surely the aristocracy of Russian music. From this primitive simplicity so much has been evolved that it is but the seed, which having been fostered by the intellectual development of the people, has slowly expanded into the folk-song, the church music and the modern opera. The uncultivated taste is satisfied with short and simple melodies, within the compass of a few notes, and is not wearied by a continuous repetition of the same. Its comprehension is unable to grasp anything more complex. Such music is the result of songs, the words of which tell their own story, and the music is added simply to define the rhythm. As musical knowledge advances, the ability to grasp more naturally increases, and with the ability goes hand in hand the demand for that which will satisfy it. To melody is added harmony, and the dance rhythm and song form open a field of music, in the cultivation of which none have been more successful than the Russians. No country, not even Germany, has a larger collection of these bewitching folk-songs. Their principal musical characteristic is the minor key, those of other European nations being mostly in the major. Among the German *Volkslieder* only two per cent are in the minor.

In the Russian we find a mingling of ferocity and gentleness, of excitement and monotonous calm, with radical changes in tempo and rhythm. The use of the old Greek modes, the Lydian and Dorian, the augmented second, the melodic minor, and the unusual harmonies ending suddenly in unisons, affect the ear as some faces of uncommon type affect the eye, holding us by a nameless fascination that compels further investigation. What Mr. Lang has said of the words is equally applicable to the music. "The whole soul of the peasant class breathes in their burdens, as the great sea resounds in the shells cast upon the shores." Songs that are the very heart-cries of this simple people, who, with natures stunted by oppression, persistently make the best of life by turning their faces towards the sun. The sun that rarely warms, and whose light only serves to make more conspicuous the desolation of their surroundings. Yet these peasants have songs and dances for every occasion

of sorrow or rejoicing. The village boys and girls greet the approach of Spring by a choral dance. At Christmas certain songs are sung. Seed-time and harvest, midsummer and mid-winter, New Year and Whitsuntide are all celebrated by song or dance, and often both. Each village has its folk-songs.

The people have migrated as a whole, not as individuals. For this reason the original character of their songs has been preserved and very little changed by the influence of other nations.

The singing and acting at a rustic betrothal ceremony remind one of a modern operetta. After the betrothal has been duly arranged, the bridegroom comes to the house and seats himself at a table, while the bride offers him a glass of beer, her companions singing a complimentary song the while to the gentleman most interested. This is followed by a song in praise of the father and mother of the bride. A horse and wagon having been procured, the maidens go with it to the village, accompanied by the groom, singing as they go. When her companions return, the bride who has been left at home, and has improved the time by expressing the proper amount of maidenly regret at leaving her parents, greets her friends with a plaintive song bewailing her prospective loss of freedom. The groom elect apparently observes a respectful silence, as no mention is made of his raising his voice in either sorrow or rejoicing. The marriage is celebrated four days after the betrothal. The ceremony at the church over, they return to the house, where a feast is provided, which is often kept up for three days, music forming no small part of the entertainment offered. -- A gay, rollicking, orchestral composition of Glinka's, known as *Kamarinskaya*, describes one of these weddings and the songs sung at it, interrupted by the inevitable intoxication. -- The character of the music can be imagined from the subject chosen, and so popular was this piece thirty years ago in London and Scotland that although played at one hundred and fifty concerts it was always re-demanded. The songs of Great Russia are usually gay and bright while those of Little Russia are marked by a tenderness and sweetness which

more than compensates for the lack of gaiety. The *genuine* folk-songs of Russia are never rhymed, and the choral songs are generally sung without an accompaniment. Grove divides them into two classes,—“(1) Songs of a quick lively tempo, commonly sung to dances in major keys and in unison; (2) songs sung very slow, in harmony and in minor keys.” A curious feature of some of the old folk-songs is that when they end on the dominant, the last note of the verse is always sung very *pianissimo*, and connected by a soft little shake with the first note of the next, which is sung just as loud as possible, producing an effect more startling than musical. Some of the later Russian composers have written songs so entirely in the spirit of those dear to the people, that it is difficult to distinguish between the early and later productions, and many of them have been accepted as national melodies. Beethoven introduces folk-songs as themes in two of the Rasoumowsky quartets. Glinka and Rubinstein have also used them freely in their operas. One recognizes the airs of Lithuania and Little Russia in many of Chopin's compositions, and Field, Hummel and Rossini have made use of them.

The songs of the Russian soldiers are sung by wholly untrained soprano voices, to an accompaniment of a pedal note sustained by the basses. The choruses are sometimes accompanied by a tambourine, with or without the copper plates which give the effect of cymbals, and often other noisy appendages are added. In the villages of Great Russia a musical instrument is rarely found. But even now, the Cossack of the Ukraine, may be seen carrying, when on horseback, along with his spear and gun, his balalaika to bear him company when crossing the steppes. This instrument of Tartar origin, resembling the three-stringed lute, is to be found in almost every peasant hut in Little Russia. That is the musical country par excellence of the North. Once under Polish dominion, it has inherited, as it were, the refining influence of its rulers. The inartistic crudities of Great Russia are here toned down, and harmonize better with the æsthetic tastes of its more southern neighbors. Great Russia looks down upon this more cultured portion of

the vast empire, as sentimental and effeminate, but as true sentiment and noble womanhood have ever been an inspiration to mankind, let us congratulate Little Russia upon possessing the characteristics which may in time effect a liberty of conscience, and freedom of thought and action.

A century ago many of the serfs stood in the same relation to their owners as did the slaves of the old Roman Empire, and were a source of no small profit to their masters. They practiced and taught music, and a certain Aleksee Bibikof composed many songs, and was the promoter of the first musical journal in Russia. It was a common thing among the nobility to have orchestras made up of their serfs. Concerts were given by them at the houses of their owners, and their music greatly added to the sumptuous dinners given by the landed proprietors—a favorite way of entertaining at that time. Many of the nobles had private opera companies also composed of serfs. In the Imperial Orchestra there was a horn band of forty men; the originator of which, Johann Anton Maresch, invented a peculiar notation, so contrived as to insure each player falling in with his note at the right moment. The horns were graduated in size. Maresch was a Bohemian, and migrated to St. Petersburg in 1748, and so gave the Russians the benefit of this most unique performance. Spohr, in his autobiography, gives this interesting description of the horn band: "Between the first and second parts of one of the weekly concerts allowed by the Greek Church to be given during Lent, the Imperial hornists executed an overture by Gluck, and with a rapidity which would have been difficult for stringed instruments, how much the more so then for hornists, each of whom blew only one tone. It is hardly to be believed that they performed the most difficult passages with the greatest precision, and I could not have conceived it possible had I not heard it with my own ears. But the Adagio of the overture made a greater effect than the Allegro, for it always remains somewhat unnatural to execute such quick passages with these living organ-pipes, and one could not help thinking of the thrashings which must have been inflicted." This band accompanied the orchestra



and gave a wonderful fullness and harmony to it. It also gave a firm and strong support to the choruses where it served in place of an organ. Mme. de Stael in her travels in Russia in 1812, mentions being entertained by the music of twenty horns at the Palace of Narishkine, where, she says, "each man bore the name of his note, and was called the Sol, the Mi, or the Re, of Monsieur Narishkine.

Until the time of Catharine Second, church music was sung entirely in unison, and this may have given rise to the one note choirs which were based on the horn band system, each singer falling in on his own note as it occurred in the composition. There is no instrument of any kind used in the Greek Church, no female voices, the soprano parts being taken by boys. The music is exquisitely sweet but monotonous, the charm lying rather in the quality than in the variety of one, gentle and soft, except for the tremendous bass voices, which are often used as pedal-points the hymns, thus giving an organ-like support to the other parts. The priests have extraordinarily resonant voices, and when the heretics are cursed by them, so terrible are they in their strength, and such dread is inspired by their apparently unfathomable depth, that it is not surprising so many have embraced the true faith, if for no other reason than to escape being classed with those against whom these mighty anathemas are hurled. There is a particular institution in St. Petersburg for instructing singers for the Imperial Chapel, the extreme ages being from seven to forty. The bass voices are easily worn out, and as soon as any falling off is apparent, they are pensioned. The bass voice is considered such an important factor in the Russian service that it is everywhere sought for and liberally remunerated. It is said that one of the tests of requisite strength is to place the singer in a room with closed doors and windows; if he succeeds in breaking the glass with his *voice*, then he is accepted. Some time ago reports reached St. Petersburg of an uncommonly deep bass voice in Tobolsk; the man was summoned to appear and make himself heard. The result was an engagement at the Kasan church. Such was the power of this voice that

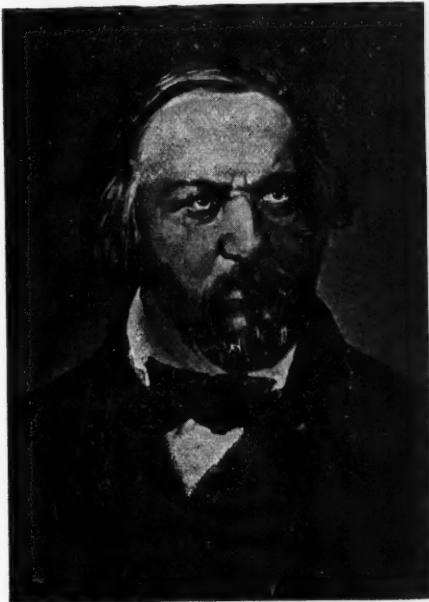
the material aid of hands in opening doors was unnecessary—to ahem! was the open sesame to which all doors responded. Once, when attacked by robbers, the call for help by this voice was sufficiently magical in its effect to convince the assailants that supernatural being had fallen into their hands, and they were thankful to escape with their lives, leaving the voice and his owner uninjured. Half the year this voice was fed upon eggs. The basses sing an octave lower than with us, taking the double C and D and even lower notes with ease. The tenors are not especially celebrated. The entire service is intoned except the sermon, the singers are divided into two choruses, and the Gregorian chant is used here as in the western churches. There is undoubtedly a large collection of the old music that has been written for the Eastern church, but the fact that it is almost invariably published with the Russian text only, is a stumbling block to most musicians of Western Europe, and a hindrance to finding out what might be a valuable addition to our musical literature. In the British Museum there are some old collections of vocal music used in the Greek Church, which were printed in Mosow. Alexis Lwoff, a fine violinist, and for some time musical director of the Imperial Court and singer of the Imperial Chapel, has made valuable contributions to the church music in Russia. He has composed many choruses, and harmonized the traditional chants of the Russian church, but the fact that the nation is indebted to him for its National Anthem is an obligation which makes all others seem trifling. Bortniansky, Bachmetief and Dimitrief have also contributed largely to the music of the Greek Church. To Lwoff the credit is also due of introducing classical music to the notice of the court, and in 1851 he actually induced a fashionable audience to sit through a Beethoven Sympony.

As early as A. D. 1591 instrumental music was evidently known in Russia, from the fact that some Russian Ambassadors who were taken prisoners by Greeks, had each a guitar-like instrument with which he entertained himself, *en route*, but from such scanty

information as can be obtained it certainly did not progress sufficiently to hold a place in musical literature until within the last century. The ever-reaching-after-improvement propensity of the Russians is not lacking in their music, and I doubt if in any country a greater advance has been made in the art in so short a time as that which has been brought about in the last forty years in the country of the Czar. As the many divisions of the German Empire have been conducive to the advancement of art, so the entirety of Russia has been a hindrance, and when we consider that 300,000 of the 900,000 inhabitants of St. Petersburg can neither read nor write, the advance that has been made in that city alone is simply amazing. Fifty years ago the so-called Symphony concerts were conducted by a Mr. Maurer with his back to the orchestra. This may account for the fact that the notes of the major chord, at the end of the "Oberon" overture, which, by a good orchestra, comes with a precision and suddenness that makes one jump, were sprinkled out in such dribblets by the different instruments, that a fear overtook the initiated lest the final note should not be sounded before the Allegro began. Thus played it surely could not have produced the effect intended by Weber of a summary warning to the half dozing audience that the opera was about to commence, and it was time to give over napping and pay attention to the music. A marvelous change has been wrought in this dilettante view of music by three men, who, though greatly influenced by the German and French schools, evince a pre-eminently Russian spirit in their compositions. Michael Ivanovitch Glinka, the oldest of the three, has been called the Berlioz of Russia. He was born in 1804 in the government of Smolensk, and early intrusted to the care of a doting grandmother who knew not the difference between existing and living. The intense pleasure he experienced in listening to the music of the bells, as their pure tones rang out over the steppes, was an unfailing source of delight to this intellectually starving child. He tried to make it his own by cleverly imitating the sounds on copper wash-basins. When later, upon the death of his

grandmother, his home was changed to that of his father, his eagerness in pursuit of a musical education was gratified. After studying in Italy and Berlin, he returned St. Petersburg in 1835 and settled there, commencing the first of his two operas in that year. These operas stand, among the first musical works of Russia (There were

others of genuine Russian birth who had composed operas but Glinka was the first to make the music, as well as the subject, Russian.)



GLINKA.

A man's foes are truly "they of his own household," and Glinka's wife verified the proverb. She complained pitiously to her friends and acquaintances when Glinka was writing his great opera, that "he was only wasting ruled paper," and she lost no opportunity of bringing to mind the

trite remark that poets and artists invariably come to some bad end, instancing the fact that Pushkin had been killed in a duel. This brought the forbearance of even the gentle Glinka to an end, and he turned the war into the enemy's camp by quietly remarking, "I do not claim to be wiser than Pushkin, but I certainly should not expose myself to a bullet for the sake of my wife." Notwithstanding this uncongenial atmosphere, "A life for the Czar" was completed on October 9, 1836, and performed for the first time at the Great Theatre in the presence of the Emperor Nicholas I. For some reason Glinka was bound by a

written agreement not to demand any compensation for this work, but the Emperor sent him a purse of 4,000 rubles, - about \$3,000—also appointing him Kappelmeister to the Court Chapel. The most striking feature of this opera was the adaptation of Russian and Polish airs. When Polish characters are to appear upon the stage, Polish rhythms are heard and a most fascinating mazurka is introduced—not to be despised even by Chopin devotees. The plan adopted throughout of certain characters being represented either by distinctive themes or airs, and by orchestral suggestions of these individual melodies reminds us forcibly of the leading motives we have all learned to know and look for in the Wagner operas which followed closely upon this work so prized by the Russians. His second opera, “*Ruslan and Ludmilla*,” was brought out eight years later. The idea of the score was suggested by Pushkin’s famous narrative poem, the scene of which is laid in the East. Although these operas have been given repeatedly in other countries, they have not met with success outside of their native land, but as a type of Russian music, influenced as little as any by the German and French schools, “*A life for the Czar*” will always be interesting to the musical student. Just before his death, which occurred in Berlin in 1857, Glinka was much interested in the subject of ancient church tunes connected with the Eastern church, and had he lived valuable additions would undoubtedly have been made in this direction. He has composed about seventy songs and some piano music, as well as a number of orchestral arrangements or transcriptions.

BROOKLYN.

E. BURNHAM LEWIS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE STORY OF MY VIOLIN.

"It was left with us for sale. Would you care to examine it?" And he brought out from its case the violin which forms the subject of this story. I drew the bow across its strings once or twice, put it down, asked the price at which it was offered, and—It was more money than I had. But I could not forget its tone. I even began to dream of it; and did so at intervals, for five years. Of course I tried to get it afterwards, but they told me it had been sold. The instrument that I listened to in the mysterious land of dreams was so much superior to any material one within my physical horizon, that it gradually became painful to me to play save to the wierd listeners who came into my chamber in the night. After the lapse of five years, it came into my possession. The tone that had grown so familiar to the ghosts of sleep was unchanged and undiminished. If their memories are as unsubstantial as their vestments, they must long since have forgotten all about it; for while it still sings, as doth the lark to the bright faced spirit of the Dawn, and as doth the nightingale to the gentle wardens of the night, it no longer lends its melody to those old-time revels.

There came with it, in time-worn manuscript, the earlier, and the following, part of its history.

This violin, made by Giovanni Paoli Magini, second of the Cremonese makers,—an instrument that weeps, that sings, that hath aspirations as high as the heavens, hath also a soul. For a hundred years, to the north of Brescia, on a high hill, a tall pine tree grew. There flourished below, on the margin of the River Mella, a stalwart maple. As the years grew on apace, the other denizens of this Brescian woodland bowed their heads to the storm and the woodman's axe,—the two fates of the forest,—and, isolated from their brethren, dependent thus upon each other for companionship, they who were left became steadfast friends. And in

the afternoon when the sun wheeled around into the valley, and up over the sea the from African desert warm breezes came stirring the foliage, they were wont to whisper to one another. And so, at length, did their affection grow that each seemed to be swayed by its fellow, and their hearts to beat in unison. And when they, too, were at last gathered to their fathers, their noble hearts were joined together in the homely sanctuary of Magini's workshop. And so perfect was the union that it has continued in grace and beauty for over two hundred years. One cannot marvel at the lovely songs it sometimes sings in the memory of that sunny and placid century of courtship.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, this violin came, by inheritance, into the possession of Niccollai Carolli, a Spanish gentleman attached in the capacity of Herald to the Spanish Prince Ferdinand, then Viceroy of Naples. The most beautiful woman in Naples was the Donna Marguerita, lady in waiting to the Princess Caroline and niece of Ferdinand, with whom Carolli was secretly in love. The dawn of human equality and fraternity was about to break over Europe, yet never before had the distinctions of rank been more rigidly observed by the rulers. The gulf between a simple diplomat and a princess of the blood was as wide as that separating, in the better civilization, one of the nobles of Endeavor from a scullion ; and the experiment of bridging the chasm was not apt to be either pleasant or successful. Social and political offenses were punished or corrected with cups of poisoned wine. It was an age of homicide. Every man of affairs possessed a fair knowledge of slow poisons, and a full supply of their respective antidotes. Although displaying great skill in the administration of the former, they were prone to error in the use of the latter.

The antidotes were themselves dangerous, and the story is told of a disfavored courtier, upon whom the Prince had smiled so sweetly that, believing the latter had poisoned him, he died of them. The Prince, really deploring his death regretted that he had not done, so since the two potions might then have spent themselves upon each other. Some



of the poisons of those days killed the mind and spared the body. Tommaso Aniello, leader of a revolt of the Neapolitans, took a glass of wine from the king he had deposed and became a frenzied idiot, and was beheaded by his own followers upon whom he had turned. The brilliant and always intrepid Murat, who could not keep his kingdom with an arm of forty thousand men, essayed to repossess it with a paltry two hundred; and it was suggested by one of his contemporaries that a hundred years had but served to lessen the physical effect without changing the diplomatic value of the wine of Naples. So that Carolli knew his suit was hopeless. And at such times, as he became most deeply dejected it was his habit to betake himself to some unfrequented gallery of the Ducal palace; and there put his thoughts into music and make of his violin the father confessor for a secret he dared not entrust to one more loquacious.

Upon one of these occasions he first walked for a time up and down the long tiled floor, his instrument under his arm and his bow in his hand which latter he waved before him as if to emphasize and inflect his thoughts, while she who formed the subject of his meditations was herself thinking of the music she some times heard penetrate her apartments in fitful wails and cadences, and of how they stirred her soul within her, and seemed to call her towards them.

Presently, lifting the violin to his shoulder, he began to draw from it those sighing, thrilling tones which only a master of the instrument,—if indeed, it ever owned a master, is able to produce. Reverberating along the lofty passages, the more impassioned strains penetrated the apartments of the Princess and her attendants. As he became absorbed in the music, his face grew pale, his eyes brighter and his inspirations deeper; and it seemed as though every inch of space within the apartment became filled with the quivering melody, and those traits which have so distinguished his violin from all others began to manifest themselves. The strings became charged with a magnetic heat that gave them the appearance of threads of fire. The instrument itself trembled visibly and of its own volition in his grasp. The

streaming moonlight at the casement and the luminous glow of the strings imparted to his features an aspect well fitted to the scene. The melody, now exquisitely mobile and pathetic, now grand and impressive, followed his mood, which ever seemed to turn from the sadness of his love to the fervor and glory of all love.

From the very beginning he had felt the near presence of some one connected in some occult manner with his theme, which was of the love that welled up and overflowed in his heart. At length he knew that it was Donna Marguerita, and his violin wove her name, Marguerita, into its song, and entwined it with the names of the saints whom he adored.

After a time, how long no one knew, the supernatural qualities of his instrument began to disappear. The peculiar magnetic force decreased, and the music itself became more earthly and unsympathetic with his mood. His arm felt heavy. The next moment there must have been a discord. He stopped, and, turning about, confronted the face of his divinity. She had been drawn to him by the music, and now stood before him, white-faced and tearful, with emotions which were but too plainly depicted upon her sweet face. At the end of the gallery, with folded arms and lowering countenance, stood the gilded and guilty Prince. At Marguerita's side, and seeking to withdraw her from the apartment, stood the Princess. As she was being led away, she turned and gave one last, sad look at Carolli, who, throwing himself impetuously before her with all the ardor of his southern nature, and yet with the stateliness of the Spanish gentleman that he was, exclaimed: "Senorita, I have told thee the truth—the whole truth." And they led her away.

The Prince had more than once been threatened by Napoleon with the loss of his crown; and, as a last resort, although midwinter was approaching, the Princess undertook the journey to St. Petersburg to persuade the Czar to interfere in their behalf. She returned successful, but even in advance of her coming came the announcement that the Donna Marguerita had not been able to withstand the rigours of the Russian winter.

The security of the Prince was but short-lived; and at the

close of the stirring scenes incident to his dispossession a few years later, Carolli entered as a novice one of the Capuchin monasteries a few leagues from Rome. Still later, LeBurgois, an officer of the army sent by Napoleon to subdue the Papal states and "deliver Rome from the dominion of the tiara," discovered a certain sweetness of tone in Carolli's violin, and took it back with him to Paris, where, a few years ago, Dr. Hoffman found it. What its story was while in the latter's possession I learned after his death. He was a music-loving country physician, whose life was exceptionally quiet and uneventful. On summer evenings, when he and his wife played together, their melodies attracted the townspeople to their door, so that its threshold became almost the common property of the village. After the death of his wife he ceased to play, and, when I first saw it, the violin had lain unstrung and neglected for many years, until he himself died. My informant was the venerable minister of that region, and when he had concluded his brief statement he ended, after the retrospective fashion of old men:

"He was my working partner for over thirty years—indeed, they both were, while they lived—and it is my belief that I will hear no sweeter music in the New Jerusalem than the familiar songs I've heard them sing and play together."

Last September I went to the Peach Bottom country, on the Susquehanna, to fish. The river is very wide there, although for the most part it is not deep. It gurgles about gigantic rocks, and splashes and chatters over innumerable shelves of limestone. Now and then it rushes between some diminutive, mossy island and some huge, water-worn boulder, that is lodged too close to the island to suit the water's pleasure. There was a peculiar accoustic property attached to the place. Across the river was a level, fertile stretch of country—the Peach Bottom, I suppose;—but on this side, rising directly behind the old-fashioned Dutch tavern, was an almost perpendicular cliff, faced with limestone, rounded out with moss and decayed vegetation, and that, in turn, shaded by pine trees that had fastened their roots wheresoever they could in the crevices of the rock. Every sound,

every whisper of the water, was audible and musical. The tavern, which had been built years before for the accommodation of the raftsmen from the north woods, was a study in itself.

Either the lumbermen had multiplied or the hostelry become noted for its good cheer, for sundry additions had been made to it. And one could plainly see that the workman had, in a primitive fashion, taken three pebbles in his hand and thrown them against it, and wherever they had struck, thereto he had built a new part; and when that was done, he had thrown four more, and where they fell, wooden porches had been fastened, barnacle-like, to its walls, having shingled roofs, and lattice-work at their ends and quaint railings in front. Then various doors had been made leading out upon them from the house. The utility of these barnacles became apparent when I was about to retire. From the living room I followed the landlord, by the light of his candle, to one of them on the second story, traversed its length to another door, thence, through various narrow passages and up a stairway, to another barnacle, from which, by means of another of its several doorways, I gained access to my room.

A short distance from my balcony I could see some monster boulders, from the shadows of which came occasional sounds of sudden splashings of the water, indicative of certain fish panics and brawls. Once I caught sight of the gleaming scales of a three pounder as he shook himself aloft and defied the mob in the water below to avenge the death of the silverside he had swallowed.

What appeared to be miles out upon the river a light shone. Was it the torch of some nineteenth century hobgoblin, the sputtering flame of a fallen meteor, or only the deceptive evening light of some farm house in the Peach Bottom? But my thoughts strayed back to the old house again. The storms of thirty years had worn away all its paint, and the household gnomes and spirits were therefore free to issue from its cracks and crevices and go whisking and humming hither and thither in the darkness. May it please God that my ageing bones may crumble before all the

old houses do! Out upon the water, and there upon my balcony, the air teemed with these gentle and mysterious influences, and almost "created a clean spirit within me." And I brought out my violin and began to play, in my imperfect, rambling way, up and down my balcony with its lattice-work through which the moon and the stars twinkled, and straightway I began to fancy that strange influences were at work within me. Soon there spread out around me a bright shaft of light, piercing the pale moonlight out over the water, and once more the strings of my instrument metamorphosed themselves into strands of gold as it sang a song of love and tenderness that thrilled and glorified my soul. And not my soul only, for, when I turned to an opened door behind me, I met the gaze of the fairest, sweetest woman in the world. I have told her the story of my violin.

ST. LOUIS.

GEORGE KENNEDY.



DR. FLORENCE ZIEGFELD,  
Founder and President of the Chicago Musical College.

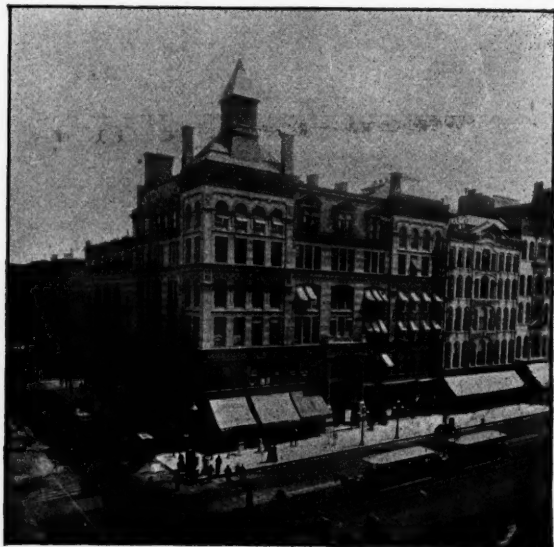
## THE CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE.

The Chicago Musical College may be taken as a type of a class of American music schools which have been built up from small beginnings to a commanding position solely through the energy and tact of their respective founders, unhelped by endowment funds or public assistance of any kind. These schools in their earlier days are hampered by the small facilities, and the necessity of earning all the money needed for carrying them on in a creditable manner. Hence at this period of their growth some departments are apt to be neglected; later, as fast as resources become adequate, one missing element after another is added, until in their maturity they often attain commanding position and ample patronage. In all these respects the Chicago Musical College is a distinguished example of energy and good judgement. The twentyfifth anniversary of its founding was lately held, and for the souvenir program a sketch of the history of the College was prepared by its early friend, Mr. Geo. P. Upton, from which numerous extracts here follow:

The College was opened in February, 1867 and in the autumn of that year the outlook was so hopeful that Dr. Ziegfeld decided to venture upon a grand concert in the Opera House. In his own estimation it was a dubious experiment, and when at the hour of opening the rain came down in torrents, it did not seem to heighten the expectations of success. The result was a surprise, for it was a gala night and the favorite old Opera House was crammed from gallery to parquette. Upon that occasion Miss Nettie Roberts, now Mrs. Ben. C. Jones, whose excellent musical ability and scholarship are well known in Chicago, had the place of honor, and she, then a pupil of Dr. Ziegfeld, played Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante" op. 22, with orchestra. Mrs. Jones and Mr. L. A. Phelps, the well known musician, were the first two graduates of the College in 1874, but this institution has long ceased to measure its graduates by twos.



It counts them now by scores on every commencement day. The College has had several different homes, each larger and more elegant than its predecessor, as the needs of the institution grew and its resources increased. It soon outgrew its quarters in the Opera House, and three weeks before the great fire of 1871 was removed to the commodious brick building at 253 Wabash Avenue. The terrible conflagration apparently swept it out of existence, but the musical Phoenix was soon out of the ashes, for in less than three weeks the College was again ready for business at 800 Wabash Avenue,



CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

and truth to say, business was ready for it also. The *personnel* of the faculty of course changed somewhat, for the fire dispersed music teachers like chaff before the wind. Dudley Buck, the famous conductor, composer and organist, who belonged to the staff, went to Brooklyn, where he has since remained, and Alfred Pease, also of the staff, who died so pitifully in St. Louis years afterwards, left the city to follow his profession elsewhere. Of the ante-fire teachers

indeed but one now remains, Mr. Louis Falk, the well known organist and choir director, who has remained at the side of Dr. Ziegfeld twenty-two years. The new quarters soon proved too small and the next move was to 493 Wabash Avenue, where the College remained until Central Music Hall was built under the auspices and by the resolute efforts of the lamented George B. Carpenter. Even in that spacious building, Dr. Ziegfeld has been compelled from time to time to acquire new suites of rooms as fast as they were vacated by other tenants, to accommodate the constantly increasing list of pupils, until at last he has decided there is but one way to solve the problem of space, and to erect a building to be devoted to the exclusive use of the conservatory, a consummation which will be effected in the not distant future.

Nothing gives so good an idea of the number of serious and ambitious students centered in this great institution, as the annual examinations. For example, there will be perhaps ninety or a hundred in the "Teacher's Class"—of whom about half will successfully pass the required tests, comprising about ten different examination papers. Some of these are very difficult and long. Many of them, also, will be splendidly solved. The present year the papers in musical analysis presented two sonatas, the "moonlight" of Beethoven and one of Mozart's. The papers often extend to as many as twentyfive pages of legal cap, and many of them are models of elegant and orderly arrangement. These purely literary qualities, of course, are to be credited to the public school training. Of graduates proper there are usually about thirty or more. A very liberal supply of gold and silver medals has been provided by prominent citizens of Chicago, for which students in every department have opportunity of competing. The competition is interesting to the contestants, also to the judges. Fancy the pleasure of hearing the same concerto played quite through, with second piano accompaniment, by twenty or thirty students in succession. This is one of the disadvantages which friends of the college experience about commencement time; but the tedium is often more than balanced by the evidences of serious study on the part of the contestants.

Of Dr. Ziegfeld personally but little need be said, since the college itself is his monument. Born in the north of Germany about fifty years ago, he was educated at the Leipsic conservatory, and throughout his career as educator he has shown a consistent partiality for assistants trained in his own *alma mater*. The entire pianoforte department is under his own immediate direction, and he has for assistants such well-trained musicians as Miss L. Clare Osborne, Mr. Maurice Rosenfeld, Mrs. Hull, and others. First and last, through the clever application of the class system, it may be estimated that several hundreds of piano students come under the personal direction of Dr. Ziegfeld every year. As would be inferred from the success of the school, Dr. Ziegfeld is an executive officer of rare ability and tact—extending not only to the ordinary affairs of the school, but to social and public affairs as well. He is, or lately was,

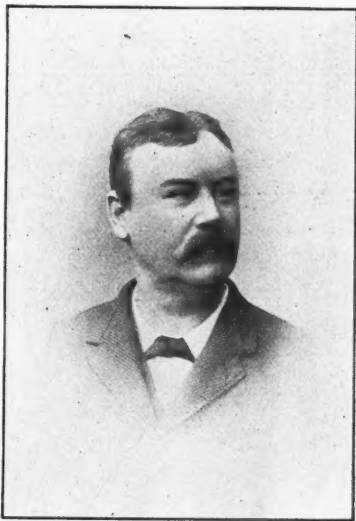


F. ZIEGFELD, JR.

president of the La Salle Club, was at one time Colonel of the First Regiment of Chicago citizen-soldiery, inspector of rifle practice for the State, and at the time of the Gilmore Jubilee distinguished himself by the success with which he accomplished the delicate negotiations for bringing over the foreign bands. He is now in Europe upon a similar mission, not for the Fair, but for a private corporation which proposes to employ half a million of capital in musical display during the Fair. It is well known to all readers that he has also been prominent in the councils of the National Association of Music Teachers, and was selected at the Detroit meeting as President of the Commission for promoting international musical congresses during the Exposition, under the auspices of the national association.

For several years lately the business affairs of the College have been intrusted to his eldest son, Mr. Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., who has developed tact and ability for the important work left in his charge. Another son, Mr. Carl Ziegfeld is treasurer.

The vocal department is now in charge of the veteran tenor, Mr. William Castle, an artist who has been long and honorably identified with the American operatic stage. It is too soon to write Mr. Castle's biography, for there is a vast fund of hard work still left in him. Another teacher long connected with this department of the College is Mrs. Ancilla Fox, an experienced artist, and a teacher of most sterling qualities. She gains and retains the confidence of a large circle of pupils, and her recitals of songs arranged in



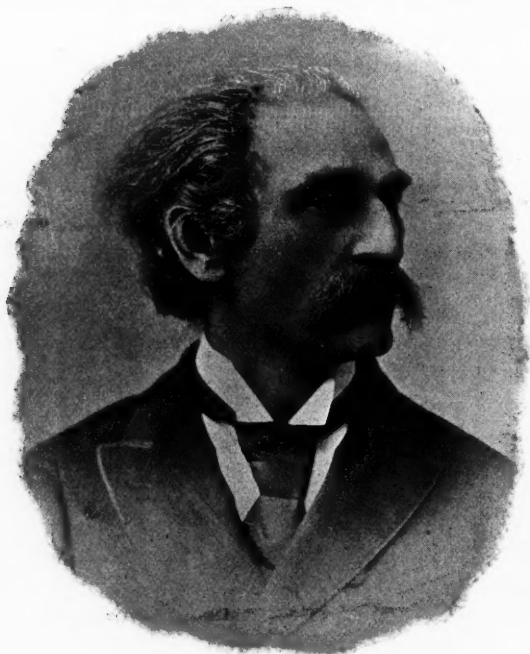
MR. WM. CASTLE.

historical order have been one of the prominent features of the college entertainments during the last year. Many of her pupils have taken honors in the college competitions. Another teacher in this department is the Swedish baritone, Mr. John Ortengren, formerly of the royal opera at Copenhagen.

First and last a large proportion of the best-known Chicago teachers have been identified with the College. Among these may be mentioned Mr. L. A. Phelps, one of its first graduates, who for ten years or thereabouts occupied the vocal directorship, Mr. James Gill, Mr. August Hylsted, Mr. L. G. Gottschalk, Dr. Geo. F. Root, Miss Fannie Root, Mr. Eliodoro Di Campi, and Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker

are to be included in this list. Mr. J. J. Hattstaedt was also a graduate of this school.

In 1886 the college made a very important gain in the accession of the celebrated artist and master of the violin, Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn,—formerly concert-master of the Thomas orchestra, and principal of the violin school of the



MR. S. E. JACOBSON.

Cincinnati College of Music. Mr. Jacobsohn's successes in forming artist players, have so lately been illustrated in these columns ("Some American Violinists", where several of the most celebrated were mentioned as his pupils) that it is not necessary at this time to further enlarge upon his exceptional qualifications. Immediately upon his accession he established an orchestra school, and a string quartette. The latter contains two of his own pupils, and Mr. H. Eichheim the cellist. The quartette has distinguished itself by giving some of the later quartettes of Beethoven in a creditable

manner. Besides playing before the College pupils they accept concert engagements, and at times are in active demand.

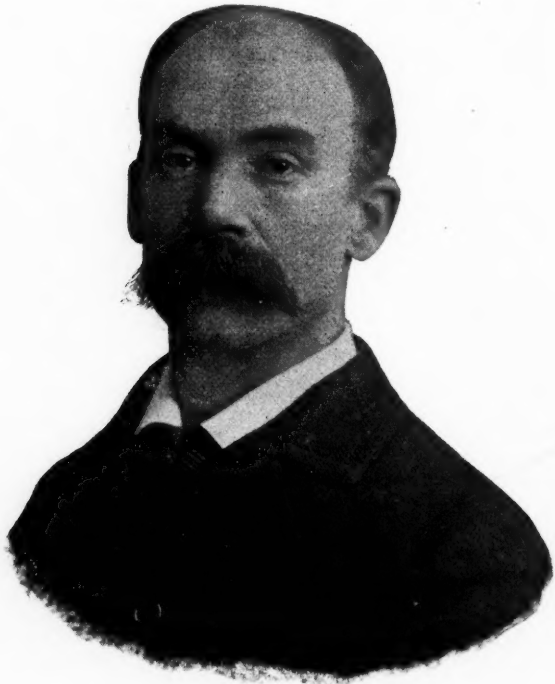
It has always been Dr. Ziegfeld's ideal to build up a College orchestra, but so far the resources have not been sufficient in the way of pupils upon the less familiar instruments. All the commencements and most of the concerts for several years have had the services of the best orchestra



STRING QUARTETTE.

attainable, Thomas' naturally being that of the silver anniversary last February. All the concertos have been produced with orchestral accompaniments.

At the head of the theoretical department has been for many years the distinguished organist and teacher, Mr. Louis Falk. This eminent musician was himself a graduate of the Leipsic school, and a distinguished pupil of Dr. Volkmar on the organ. As concert player he has a wide and well deserved popularity. In the College all his time, or very nearly so, is devoted to theory—so largely has this department increased in recent years. Associated



LOUIS FALK.

with him is Mr. Adolph Koelling, teacher of free composition. Mr. Koelling is a composer of ability, as well as of pleasing quality—two things which by no means universally go together.



Theory is indispensable to graduation or even to retaining rank in class. Every care is taken to make the pupils thorough. Naturally there are many difficulties encountered, not the least being the almost insuperable repugnance of the students at coming to the College oftener than twice a week—owing to the time consumed in the travel. This makes it very difficult to carry on series of lectures, recitals, and many other advantages of a theoretical or accessory character. For, when everything has been done that a school can do to make “learning for learning’s own sake” popular, the fact remains that the average student in music merely desires to learn to play as an accomplishment. And to be quite frank about it, it appears little short of wonderful, considering the somewhat accessory character of music study as related to other branches of education, that so much serious study is done in it as is now the case. A music school differs from an ordinary professional school in the circumstance that the great number of the students have no idea of pursuing the art as a profession, but study it merely as an accomplishment; whereas in any professional school, aside from music, it is *prima facie* evidence that every student is there for the purpose of qualifying himself for a professional career.

The friends of the College earnestly desire to secure for it an endowment, and permanent buildings for its home have several times seemed on the point of realization, but so far the prospect has been illusory. While there are no endowment funds there are nevertheless a large number of free scholarships available every year, so that it rarely hap-



MRS. ANCILLA FOX.

pens that a pupil evidently talented is obliged to forego the privileges of the college for want of means. Naturally the pressure for these places is very great, and it takes no small talent and application to secure them. Many who just miss them are favored with partial scholarships.

The silver anniversary of the College Feb. 23rd, 1892, was a great event in its history. The Auditorium was filled, the stage densely ornamented with distinguished citizens, and the Thomas orchestra accompanied certain of the best graduates in important concertos. The daily papers had columns of notice, and a beautiful souvenir was distributed.

While in one sense a proprietary institution, the Chicago Musical College is incorporated, and authorized to confer degrees, like any other university or college. It has a body of able trustees, a chaplain, and all these are really accessories to the President himself, Dr. Ziegfeld, who is and always has been the center and the motive power of the school. In this, moreover, there is both strength and weakness; strength in the concentration of authority; weakness in the impression of personality which every school of this kind has. The college, in the mind of its students, perhaps, stands upon as high a plane of impartial educational administration as any school of the kind which this country has produced—not excepting the New England Conservatory itself. The usual enrollment of students aggregates about thirteen or fourteen hundred a year, not counting the same persons twice. This is the largest of any American school, saving perhaps one. The income falls below that of one other school at least. The New England Conservatory, with a boarding home for about three hundred pupils, receives and disburses about a quarter of a million of dollars per year. I suppose that the financial aggregate of the Chicago Musical College may be something more than a hundred thousand dollars. And from every point of view the school is a credit to its founder and pervasive head.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Two people shut up in a few rooms make a great deal of work for somebody. Dust filters upon everything, and one's dearest possessions will not put themselves where they belong without help. The little parlor and Mr. March's study must, of course, always be ready for public inspection, and the little bedroom opening out of them had indiscreet doors that would swing backward, if, by so doing, they could reveal disorder. The boarding house keeper usually has a tender heart for the single man, and David March had enjoyed unusual privileges. At home his sisters had been devoted to him. At college he had boarded with an uncle, and had been waited upon by two admiring cousins. Unconsciously, he consumed his wife's attention and time with a thousand nibbling cares he might have spared her. Unconsciously too, in the wife he forgot the artist. He loved her more than ever, but he was a very busy man. His work demanded no end of attention to small matters. He tried less and less to understand his wife's devotion to music, and to comprehend what she found in it. Sometimes, when Dr. Forbes came in with his violin, and Huldah and he, after a Rubinstein sonata turned toward each other, the listening look in their eyes suddenly giving way to sympathetic joy and intelligence in the delight of something past Mr. March's knowledge, the husband within him would feel an instant's pang of jealousy. But that would as quickly pass. Huldah was his. When he felt impatient, he told himself time would make a difference. She would find life too serious for pastimes, as Rubinstein sonatas. Music, as a

\* Copyright, 1891, by W. S. B. MATHEWS

wonderful art, had not revealed herself to him, but only as a means of pleasing, and of passing away time which might be employed to better purpose. Proud as he was of his wife's playing, and seriously as she took it, it had for him no part in the real business of living. In two months after her arrival in Chester, Huldah found herself without money. Before any one's present need, it was impossible for her to recollect that she herself might want money the next week. It is, moreover, supposed that every minister's wife will be charitable, no matter what income is hers to dispense. As a woman who had earned money, and wore clothes in the latest fashion, Mrs. March was thought to have much to bestow. She had bought her husband a costly set of books she had heard him sighing for, and had made Johnny Hulett happy by the present of a new suit of clothes. She had also purchased a few expensive trifles for her rooms, and had paid Norah, the housemaid, generously for extra services. Where the rest of the snug sum she had brought to Chester had gone to, she could not tell. She shrank from asking David for a penny, though she had given him the money from the Mound City recitals to pay on the life insurance policy he had just taken out for her benefit. Perhaps, as most old wives shrink from the money asking ordeal, as well as all young ones, there may be some flaw in the ordinary financial arrangements obtaining in families. It was impossible to run in debt to servants, so for a time she let the mending go and took Norah's little extras upon herself.

But one afternoon David came in with hurry written all over his face, and after rummaging in his dressing bureau, he said irritably, "I don't seem to have a pair of socks to my name."

"I'm afraid they are all here," said Huldah opening a costly basket, one of her wedding gifts. "I have not been able to—have—I mean, to get them in shape, for some time. But some of the holes are little." She turned the heap over nervously for an instant, then added by way of self-justification, "I've been very careful never to put any needing a stitch in the drawer."

Mr. March, as has been before indicated, was of a nervous temper, and took his work with solemn earnestness, as a labor not for time, but for eternity. His garments had always been kept ready for him to jump into at a moment's notice by some female devotee. To be detained by the want of a paltry pair of socks was unbearable, and he turned and left the room, decidedly angry.

Some one was practicing in the neighborhood on a wheezy cornet. The house was full of the sickening odor of frying doughnuts. It was raining drearily, and though it was Monday, Huldah had expected to study, for bad weather was a decided damper to Chester social instincts. Now instead of seating herself at the piano, she applied herself to the basket, assorting its contents, which she named "bad, worse, worst." It must be admitted that the tears that would fill her eyes every few moments, were tears of vexation and grieved feeling at unjust blame, not of sorrow. That she had failed in a duty, was not apparent to her. Meanwhile David, who had gone to a meeting called by Deacon Yates, and "a number of influential citizens," for the purpose of "considering the state of temperance in our midst," had quite forgotten his grievance, and the fact that he had emphasized his departure from Mrs. Tompkins' boarding house, by closing the door with a resounding bang.

As has been said, Miss Weeks had not made haste to call upon the bride. She was a small, shy, warm-hearted woman who picked up a meager living, by making clothes for children. After making her best dress over for the fifth time, she had set aside this particular Monday to call upon Mrs. March. "If it is pleasant old coats and old dresses to be made over will rain in upon me, so I shan't stay home if God above sends His rain, and wind," she confided to Caesar, her dearest friend, and confidant. Caesar was a huge gray cat, that Miss Weeks always spoke of as "He," a pronoun that bewildered strangers. "If she wants folks to come Monday, it ain't manners to go Tuesday, and it is a comfort to go a-callin' and find folks at home and not put out, and all ready to set down. And

moreover, after seein' what I've seen, an' a-hearin' what I've heard, I shall tell her. I suttinly shall, Cæsar! An angel from the sky would have to be careful here, though I dunno as Chester is worse than other places. And as for avoidin' the appearance of evil, what can a body do? I know what can be made out of nothin', and so do you, Cæsar, for don't Miss Shaw say I quarrel with her, and she and me never exchanged a cross word, for when she begins about you, Cæsar, I just go in and shut to the door."

Cæsar, who had been washing his face, paused in his work and fixed his shining eyes upon his mistress. Then he mewed and jumping down from his seat on the opposite side of the fire, came and rubbed himself affectionately against her feet. He was, Miss Weeks often declared, "a very human cat."

So it happened that the storm did not keep Miss Weeks at home, and Huldah had just puckered one sock heel into a bunch when the little seamstress was ushered in. "Now, Mrs. March," she said, after a few shrewd glances at the basket with her pretty blue eyes, and making the mouse-like movements with her mouth and nose which indicated in her the last degree of embarrassed eagerness. "Oh, do take me just as I mean, and let me help you with them! And don't take as a liberty what isn't meant for such, though such it may be. I like to mend, and I love to hear you play. Now you just sit down and play for me, and let me do these socks. You can't think how glad I'll be if you will." There was no mistaking Miss Weeks, and no resisting her kindness. In a few moments her bonnet and shawl were off, and she was deftly sewing, talking meanwhile in a high-keyed, soft voice, which varied at unexpected places, giving emphasis where none was needed. "It's a great mistake, it seems to me, for you to be spending your time this way," she said, and spreading a hopeless looking rent over her small palm. "You ought to just think music. Mr. March might better mend your stockings, 'n you his, but sech is life to women kind. Men are dreadful helpless, or think they are, which amounts to the same thing,

but as for their having any such rights as they think they have, I don't believe it ; and nobody need quote Scripture to me about it, either, though I believe the Bible in reason, and have been a member since my fourteenth year. And I've been faithful to 'the means of grace,' and given, but I won't stand everything ; and when folks go to provin' by Paul that women ain't so much account as men, it just makes me mad ; kind of dumb mad—so's't I can't talk. But I dunno's my feelin's are here nor there. What I want is for you to play for me just what you played to meetin' last Sunday. It's made me that calm since, that I think *he* has seen a difference. I am mostly cross Monday morning. *He* usually runs out without notice that morning, but *he* sat on the mat as contented as a clam, to-day."

"I played several things—a Bach piece, a Beethoven adagio, and at the close a Beethoven rondo, or part of one," said Huldah, who was turning over some music.

Miss Weeks had never heard of John Sebastian, nor of the divine Beethoven, but she knew what pleased her. "Well, I liked 'em all, but one most of all, as was natural," she replied. "If Mr. Bach wrote it, I hope he'll keep on and write more, and that you'll play 'em for me. You'll have a chance to play all you know, and all you can learn Sundays, an' they won't pay you a cent, as you're the pastor's wife, which I call a sinful shame, particularly as they never had, nor ever heard such playin'."

"Oh, I'm not going to play the organ," said Huldah, carelessly. "Mr. Peters is the regular organist, you know."

"I know he has been hired to play at Wollerton; that's what I know." Huldah shook her head, and Miss Weeks continued, "And you never heard a word of it? That's just like 'em! As't you to play for a few Sundays, prob'ly! Emmh! Our folks never can git enough for their money! Miss' Grannis and her son Joe took care of the meetin' house. Swep' it, and even washed the windows. Miss' Grannis told me she never did sech hard work in her whole endurin' days. An' the minister's wife afore that,



she took boarders so's't her husband could preach for five hundred a year. But with all their faults, I don't think our folks are quite so bad as the Methodis'," and the little woman held her head on one side, and meditated a moment on the superior qualities of the Orthodox. "But spite of everything there's allus Methodis' preachers. I don't think there are so many of our kind, which is a mercy, with victuals so high an' ministers so liable to have a lot of children, which are a poor man's blessin', I suppose, but not allus, as anybody with eyes in his head can see. I s'pose I think more 'bout the Methodis' lately because of she 'twas Phibby Ann Scrann. I don't s'pose you've ever heard her so much as spoke of."

Huldah said "No," and Miss Weeks continued, "Well, she's a half orphan. Her pa died, an' her ma married again, one of the Dexters, a good man, but tight as the bark to a tree, an' Phibby Ann had to use the money her own pa left her to git an education, an' she graduated from Brickville academy the same year Joshua Parsons did, an' up an' married him as soon's he was stationed at Ten Mile. There she'd taught at Dunnville an' at Buffalo Holler, an' got her five an' six hunderd a year all paid up, an' her board besides! Well she went with Joshua to Ten Mile, where they'd promised him five hunderd an' fifty, an' no board! An' if you hain't found out that promisin' a minister ain't payin' him, especially out west, you will. The poor thing had two babies just as quick as she could have 'em, an' there was the house work, an' Joshua's an' the childern's sewin', an' the hull three masters to stram out things. As fur spendin' the day, an' draggin' Phibby Ann from Dan to Bershibby, the Ten Mile folks never had enough on it. An' she was Sunday school superintendent, which looks dreadful strange to me, fur generally there's men enough in a church fur the offices, if fur nothin' else. Of course she had to run all the societies, an' she played their old melodeon, at 'means of grace' Sundays and week days, an's if all this wan't enough, what must Joshua do, but have a givin' out of the brain! His brain wa'n't never no great, for he is just like his ma,

who was a Vreeder, an' everybody knows how shiffless they be, allus a-givin' out when they hadn't ought to. Well, the upshot of it all is Phibby Ann's home to her step-father Dexter's, an' Joshua as cross an' helpless as he can live, an' not a sign of his own folks 'll lift a finger to help him, an' Phibby Ann's hands are runnin' over full with them childern. I don't wonder Phibby Ann thinks it's hard sleddin. She said to me the other day, says she, 'There's one thing I won't stand.' An' sez I, 'What's that, Phibby Ann?' An' sez she, 'More childern to bring up this way.' An' sez I, 'We've got to take what 's sent, Phibby Ann. Don't git too smart.' But I've been thinkin' of nothin' else since I see her."

"I am sorry for her, too," said Huldah, who listened to this condensed history with quick sympathy. "But perhaps sometime the love of those children will repay her for her trials. It is hard to stand apart from the world, not to be necessary to somebody."

"We ain't so necessary as we think when we are young," said Miss Weeks quickly, her delicate old face working with some strong emotion. "I—was engaged to be married when I was eighteen—and *he* went off west. He married another woman, and I thought I was goin' to die—but I didn't. There!" she hid her face behind the socks for an instant. The old wound was still sensitive. "I've never spoken of it in Chester. I came out here from Ohio to forget it, but the world isn't very big. Then—I think of it sometimes." Her accustomed cheerfulness was regained. "But I've found out, bein' an old maid isn't bein' unhappy. I p'sume I'd be worried to have a man 'round now at my age. It's certain I shan't never try it. Folks used to say to me, "You'll be found dead in your bed, or burgled, or something." But I ain't scart at my shadow, and then there's Him. He's what I call good company. I boarded a spell, an' then I had a room, an' went out to meals, an' then I built my little house, an' I tell you, housekeepin' is best of all. I wish you, Miss' March, was a-keepin' house, in your own home. Yes, I do, *so*. You'd have more room, an' more liberty."

"Yes, it would be pleasant," said Huldah, who had come back to the window and to Miss Weeks' side. "We hope to hire a house by spring, and then I am going to have a long visit from a friend who was once very kind to me."

"That 'll be a good thing," said Miss Weeks with emphasis, "then, if folks will call when Mr. March is out there 'll be a lady with you."

"Yes, to take care of me when little women like you call," said Huldah putting her hand upon this new friend's shoulder. As she did so she noticed a roll of knitting on the window sill, "Ah, Mrs. Forbes will miss her work," she said, taking it up. "She and the doctor were in Saturday evening, and though she delights in music, especially in her son's violin, she will improve the time knitting."

"She comes with him, does she, when he comes to play the violin with you?" said Miss Weeks, her eyes intent upon her work, but with that curious stillness of the figure which indicates close attention and interest.

"Oh, yes," said Huldah, startled by the question into looking inquiringly at her visitor; but Miss Weeks gave no sign, and worked on industriously, for a few moments, then made a gesture toward the piano.

"If we keep on a-talkin'," she said, quite with the air that Mrs. March had monopolized the conversation, "you won't play for me at all."

The adagio from Op. 2, No. 1, of Beethoven was followed by the Moonlight sonata. Then came the Pathe-tique, and the Appassionata, and several of Schumann's tone poems, but Miss Weeks gave no hint of her delight till Huldah began Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful." Then she came up behind the player and stayed there till she had finished. "That was the sweetest of all," she cried. "The first ones were great, noble, and the others lovely, but strange, but I understand this one best. What is it?"

"It is my husband's favorite."

"I don't know anything about music, but I feel it here," said Miss Weeks, putting her hand upon her heart. "It goes right through me."

The bell rang, and she started. "It's three blessed hours since I came," she said, catching up her bonnet, "and I did not mean to stay so. He, like as not, will be out prowlin' around, and catching His death o' cold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MUSIC EXTENSION SOCIETY.

### OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

The Society for Music Extension is an incorporated body designed to extend musical intelligence and taste. It prepares courses of study, promotes lectures, recitals and musical reading; and by means of advice, examinations and social influences fosters attention to music in its artistic aspects. The membership of the society consists of four classes:

#### MEMBERSHIP.

1. *The Central Directory, Officers and Advisory Boards*, composed of distinguished musicians, all of whom to a greater or less extent co-operate in preparing the courses of study and educational plans of the society. The government of the society is vested exclusively in this part of the membership, in accordance with the provisions of its charter and by-laws.

2. *Travelling Artists and lecturers* of various grades, who statedly or occasionally produce programmes before local circles of extension associates; and upon occasion act as examiners, inspectors and advisers of the work in general.

3. *Local Examiners*, music teachers of approved standing who undertake to administer the entrance and pass examinations assigned to them, and report the results to the central directory, according to the by-laws.

4. *Associates*, namely, musical students or amateurs of approved earnestness, who voluntarily enroll themselves as readers and students under the regulations of the society.

#### ORGANIZATION.

A Temporary organization has been effected, as follows: President, Dr. William Mason; 1st. Vice President, Mr. E. M. Bowman; Secretary and Treasurer, W. S. B. Mathews.

Directors, William Mason, E. M. Bowman, Albert R. Parsons, Calvin B. Cady, Emil Liebling, William H. Sherwood, W. S. B. Mathews, John Orth, Edward Baxter Perry, Arthur Foote, Thomas Tapper, John C. Fillmore, Constantine Sternberg. There remain ten more directors to be selected.

#### MANNER OF ADMINISTRATION.

It is expected that the main work of the society will be the direction of the students at a distance, which will be effected in the manner following:

A student desiring to avail himself of the assistance of Music Extension, must apply through the Secretary, stating his musical experience, giving as fair an idea as he can of his attainments, his supposed defects, and his ideals; at the same time he should mention some pianoforte teacher of his vicinity before whom he would be willing to take the entrance examination. Should this nomination of a local examiner be acceptable to the society, arrangements will be made for administering it, and upon being notified of this fact the applicant must forward to the Secretary the entrance fee of five dollars. This is supposed to cover the registry, preliminary examination and assignment to study. [Except in certain cases mentioned in Note 2. The Associate has also the right to choose the Director under whose supervision he would prefer to study, and in case the director selected has time for the work, and the fee is satisfactory, the wishes of the candidate are respected.

#### ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

The object of the entrance examination is not to debar any one from membership in the society, but simply to afford satisfactory information upon which to base advice and direction of study. All examinations must be conducted according to the plans of the society, and the returns made upon the official blanks, which will be furnished for the purpose. In addition to the questions and tests proposed in the Examination papers, the examiner is expected to forward whatever other information he may have,

wherever it might be useful in determining the real musical state of the applicant.

#### COURSES OF STUDY.

It is obviously impossible to direct the studies of students at a distance, however complete the information concerning them the director may possess, without a large amount of self direction on the part of the student himself. Hence the assignments for practice are made very broad, a part of the results being expected from the effect of certain musical selections taken into the student's consciousness. And it is the theory of this society that there are a large number of earnest musical students who, by the aid of the general directions and suggestions practicable under this system, would be able to go on for several years with constant improvement of artistic quality and intelligence. Hence the assignments to study will consist of a combination of what we call "courses" of study. By a "course" is meant a list of the most useful pieces of some one composer, or of some one class of compositions, arranged in progressive order, and marked off into grades. Hence there will be a Schumann course, Chopin course, Beethoven course, Mendelssohn course, Heller course, brilliant course, etc. Each of these courses, again, will consist of several grades. These courses will be prepared by certain Directors assigned, and afterwards passed by all the Directors, and only when so approved will they be promulgated and administered in the work of the society. The Schumann course in Note 2, by Mr. Constantine Sternberg, may be taken as an illustration of the kind of list here intended.

#### ASSIGNMENT TO STUDY.

With the official "Courses" before him, and the report of the applicant's entrance examination, the Director is in position to see what his general state is. He is first assigned to a certain grade, and then to certain courses within the grade. As, for instance, "Third grade, Heller, brilliant, and Mendelssohn courses." With the assignment is added a general plan of practice, showing the manner in which the different courses should be alternated in practice in order to



experience the best results. With every assignment there is a course in theory, which is finally to be made the subject of a written examination.

#### PASS EXAMINATIONS.

Each assignment to study is expected to last for from three to six months. Whenever the student supposes himself to have completed it, he is to write to his Director, through the secretary, and at the same time designate some reputable musician in his vicinity before whom he would like to take the pass examination, and forward therewith the second fee of five dollars, covering the same. The examination will then be arranged, and upon the report so acquired a further assignment to study will be made. The theoretical papers will be sent direct to the Secretary, and by him forwarded to the associate's Director. All that the local examiner will have to do with the theoretical paper will be to see that it is performed under proper conditions of independence—that is, without outside help.

#### LOCAL CIRCLES.

Where there are several Associates of the Society living in the same place or adjacent, it is advisable to form a local circle for stated meetings of a musical character. These may take the form of co-operative recitals devoted to the work of some one composer, or historical recitals; or theoretical classes.

#### RECITALS, LECTURES, ETC.

The Local Circles will be able to control local taste in the direction of promoting recitals by travelling artists. It is expected in time to be able to offer many grades of these. It will be possible to afford a "Reader" to perform before a small circle and its friends a well arranged program of exactly the music they most desire to hear. These readings will be afforded at a low price, whenever arrangements can be made for a series of them on the plan of a small tour, whereby the extra expense of travelling will be reduced to a minimum. Some of these Readings will be afforded as low as fifteen dollars; others at \$25, \$30, \$35. Recitals will

range from \$25 upwards according to the eminence of the artist. It will be found that recitals can be paid for in many communities where at present such a thing appears impossible, through the co-operation and canvassing efforts of the local circle of the Extension.

[NOTE 1.—The following progressively arranged list of the more indispensable Schumann pieces, has been made by Mr. Constantine Sternberg, as a tentative illustration of the kind of lists which will ultimately be perfected in all departments, by the Directors of the Music Extension.]

THIRD GRADE:

- Opus 68, No. 10—Merry Peasant.
- No. 19—Romance.
- No. 41—Norse Song (Greeting to Gade.)
- 124, No. 16—Slumber Song.
- 15, No. 6—Important Event.
- No. 12—Child falling Asleep.
- No. 7—Revery.
- No. 13—The Poet Speaks.

FOURTH GRADE:

- Opus 82, No. 1—Entrance.
- No. 8—Hunting Song.
- No. 7—Prophet Bird.
- 124, No. 19—Fancy Piece.
- 18, —Arabesque.
- 28, No. 2—Romance.

FIFTH GRADE:

- Opus 23, No. 4—Night Visions.
- 21, No.  $\left. \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 4 \\ 8 \\ 5 \end{array} \right\}$  Novelletes.
- 12, No. 3—Why?
- No. 2—Soaring.

SIXTH GRADE:

- Opus 12, No. 7—Dream Visions.
- No. 5—Night-- --!! (By all means.)
- No. 8—Finis Comedia.
- 22, —Sonata G Minor.
- 16, No.  $\left. \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 2 \\ 5 \\ 6 \\ 7 \\ 8 \end{array} \right\}$  or all of Kreisleriana.
- 9 —Carnaval.

SEVENTH GRADE:

- Opus 13 Etudes Symphoniques.
- 17 Fantasy in C.
- 54 Concerto in A Minor.

The student should well familiarize himself with all the remaining works of Schumann by sight reading, except perhaps the following opera: 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 56, 58, 60, 92, 118, 134.

Note 2. Certain directors are too busy to undertake the personal direction of students; others can only do so, when a larger fee is paid. Information upon these points will be given privately when requested.

[Official Announcement.]

## MUSIC AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Recognizing the responsibility of his position, the musical director groups all intended illustrations around two central ideas:

1. To make a complete showing to the world of musical progress in this country in all grades and departments, from the lowest to the highest.
2. To bring before the people of the United States a full illustration of music in its highest form, as exemplified by the most enlightened nations of the world.

In order to carry out this conception of the unexampled opportunity now presented, three co-operative conditions are indispensable:

- I. The hearty support of American musicians, amateurs, and societies, for participation in great festival occasions of popular music, and for the interpretation of the most advanced compositions, American and foreign.
2. The presence at the Exposition of many of the representative musicians of the world, each to conduct performances of his own principal compositions, and those of his countrymen, all upon a scale of the utmost completeness.
3. A provision on the part of the Exposition authorities of the means necessary for carrying out these plans, in the erection of the halls indispensable for successful performances, and in the engagement of solo artists, orchestra and bands.

Consideration of these three lines of inquiry has taken much time, but progress is sufficiently advanced to permit the Bureau of Music the following announcement :

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

The halls have been officially agreed upon and their construction ordered. They will be advantageously situated within the Exposition grounds :

1. A Recital Hall, for quartet concerts, etc., seating 500 people.

2. A Music Hall, with accommodation for 120 players, 300 singers, and an audience of 2,000.

3. A Festival Hall, for performances upon the largest practicable scale, with 200 players, 2,000 singers, and an audience of 7,000.

The Music Hall will contain a fine concert organ, and in Festival Hall will be placed an organ for chorus support.

The appointed Commissioner to Europe, who was sent to tender the invitation of the Exposition to the most distinguished composers, has returned with an encouraging report, which insures a series of international concerts unprecedented in point of scope and character.

The invitation of the bureau to choral societies to co-operate, because of their love of art and the pride they have in the opportunity the Exposition will afford to show to the world the artistic level of the United States in music, has brought many assurances of support. Inasmuch as it would be manifestly impossible for the same chorus to take part in all choral performances, this work will be divided among choral societies of the entire country.

The Musical Director assumes that thousands of singers and music lovers will visit the Exposition in any case, and that they will prefer to appear as contributors, thus conferring an importance upon their societies and their homes not possible under any other circumstances. These forces being directed and guided, as they must be, in combined effort, the necessary preparation for their appearance at the Exposition will afford intelligent direction to efforts that in some parts of the country are now being wasted for want of a commanding object of work.

The entire range of the performance proposed may be seen from the following tentative classification:

#### THE CLASSIFICATION.

First—Semi-weekly high grade orchestral concerts in Music Hall.

Second—Semi-monthly high grade choral concerts in Music Hall.

Third—Six series of international concerts, choral and orchestral, each consisting of from four to six in Festival Hall and in Music Hall.

Fourth—Three series, of three concerts each, of oratorio festivals by united American choral societies, in Festival Hall.

Fifth—Concerts in Festival Hall under the auspices of German singing societies.

Sixth—Concerts in Festival Hall under the auspices of Swedish singing societies.

Seventh—Six series of popular miscellaneous festival concerts by American singers.

Eighth—Twelve children's concerts by Sunday school, public school, and specially organized children's choruses.

Ninth—Chamber music concerts and organ recitals.

Tenth—Popular concerts of orchestral music, to be given daily in Choral Hall during six months of the Exposition.

To successfully carry on such a series of performances as are outlined above, a large corps of musicians will be needed, some of whom will be engaged for the entire period of the exposition; others for single performances and series.

The complete success which the Musical Director seeks can be secured only by the loyal co-operation of individual artists, large and small choral and instrumental societies and organized amateurs in general. Such co-operation he earnestly asks, and in subsequent papers to be issued by the bureau, details of organization and appearance at the Exposition will be given.

Regarding the standard of performance to be observed in all departments of Exposition music the Musical Director holds that while co-operation is asked of all grades of attainment every musical illustration there produced must be justifiable upon artistic principles. That is tosay, it must be what it honestly purports to be.

Approved:

GEO. R. DAVIS, Director-Gen.

(7)

THEODORE THOMAS,  
WILLIAM L. TOMLINS,  
GEORGE H. WILSON.

## THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

"Where does the first phrase end in No. 22 of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words"? Do the curved lines over two or three notes always mark a motive, as well as those over a larger number of notes?"

This inquiry will interest a large number of correspondents. In reply I will say, what I have several times said before, that all our music is full of conventional slurs, which in point of fact mean nothing. Sometimes they were put there by the composer because he thought they would look well, or because they indicate the bowing as the violinist would play the passage. It is only lately that the phrase marks are used purely from a pianistic standpoint. A violinist does not understand a slur to imply a staccato upon the last tone under it. He merely changes the direction of his bow; if the passage under the slur was played with an up-stroke, the following tone begins with the down stroke. The two tones, therefore, the one at the end of the slur and that which follows it, are marked off from each other by this difference of bowing, but it is no such difference as exists upon the piano when the first of the two is played staccato. No rule can be given that is perfectly satisfactory and will cover all cases. I have several times attempted to make a general rule. For example, when a slur covers a rhythmic group, it is almost always conventional—meaning that the tones so connected are to be legato, but not necessarily that they are marked off from those which follow by a staccato. But when the slur passes across from one rhythmic group to another, or from a weak rhythmic place to a strong one, it is almost or quite invariably a phrase mark of importance, meaning that the tones under it are connected, and the last one played staccato.

Slurs are never used to indicate the boundaries of a motive, except where the motive is intended to be made very distinct and independent. Slurs are never used to indicate metrical phrases except where the oratorical phrase corresponds—which more often than not it does.

I will add further that musicians are so accustomed to these conventional slurs, paying no attention to them whatever, in playing, that they really do not notice them at all. I was somewhat surprised the other day to find that after having been over the Heller studies in my first book of phrasing four or five times for this very purpose, I had overlooked several. Dr. Mason, who is one of the most exact writers that I ever knew, sent me a page of exercises in common time, sixteenths, in which every group of four tone notes had a slur over it. Were a pupil to phrase it as we are trying to teach them they ought (according to the marks), the author would speedily have corrected the mistake. In Loeschhorn's studies there are numerous

examples of these conventional phrase marks. In a late number of *Music* Mr. Sternberg proposes to have them taken out of Schumann's works for piano.

The only safe way is to learn to analyze the music according to the form, as an aid to which the chapters on "Form" in "How to Understand Music," or, much better, my "Primer of Musical Forms," will be found the clearest of anything which I have written upon this subject. It is not at all a difficult matter, as you will find if you take the primer and go through the examples there quoted.

---

"Mr. Mathews, in his 'How to Understand Music,' advises those who have not begun to learn until late in life, to give up expecting to accomplish much, and content themselves with four-hand playing. Alas! I am not young, and I cannot play; but must I cease to try?"

I do not remember the passage referred to, but the general truth is that the longer one waits before beginning, the harder it is to learn new things, for the reason that in youth the brain is well nourished, so that there is a surplus over waste. When there is a demand for new brain structure at this period of life, the system provides it easily. Moreover the attention is lively, and curiosity ungratified. So a young person learns, as it were, "down hill." An old person has many cares, the nourishment is not so good, and the study is often necessary when the powers of the body have been overtaxed. Under these circumstances learning is not so easy. Nevertheless the mind is stronger, and if one really means business, and has time, one can learn much of piano playing later than thirty. I believe I have taken up this question before, somewhere, saying among other things by way of example, that I have learned to write rapidly and easily upon two totally different writing machines since I was forty-nine years old, and still have them both in perfect control, so that upon either of them I can write about three times as fast as with a pen. This means that I have established a complete new apparatus of brain, and certain muscular and nervous connections—for before that time I had no technic corresponding to this. The piano would be easier to play, to quite a moderate attainment, than the Hammond typewriter, for instance, if one really knew the music internally as one knows the substance of his mother tongue.

Everything is possible if you want to do it enough. It all depends whether you are willing to pay the price. I recommend four-hand playing because in this way one can become personally acquainted with music which is too difficult for him to do alone.

---

A correspondent with the highly suggestive initials "E. M. B." wants to know what advice I would give about becoming a sight reader.

I am not a good person to answer this question, because I have not been in the habit of paying any attention to sight reading. I devote great attention to accurate reading, which is the main thing, and which is too often lost in the habit of scrambling through in time at sight. I have generally found that pupils after a while,



with the large amount of matter which I give for practice, become good and easy readers without further trouble. It is merely a question of reading enough, and sufficient variety. There is bound to come a time when the reading will be easy, owing to the ordinary forms having been mastered. There is, however, one part of sight reading which depends upon a certain mental technic, namely, that of *thinking in time*. The average pupil thinks his music by jerks, and intermittently, instead of steadily through the entire period. Music goes straight on *in time*. The habit of reading in strict time needs attention, and the best way is to read in class, eight hands, a symphony or large composition. Take one which is easily arranged, then having a conductor to beat time let the playing go straight on without interruption. If a player gets out, let him get in the best way he can, or wait until a turning of the leaf affords opportunity for coming in accurately. In a little while, say one hour a week for six months, you will find that the pupils of the class will have mastered the knack. Observe, however, that this practice will have a tendency to corrupt the accuracy of the reading unless you supplement it with most accurate proof reading of all the part of the lesson which is really studied. Memorizing is good for improving the reading, because it cultivates the habit of clear thinking and of accurate seeing.

---

“What remedy would you suggest for repeating the first of a measure, repeating perhaps as often as two measures in a phrase?”—K. G. L.

I suppose the question is what I would recommend for the habit of stuttering, or repeating the accented tone in every measure, by way of getting a sure start at the rest. The first thing is to *make the pupil count*; the second, to *practice slowly*; the third, to *practice slowly by the metronome*. If this is not convenient, the Mason accented exercises in the long forms (after the short ones have led up to them), the 9's, the 12's, etc., and the “Graded Rhythms” are the best I know of. Slow practice, counting, metronome, and the inner culture that comes of thinking music in time—as one has to in the Mason exercises.

W. S. B. M.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

SELECTED "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS." Mendelssohn. Critically edited by Calvin B. Cady. Edition Presser, No. 6. Folio, 62 pp. Price \$1.00.

The songs here included are the following, in the order here given: No 4, 9, 48, 16, 22, 44, 6, 27, 2, 7, 27, 1, 45, 18, 23, 20, 3, 30 34,—an order in general progressive, with a few deviations, which are quite as apt to be the work of the publisher as of the editor. There is a portrait of Mendelssohn, and a biographical sketch by Mr. Presser. The annotations of the songs are generally intelligent and lucidly expressed. In his desire to avoid merely imitative concepts, as distinguished from those purely musical, Mr. Cady has omitted the fanciful names ordinarily applied to some of the songs. The phrase-marks are different from those in the common editions. Mr. Cady carries the long slurs over entire sections of melody unbroken, the phrase punctuation being indicated by by a double stroke. This combination probably gives a better idea of the continuity of the melodic thought than the usual one where the short phraselets, entire phrases, and even selections are indicated by marks of the same value. The annotations are musical, and have reference to the feeling expressed in the music. They are generally brief, and because they are brief every word must be given its full value by the student. Aside from individual preference for certain songs not here included, and disregard for some that are included, this edition ought to answer an excellent purpose for the practical teacher. These pieces are among the most beautiful of the smaller tone-poems, and for forming a good melodic delivery they are indispensable.

THE FORESTERS: ROBIN-HOOD AND MAID MARIAN. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. The Incidental Music and the Songs and the Choruses, Composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. London, Chappell & Co. New York, Novello, Ewer & Co. Quarto, 45 pages. \$1.

Those who have read the music of any of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas in advance of hearing them will have noticed that the music sounds much better than it reads, owing to the nicety with which Sir Arthur Sullivan has adapted his music to the voice, the result of his genius in this respect being much better than the mere notes would lead one to expect. In the "Foresters" he had the advantage of Lord Tennyson's peculiarly beautiful lyrics, and the ballads in one or two instances are among the best, if not the very best, of the Sullivan productions in this line. The best in the present instance is Maid-Marian's song, "Love flew in at the Window," which is altogether sweet and quaint. The remainder of the music has little or no value independently of the play which it was written to illustrate.

A SONG OF LIFE. By Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated by the author and Robert Forsythe. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Small 12mo, pp. 155. Cloth, \$1.25.

This elegant little book is unique. Written by a teacher, it undertakes to explain the mystery of life as shown in flowers, fishes, frogs and birds. The illustrations are numerous and disposed in all sorts of fanciful ways, along the margin, twining among the text, etc., according to the taste of the accomplished publisher. Of the book itself the following, from the *Churchman*, is well said:

"Whoever can tell, as does this writer, the process of life in the growth of flower, insect, fish, bird, animal and man simply and at the same time with scientific correctness, is a benefaction. The sweetest thoughts about a flower lie not about the colored petal, but in its wonderful transformation from the tiny seed to a perfect fruit. The song of a bird is not more beautiful to the ear than the movement of life from the ovary to its completion in the swift-winged, feather-tipped body and its warbling throat. The beauty of a child that has developed from a particle of protoplasm is more wonderful than white-capped mountain peak or shining star, because it is the perfecting of life. So with simple, beautiful phrase, with pure and admiring words to describe the process of life, and with scores of gracefully outlined forms of plant and bird and beast by a helpful artist, has this song of life been sung and illustrated to delight and instruct in the happiest way many a wondering child concerning the mystery of life."

## TRADE DEPARTMENT.

### THE AMERICAN PIANOFORTE.

The American pianoforte differs from the best foreign instruments in possessing greater solidity, fuller and more singing quality of tone, and a more responsive quality of musical expression. These various excellences rest upon a great number of small details of construction, failure of any one of which would more or less impair the result. But essentially there are two elements of construction, which may be regarded as central. These two elements are the full iron frame, on which primarily the solidity depends; and secondly, the overstringing, which permits the strings to be more separated than when all are in the same horizontal plane, besides permitting the sound board bridges to be brought more completely into the center of the sounding board, whereby the vibratory qualities are greatly promoted. Hence the credit for the superiority of the American pianoforte must rest upon these primary inventions, which together with the manifold details later invented, have combined to render the American instrument possible.

It is a curious circumstance that the two great leading American houses stand upon precisely similar footing, with reference to these two radical inventions. The full iron frame was first successfully introduced by Jonas Chickering, about 1840. The overstringing first established its superiority when the Steinway overstrung squares were exhibited for the first time at the fair of the American institute in New York, 1855. Several manufacturers had made iron frames before Chickering; but they were regarded as more or less experimental, and it was not until Jonas Chickering exhibited his iron frame at the World's Fair of 1851, that the point was fully conceded that this was henceforth the right method of construction.

In the same way there had been many attempts at overstringing before that of Steinway & Sons. Mr. Henry Kroeger, Sr., states that he worked upon an overstrung square pianoforte in Hamburg, Germany, somewhere about 1846—several years before the firm of Steinway & Sons was established. Moreover, the members of the house of Steinway & Sons came from Hamburg, or near there, and therefore may have been familiar with the very instruments of which Mr. Kroeger speaks. It is believed that Jonas Chickering himself made a few pianos with the bass strings placed above those of the treble, as early as about 1850. It is certain that a St. Petersburg maker used overstringing several years earlier than the Steinway date already quoted.

Nevertheless, this fact in no way detracts from the originality or significance of the Steinway invention, as the following considerations will show: Jonas Chickering believed that the overstringing

impaired the tone of the pianoforte, and he and his sons stood out against the innovation for several years. The overstringing of the St. Petersburg maker produced little effect. But in 1855, at the fair already mentioned, it happened that the judges were able to separate the three overstrung instruments from all the others, and after a great deal of pains managed to decide which ones of the three should be marked for first, second and third premiums, respectively. Now these three pianos, so clearly above all the others shown in that fair, proved to be all by the same maker—Steinway & Sons—a firm of whom not one member of the committee had ever previously heard. Why was this? Simply because Steinway & Sons had so applied overstringing as to very decidedly improve the tone of the piano; whereas, in all the other cases the improvement had been largely inferential, and offset by certain drawbacks. Moreover, the proof lies close at hand, namely, in the subsequent course of the manufacture. All pianos nowadays, whatever their style, are made upon the overstrung system, and no manufacturer would for a moment think of going back to the flat style.

Another element of superiority in the American pianofortes is their uniformity of quality, throughout the output of each manufacturer, and this in turn is due to the American system of interchangeable parts—dependent in turn, upon the application of machinery and the consequent uniformity of all parts made by a given pattern.

Scarcely less wonderful than the cleverness with which the leading manufacturers, such as Chickering, Steinway, Knabe, etc., have continually improved the tonal capacity of their instruments, is the rapidity with which the popular makers have found means to approximate their results at a much smaller expense. There are a half dozen houses whose factories are models of good system and ingenuity, and the quality of instruments they are able to produce at a moderate price is far better than the best makers were able to produce at any price twenty years ago. Moreover, it is not true that the best of these makers employ material noticeably inferior to that of the leading makers. The most that can be said is that in some classes of material the selection is less severe than with the first-class makers. In fact, it may be taken for granted that such makers as Kimball, the New England Piano Co., Gabler, and others of their class, have reduced the first cost of a piano to as low a point as it will ever reach. It is a fact, which every one may verify who chooses, that either one of these manufacturers turns out a modern upright piano, with three strings to the unison, well made modern action, seven and a half octaves of compass, and a highly finished case, for less money than the cost of a common square piano twenty years ago, with a cheaper action, two strings to the unison, and only six octaves compass. This has been accomplished through the use of machinery and intelligence.

Even more significant of modern methods is the fact that such a firm as Wessel, Nickel & Gross employs in its factory more than 600 workmen in the production of actions alone. Alfred Dolge, too

works about the same number of artisans in the production of sounding boards, felt and specialties.

In fact, the piano making industry seems to have entered upon an epoch of democratic competition, to see who can turn out the best pianoforte at a given minimum of money. In this effort the new makers appear to be gaining upon the old, such a business man as Wissner, who entered upon the manufacture of pianos only about three years ago, having succeeded at the first step in placing his pianos in the very front of their class. So it has been with the New England Co., and more brilliantly than all with Kimball.

Later there will come a *musical* epoch of piano making, when all good pianos of the best makes will be sold upon their individual merits, one instrument for \$500, and another precisely like it in all external qualities, at a round thousand, merely through its tonal superiority. A really fine piano is, after all, in part an accident with the very best makers. There is a certain level below which their instruments rarely or never fall; but above that level there are wide differences, occasional specimens reaching heights which perhaps no other specimen will reach for months or years. All this happens through the fortunate combination of care and choice material. At present these differences are ignored in buying a piano. The maker's name, the style, and perhaps a choice between two or three in stock, are all that the most fastidious customer requires. And were the expert salesman to call the customer's attention to the differences which his trained ears observe in instruments apparently alike, he would merely create dissatisfaction without conferring any real favor.

Curiously enough, it does not appear, as yet, that the commercial success of the first-class artists, whose names have already been mentioned, has been materially affected by the enormous output of popular instruments, the aggregate of which will reach more than 40,000 in the United States alone during the present year. All of the first-class makers are employing more workmen than ever before, and turning out more and handsomer instruments than ever, which apparently find ready sale in spite of the difference of more than double price against them. The explanation of this is to be found in the increase of the wealthy classes, who will have what at least is reputed to be the best, and in a legitimate growth of musical perception, which, while not so rapid as it would be if the music teaching were more competent upon the tonal side than is generally the case, is at least constantly on the increase. There are a certain number of customers whose ears have reached the point of cultivation where the superior quality and singing tone of the best pianos appeals to them so forcibly that no consideration of price stops them.

If the commercial exhibit at the Columbian Fair is properly administered, and adequate scientific tests made of the tonal qualities of all pianos entered for competition, something will be done to forward education in this direction by establishing certain standards of merit which all manufacturers will thereafter be obliged to keep in view. Ultimately, as already intimated, the time is sure to come

when every piano will be sold on its merits, as a musical individual, just as surely as a horse is thus bought by a good judge. Pedigree goes for something in a horse, but personal qualities go far more. With pianos at present it is only a question of pedigree and coat; the traveling qualities of the instrument are almost wholly ignored.

The invincible logic of events will force the first-class makers to encourage this new discretion of taste, and it is for their interest to develop popular taste as rapidly as possible in this direction; for while it is impossible for them to compete with the popular makers in selling price, all experience goes to show that the production of the highest grade of tonal qualities in a pianoforte is a matter of extreme nicety and of positive genius, which no amount of measuring, copying or guessing will accomplish. A few makers have found out the secret; it will remain in their possession for a long time, and their business success depends only upon their finding educated customers to appreciate their fine work.

#### THE MUSICIANS' GUIDE

It is no secret in musical circles that the house of The S. Brainard's Sons Co. publishes one of the largest and best collections of standard and new teaching music, of every sort, to be found in the world. This great catalogue has been about forty years in collection. The standard part of it was begun by Nathan Richardson, immediately upon his return from Europe, in 1846, and it was largely extended by his successors, Russell & Tolman, Henry Tolman, Root & Cady, and lastly by our publishers. In this way a vast collection of teaching material has been brought together, amounting to about 10,000 pieces, of every school and style. Many of the editions are carefully edited, expressly for teaching, by some of the best editors known to the country. In such a list the titles are so numerous that one constantly forgets available numbers at the moment of need, and a mere alphabetical list of titles affords little assistance to finding the forgotten number. Nor will a list of titles by authors always serve, for a teacher desires to find something of a particular style and grade to join on the last piece studied by the pupil. In order to meet this want Root & Cady about twenty-five years ago began the "Teachers' Guide" in which the principal teaching pieces then in the collection were placed in grades by the well-known teacher, Mr. Adolph Baumbach. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews supplemented the work with biographical sketches of the authors, and a stout little volume was the result, which until the Chicago fire, served many teachers a very good purpose.

Upon the consolidation of the Root & Cady catalogue with the already large Brainard catalogue, the Root & Cady "Guide" became insufficient, since our publishers' customers had been in the habit of making use of the teaching material so liberally provided by the efforts of the late Mr. S. Brainard, but the labor of going through the entire material was so great that for many years this, like so many other good intentions, remained



unrealized. At length in 1890 arrangements were made for a new edition of the "Guide." Mr. W. S. Mathews was employed to make lists of the most desirable compositions of every author represented in the entire catalogue by more than four pieces, and arrange the same into grades according to the character of the piece, as "poetic," "brilliant," "popular," etc. This work was afterwards materially enlarged by Mr. Goodrich and others, and while nothing of this kind can be called perfect at least the house of Brainard can justly claim to have done the best within its power towards giving teachers the kind of help they need in ordering pieces by mail for pupils of every character.

Another feature of the "Guide" is the classified list of new music. Instead of stopping short at several years earlier than the time when the teacher begins to consult it, all the new music is graded and classified, so that the teacher has the benefit of the same kind of help in that also.

Another very important feature in the "Guide" is the full table of contents of church and secular music books, collections of vocal and instrumental music, etc. The pages are full of information of this sort.

In short, it is the intention of the house of Brainard to make the "Musicians' Guide" complete, in so far as concerns their own and other standard publications. And if any reader should fail to find therein the kind of information desired, all he has to do is to report the fact to our office. The missing information will be afforded if possible, and the next edition of the "Guide" will be sure to have it in, if it belongs to a general completeness desirable for a book of this kind.

A new edition of the "Musicians' Guide" has just been issued and a copy will be mailed postpaid to any address, on receipt of eight two-cent stamps, by The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago.

---

#### SICKNERS HAND GUIDE FOR PIANO PRACTICE

While our country is being flooded with Music Charts, Transposing Keyboards and similar humbugs, all promising a musical education without labor and but little expense, it is refreshing to note one invention that makes no such promises, but is really the most useful help for teachers that we have ever examined.

Sickner's Hand Guide was begotten from the necessities of an eminently practical teacher (himself) and, we understand, it was carefully tested for a considerable time before its introduction to the teaching fraternity. It promises to save time only so far as practice with correct position of wrists and fingers always saves much time to the pupil. In brief the pupil must practice when alone with the same position as when under the watchful eye of the teacher.

What is it like? Simply two softly cushioned bars in front and a little above the keyboard, with a neat and simple adjusting device at either end that all sizes of hands may be quickly fitted.

It is easily attached to the bottom, below the keyboard, and quickly removed. Between these bars the hands are thrust, and while free to move up and down the keyboard, the pounding process, so common with beginners, cannot be acquired. Let all good teachers thank Mr. Sickner for that one blessing.

Who should use the invention? All young teachers that wish to do good work must use it, while older and more experienced teachers, especially those who are responsible for the work done in schools and cannot personally superintend the foundation studies, will find it their chief assistant. Ever faithful, it will correct bad habits that would otherwise be vexatious to both teacher and pupil. To us its chief merit is, that by its use with proper guidance there will be no best fingers, for all the fingers will be equally strong and independent. Nature is compensating, and the resting of one functional part supplies nutrition to the weary muscles by the active employment of other movements. Thus a change from the clinging Legato to the Portamento and Staccato touch, which the Guide, by its changes of position facilitates, will enable the pupil to practice a much longer time without fatigue.

How seldom do we have chords played with that lifting touch, so like the mother's kiss upon the baby's lips that must not waken the child, and how easy to teach that touch with the Guide, for it must come from the wrist, begin in the more subtle passage work which is prologue to the play or climax. How dreary is it all without the proper accentuation of sequence, changes and the punctuation that completes the phrase or section. But with this help there can be no excuse for unequal touch.

The Guides are how made? In quantities by a chartered company with fully paid in capital, and a letter addressed to A. W. Sickner, Wichita, Kan. will secure a prompt reply with a full description.

J. L. WHITE.

Newton, Kan.

---

Dr. William Mason, the eminent teacher and pianist of New York, thus endorses "Edition Liebling" of Heller's piano studies.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1892.

*The S. Brainard's Sons Co.:*

GENTLEMEN;—\*\*\* Your very attractive edition of this extremely useful work is decidedly the best I have ever seen. The directions and explanations concerning the characteristics and style of performance of the respective studies are clear and easily understood. While concise they are yet comprehensive, thus making the work of great value to both teachers and students. I shall use every opportunity to recommend this beautiful edition.

Your sincerely,

WILLIAM MASON.

## NEW INVENTIONS.

Mr. Henry Pilcher, of Louisville, Ky., has invented a new draw stop and combination action for organs, which promises to secure most of the good results of the Roosevelt wind chest, at much less expense. His combinations are extremely ingenious. A combination can be set as easily as upon a Roosevelt instrument, and the draw stops meanwhile manipulated without disturbing the action of the combination vents.

Much interest attaches to what is known as the Suber piano wire. This consists of three strands of fine wire twisted together. It is claimed to offer several important advantages: The tone is more musical, unfavorable harmonics are avoided, and the tension upon the instrument for a given pitch and volume of tone is materially less than by the use of single wires. If these claims prove just in practice, the inventor will have placed the world of piano makers under an obligation.

---

The W. W. Kimball Co. has lately put in operation a third factory, and now is breaking ground for a fourth. They are producing more than 100 pianos a week.

---

## DISTANCES TO WASHINGTON.

From St. Louis to Washington the distance is 894 miles; from Cincinnati to Washington 553 miles; from Chicago to Washington 813 miles. This is via the bee line followed by the B. & O. railroad, the most picturesque as well as the most direct route from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic seaboard, stretching across level and fertile prairies, amid hills and valleys, over mountain crests, along banks of historic rivers, through teeming cities and bustling towns. Through B. & O. trains, with full Pullman equipment of sleeping, parlor and buffet cars, run from St. Louis to Washington in twenty-nine hours; from Cincinnati to Washington in eighteen hours; from Chicago to Washington in twenty-five hours. Sleepers from all points run through to New York from the West without change. At Washington connection is made with the B. & O.'s matchless Royal Blue Line for Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. These Royal Blue trains consist of the stanchest and finest coaches, parlor and sleeping cars ever built by the Pullman Co.; are vestibuled from end to end, and are protected by Pullman's improved anti-telescoping device, which makes every car as safe as it can be made by man's ingenuity and skill. All the cars are heated by steam and lighted by Pintsch gas. They are the fastest trains in the world, placing New York and Washington within five hours' reach.

#### THE FUTURE OF CHICAGO AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MARKET.

The manufacture of musical instruments in Chicago dates from the early '50's when R. G. Greene, Stone Bros., Knauer Bros., and W. P. Reed began operations. Next came Schaff Bros., who after various changes of firm name have finally settled down into the Schaff Bros. Manufacturing Company. In 1865 the Burdett Organ Co. commenced to manufacture organs extensively under contract for Lyon & Healy, who took the entire product of their factory until its destruction in the great conflagration of 1871. This little list comprises a pretty complete record of the musical instrument manufacturing industry in Chicago up to the new era which began early in the '70s.

A new firm then began in a modest way to manufacture parlor organs, and this enterprise finally, in its successor, the Chicago Cottage Organ Co., of to-day, has grown to be the largest parlor organ concern in the world. Within the present year this house began the manufacture of pianos. Toward the close of the '70s the firm of W. W. Kimball started the manufacture of organs, and ten years later brought into life the present Kimball piano factory. Smith & Barnes and their predecessors, C. A. Smith & Co., have been manufacturing for ten years, and have made a noticeable impression upon the trade in the West. Story & Clark date from the early '80's as manufacturers of parlor organs. They have always controlled an extensive trade. A large number of organs have also been put upon the Chicago market by Newman Bros. In addition to the foregoing firms there are numerous smaller concerns which have sprung up in recent years and among them are a number that are steadily advancing and who some day will make their mark in their chosen field.

In Chicago modern musical manufacturing, Lyon & Healy may be called the pioneers, not only because they carried on the Burdett Organ business for years, but for the reason that eight years ago they undertook the manufacture of small musical instruments, and despite the innumerable difficulties of a practically unexplored field for American enterprise, they soon built up the largest enterprise of the kind in the world. With their magnificent buildings opposite Union Park the musical world is already well acquainted. To Lyon & Healy more than any other firm belongs the credit of raising Chicago to the proud position she now occupies in the musical world of America,—New York alone outranking her. Lyon & Healy also deserve unstinted praise for carrying the banner of Chicago throughout the world. Wherever civilization has a foothold the instruments of their manufacture are accepted standards of excellence.

Conservative students of Chicago's growth predict that inside of twenty years Chicago will be not only the largest musical market in the United States but the largest on the globe. This statement seems less surprising when it is borne in mind that at the present writing more reed organs are produced in Chicago than in all the other American cities combined, and that but a decade ago the gross value of the output of the Chicago musical factories was less than \$250,000.

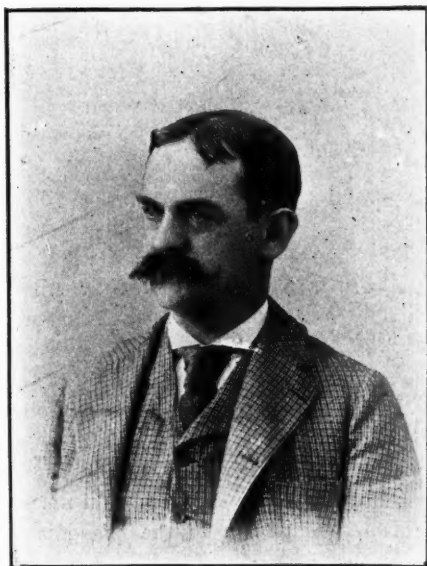
# MUSIC.

AUGUST, 1892.

## MUSICAL JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS.

(CONCLUSION. THE DAILY PRESS.)

The list of musical journals in the last number was far from complete. One of the most important omissions was that of Brainard's *Musical World*, of which for twenty-five



MR. GEO. H. WILSON.

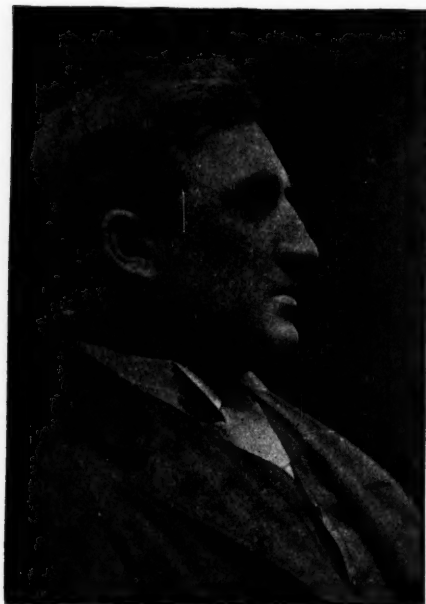
[World Fair Musical Bureau.]

selection and arrangement of matter for each number

years or such matter the late Dr. Karl Merz was editor. This excellent musician and learned and kind-hearted gentleman acquired a very large public of music students and amateurs, who looked to him for advice and instruction upon musical subjects. Dr. Merz was never editor of the *World*, in the strict sense of the term. He was more properly the chief writer, the

being done by Mr. C. S. Brainard, who still continues it. At present the most brilliant writer connected with the *World* is Mr. Emil Liebling, with whose brilliant and knowing man-of-the-world style our readers are acquainted.

The line which editors of musical periodicals so often try to establish between musical writing in the musical periodicals and that of the daily press is somewhat of an imaginary one, as immediately appears when we observe how many of these same editors serve in both relations. Two important illustrations occur at this moment. Mr. Geo. H. Wilson,

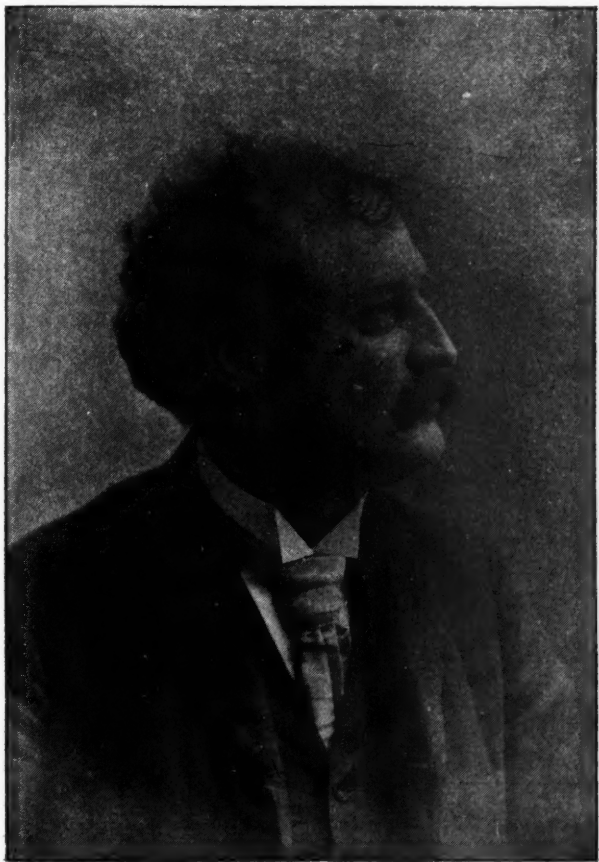


of the *Boston Musical Herald*, has been for several years the musical critic of the *Boston Daily Traveller*. Another case is that of Mr. James Gibbons Huneker, the chief writer of the *Musical Courier*, who has been musical critic of that brilliant journalistic success, the *New York Recorder*, ever since its establishment. Mr. Huneker is of Hungarian-Irish race extraction,

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER. and combines in his highly-gifted person many of the more brilliant traits of both branches of his heredity. He is also a practical musician, and so distinguished a teacher of the pianoforte that for several years he has been Mr. Joseffy's assistant in Mrs. Thurber's conservatory.

The position of the daily press with regard to music is a peculiar one, since owing to certain circumstances a musical

editor of a leading newspaper is able to do great harm to reputation, while on the contrary he is extremely limited in the direction of doing good. This arises from the fact that the inner circle of artistic principles and ideas can be brought to the attention of the ordinary newspaper readers



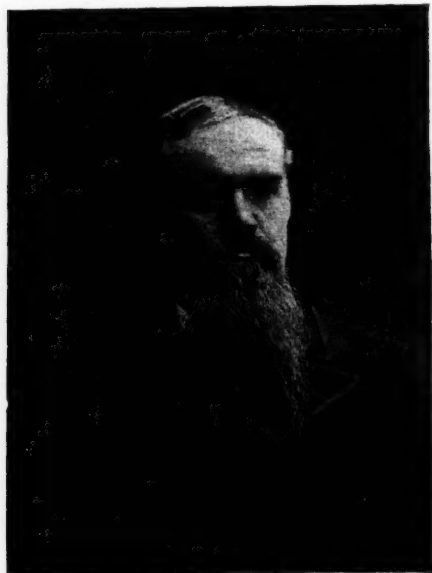
HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL.

Musical Editor of the New York Tribune.

only in a desultory way, and so made what is called "timely" by some actual occurrence in the way of a musical publication or performance with which the ideas can be connected.



Any discussion of the principles of so differentiated a form of activity as music is liable to miss securing the attention of ordinary readers, especially when found in the columns of a daily newspaper, which almost per force is read rapidly, and carelessly. Either the matter fails to secure attention or is misunderstood, the reader retaining only a half impression at most. Hence it is only when the writer happens



GEO. P. UPTON,

Thirty Years Musical Editor of the Chicago Tribune. Any discussion of the principles of so differentiated a form of activity as music is liable to miss securing the attention of ordinary readers, especially when found in the columns of a daily newspaper, which almost per force is read rapidly, and carelessly. Either the matter fails to secure attention or is misunderstood, the reader retaining only a half impression at most. Hence it is only when the writer happens to be unusually sincere, earnest, and with convincing literary charm that his utterances in support of the higher principles of musical composition or performance succeed in impressing themselves upon his readers. Yet on the other hand, by the same reason, his condemnations of persons and performances are liable to do a wholly disproportionate amount of harm, even when the result of mere prejudice. This arises from the fact that while the discussion of artistic principles may be over the heads of the readers, the condemnation is likely to be exactly intelligible. And when a casual reader happens to find vigorous condemnation associated with apparently wise discussion of fundamental principles in an art concerning which he has only the most vague knowledge, he is apt to take it at its face value.

Nevertheless, there are few fallacies more wide spread

than that attributing to the public press the power to make or mar reputations in the long run. That the daily newspaper, with its cumulative returns to a given subject, is able to effect upon the mind of the reader an impression more decided, and at the same time perhaps less easily referred to



*Henry T. Finck*

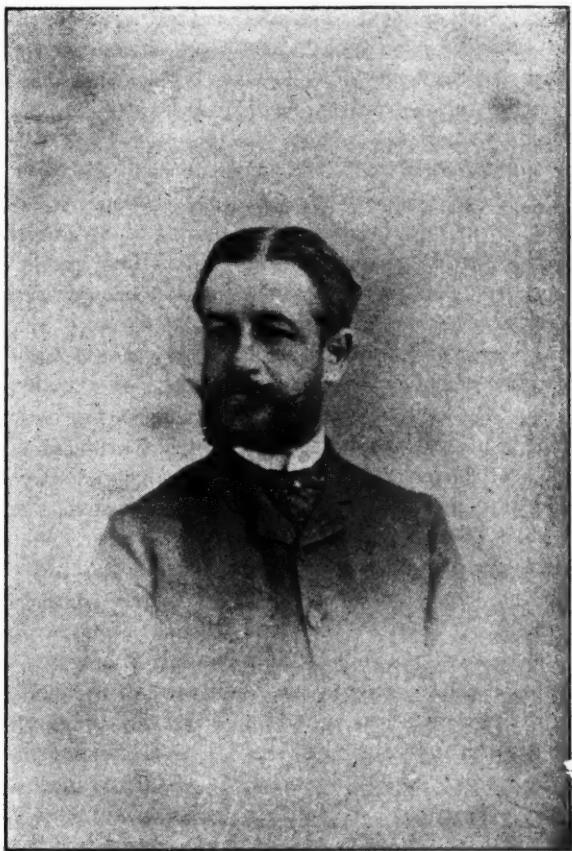
its source, than an impression derived from a single connected discourse, is an incident often availed of by politicians for party purposes. Moreover, so long as a single set of opin-

ions is persistently advocated by a newspaper, and all opposing opinions rigorously barred out or misrepresented, the tendency is for the readers of the journal to acquiesce in the set of opinions so presented, or to entirely disconnect themselves with the newspaper in favor of some other journal advocating opinions more in consonance with their convictions.

In the long run and upon the widest scale, the newspaper can do only one set of things well and effectively. It is the sense organ of the body politic, by means of which intelligence is brought in concerning everything which goes on. It is the eyes of the public through which the unseen is made manifest; the ear, through which opinions are heard; the taste, through which untried combinations are sampled; the popular record of everything which takes place—with especial emphasis upon every occurrence unfriendly to the health of the body politic, on the same principle that nature gets up an inflammation whenever there is a bodily interference to be removed. In this sense the daily newspaper is the universal contemporary record, in which the wheat and tares of human endeavor grow together, the tares a little ahead in claims upon the reader's consciousness.

It is well known to all who have ever been actively connected with the daily press that there is a wide distinction between what is called "reporting," or the telling of news, and "editorial writing" or commenting upon the news, showing its relations and interdependencies. Reporting is a matter of seeing and telling; editorial writing is a matter of reflecting and explaining. Hence the minds belonging to the latter department of the paper are usually of a different order, in which the reflective faculties are more mature, and the experience of life and affairs wider and deeper. It often happens, indeed, that the reflecting is of a distinctly perfunctory kind, as when the managing editor calls upon a writer to "say something" about an occurrence which for the moment is occupying public attention, but which has "nothing in it" from the greater outlook of the

eternal years of truth. However this may be, in the long run there is a well defined tendency in journalism towards independence of thought, inasmuch as a newspaper is made for the whole community, and not for any selected segment of it. The "ninety and nine" (who do not take the



*William F. Rittling*

paper) are as much a matter of anxiety to the journalist as to the evangelist.

But there is one axiom of journalism which very few

even among intelligent outsiders understand; it is nevertheless, as true as that two and two make four. This axiom is that a newspaper reputation carries only so far as truth carries it. Nothing can come of nothing. Everything in a newspaper turns essentially upon what has been done and told; reputation is based upon the record. The record is the beginning of everything in newspaper immortality, and the most that the comment undertakes is to point out the inner sources of energy and long lived effectiveness promised by the facts contained in the record. Thus it is that great statesmen arrive at just reputation, and so it is with all other kinds of men of public consideration. And when the comment is superficial or wrong headed it is nevertheless based upon the record, and the reader thus has in the same package with the mistaken comment enough of the original record with its own indications to protect him in great degree from the false leading. Moreover, there is another fact which is not so well understood as it ought to be. Honesty is the rule in journalism. It does not happen one time in many hundreds that the writer of editorial comment is brought into any but the most abstract and Platonic relation to the opinions which he formulates, or the facts upon which those opinions are based.

Musical criticism occupies an intermediate place in journalism. In most offices the critic is not in the city department, subject to the news editor, but either in a semi-independent position or more closely connected with the editorial department proper. His work consists of both kinds of functions—hearing and telling, and judging. It rarely happens that a critical article is equally strong in both these respects. Either it fails in vividly telling, or in critically estimating. A complete article upon a concert or opera would be written by two persons, one a good hearer and teller, the other a good judge. Only, since it is as impossible to find two individuals able to hear alike as to find two artists to draw the same scene precisely alike, it would generally happen that the seeing and telling would disagree with the judging. One observer would find some-

thing in the performance which the other would miss, and that something might be the centrally determinative point of the whole judgement. Moreover, the musical reporter labors under no small difficulty in his effort to carry over in a lively manner impressions of a musical performance to the cool and generally unmusical readers of the next morning's paper. The two things, the music and the telling, are in different planes. Not only does the reporter labor under the difficulty of the poet, who seeks to paint in words the glories of a sunset or grand scene, where the account falls so far short of the original, and is also in a different plane (the one visual, the other verbal); he has the greater disadvantage that the reader of the musical article has no such collection of musical experiences to aid him in discerning the reporter's meaning as the collection of remembered visual impressions which the ordinary reader is able to call up at will for the better understanding of the poet's meaning.

Nevertheless, the fact remains as true in musical criticism as in all other departments of journalistic record, the reputation depends finally upon the facts recorded—and the greatness of the reputation will turn upon the inclusion of great facts. So the first thing which a musical critic can do to help the cause, (by which formula is meant extending musical intelligence) is to hear truly and tell in a lively manner, in order, as Mr. Finck of the *Nation* has somewhere said, to carry over to next morning's reader something of the delight experienced in this source of pleasure.

Among the distinguished ornaments of journalistic positions of this class the name of Mr. Geo. P. Upton is entitled to honorable place. Mr. Upton was musical editor of the *Chicago Tribune* for thirty years, resigning his duties in this line about 1884, but retaining his rank in general editorial writing. Mr. Upton was of incalculable advantage to musical interests in this city for many years. His style of writing was pleasing, his personal acquaintance with musicians very extensive, and his intentions high. He was the first to raise the standard of Theodore Thomas here, which he did on the morning after the first Thomas concert

in Chicago, in 1869, and he has been a consistent friend of that great artist ever since. Mr. Upton was one of the best judges of performance who ever held a critical position in this city. Of subject matter, in the case of new works, he was also a very good judge, and in case of doubt he took care to fortify himself by the best assistance attainable. Mr. Upton is the only Chicago musical critic who ever attained to national distinction through his work upon the daily press.

Among the leading men in this line at present, speaking with national outlook, the name of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the *New York Tribune* must be placed very high. Krehbiel was for several years in Cincinnati. He is a native of Michigan, of German extraction, a man of fine physique, genial presence, and great accomplishment. In his position on the *Tribune* he stands up for German music to a degree scarcely compatible with impartiality. He is a fluent and at times a strong writer and well deserves his great reputation.

Another writer of national reputation is Mr. H. T. Finck, of the "*Nation*" and "*New York Evening Post*." Mr. Finck is a man now in the fullness of his powers, genial in presence, rather sweet and amiable in conversation, in curious contradiction to the somewhat bumptious determination and incisive phraseology with which he enforces his printed opinions.

The labor of a critical position in New York is something prodigious, and it is impossible that everything should be equally well done. At times the "office cat" plays havoc with reputation. But these things happen in all families. Mr. Finck is also worthy of the distinction of having been one of the most consistent advocates of Wagner and the music of the future. He has discussed many of the deepest problems in music with an insight and force worthy of highest praise.

A younger member of the critical fraternity in New York is Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the *Times*. Mr. Henderson has lately published a book of "Studies" made up from his current articles. They show him to be a man of genuine



talent and promise. Yet another well qualified neophyte in newspaper criticism is Mr. Reginald De Koven, formerly of Chicago. Mr. DeKoven is clever in the best sense, and if he chooses to retain a journalistic position for any length of time he will make his mark, not so much, perhaps, through the depth of his views as by his light and clever touch in handling social topics. For Mr. De Koven is by no means a musical reformer who would willingly or indeed knowingly go to the stake in support of a particular set of opinions which after all might turn out erroneous.



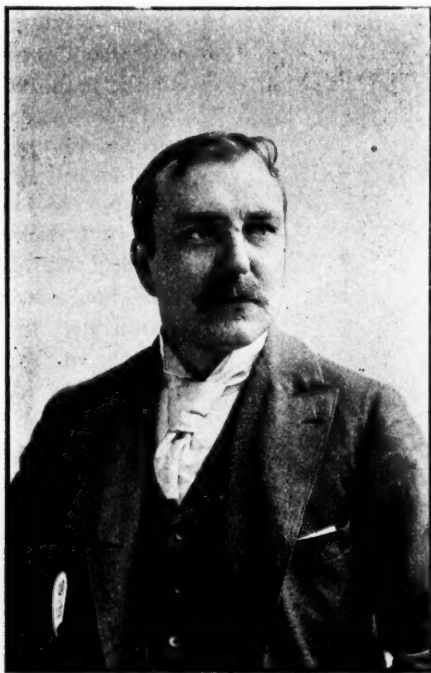
MAJ. GEO. M. McCONNELL,  
Musical Editor of the Chicago Times.

critical editor of the great *Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* published by Scribner & Co. Mr. Apthorpe is Boston bred, with a cosmopolitan experience. He is a good writer, a keen critic, with a fine instinct for form, and in all respects an ornament to the position he occupies on the *Transcript*.

In Boston there are several writers who ought to be mentioned and who deserve all the immortality that the present art of portraiture can give them. At the head of this class is Mr. W. F. Apthorpe, who is known to the country at large through his articles formerly printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and later in the *Century* and *Scribners*. He was the

A writer better known the country through, personally at least, is Mr. L. C. Elson, of the *Advertiser*. He is a competent all-around musician and lecturer and singer. His genial personality, his Irish wit and his general air of bonhomie, are such as commend his virtues to any company which he may enter.

Chicago possesses a musical critic who is entitled above all others of record to the honor of turning out a greater amount of "copy" on a greater variety of subjects than any other man in the profession. I refer to Maj. Geo. M. McConnell of the *Times*. For years Major McConnell has been musical, dramatic, and literary editor of the *Times*, and



MR. CHAS. W. NIXON.

[Musical Editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean]

in pursuance of these complicated functions he has conscientiously read through many thousands of pages per week, turned out some four or five columns of literary reviews and notices, attended to the theatres and concerts to the extent of a perhaps from fourteen to sixteen columns weekly, and when this happened not to be enough has turned in a few editorial articles. Conscience is simply a burden to a man undertaking such an amount of work. But a conscience Major McConnell has, and it is to be taken into account in estimating his burdens. The

surprising element in his work is the quality of it, in spite of the vast quantity. He writes a good, terse style, and as a rule with consideration for the ideals and intentions of the victim. It is of course impossible to keep enthusiasm on tap for the demands of a wholesale trade of this magnitude, but it cannot be justly charged to Maj. McConnell that he ever deliberately cuts up a victim, except under stress of duty to guard the public from an imposition.



MR. HARRY FALKENAU.

[Musical Critic of the Chicago Herald]

The musical fortunes of the *Chicago Tribune* have been rather diversified since Mr. Upton left its columns. In the ten years about five incumbents have "rattled around" in Upton's place. Mr. Fred. Grant Gleason held the place longer than any one else, nearly three years, I believe; but just when we all thought he was there to stay the lightning struck him, and the place

knew him no more. The present incumbent is Mr. Will Hubbard, promoted from the *Evening Journal*. Mr. Hubbard has the advantage of large physique and intentions. He is one of those critics whom managing editors call "discriminating," because they praise and blame alternately through a long article. This method is often justifiable by the nature of the average musical performance, but it does not have a good literary effect, an article

needing its keynote as truly as a musical composition. The true way of arranging an interesting critical article is to take a keynote at the start, and then, when the principal subject has been duly exposed, digress on the other side with whatever illustrative modulations may be within easy reach. At the close the principal subject again returns. In other words, an article is a rondo,



MISS LULU DARK.

Musical Critic of the Chicago Globe.

as a l s o is life,—the first subject, childhood, returning with new treatment before the final going down of the curtain and the snuffing out of the lights. Mr. Hubbard is a man with plenty of talent and ambition, and if he does not permit himself to be hampered too much by the higher powers of the office, there is no reason why he should not attain an eminence in his profession commensurate with the commanding position he now occupies.

Upon the *Inter-Ocean* the musical chair has long been held by Mr. Chas. W. Nixon, a studious and very useful writer, who never knowingly neglects a local interest, and rarely resorts to vivisection.

One of the most promising of the younger critics of the Chicago daily press is Mr. Wilkie, of the *Daily News*. He is studious, ambitious and discerning. His portrait, unfortunately, like that of Mr. Hubbard, has failed to arrive.

The position of social pre-eminence formerly held by the *Tribune* appears now to be going more and more to the *Herald*, which has always devoted liberal attention to music. The present critic upon the *Herald* staff is Mr.

Harry Falkenau, who gives promise of establishing a critical reputation of a lasting kind. Mr. Falkenau has a certain force of his own, and is not slow to recognize novelties at their proper value, as the columns of the *Herald* often show. Holding and expressing distinct opinions, in so prominent a place as that afforded by a prosperous daily, Mr. Falkenau makes quite a number of enemies. His scalp is therefore in lively demand, and some day a smart enemy may get it. But there is one comfort in this sort of thing: The fellow whose torn skin is beginning to heal always joins in the laugh at the latest victim, so that there is room to hope that the mills of gods may grind so slowly in this case as to afford the ambitious critic time for showing the essential soundness and reliability of his work.

The position of a critic on a daily journal is by no means a bed of roses. Besides the inevitable difficulties of treating musical subjects for general readers and educating them "unawares," as one might say, there is a continual misrepresentation, having its source frequently in professional malevolence. For instance, it would be impossible to persuade Otto Floersheim to admit in print that Finck or Krehbiel were capable of filling their positions. It would be equally difficult to convince the editors of the *Chicago Indicator* or *Presto* that our own critics on the daily press are in any way worthy of their positions. Bald ignorance is the least of their charges against them. But the daily press goes on all the same, and the writings of these gentlemen are read by many thousands daily, while the aspersions upon their competence might about as well have been concealed in the Old Testament or the Book of Mormon.

The extent of this discussion necessitates the omission of much other interesting information concerning the ways and experience of musical critics. With all their faults they are but human, and, as the good Cowper suggests, "behind a frowning Providence conceal a smiling face." And in his meditative moments the critic hopes that St. Peter may pass him with the Scotch verdict, "not proven; let him never do so again."

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL TECHNIC.

Technic, as applied to piano playing, is the power to express musical thoughts. This involves not only the ability to play the proper notes with correct fingers, but requires such control of the muscles and nerves, that all graduations of tonal coloring may be expressed. Piano playing has been compared to an electric current; the musical thought eman-



ates from the brain, passes through the nerves which move the muscles to be used, the fingers strike a key, the hammers strike a wire, which in its turn produces a tone, the ear conveys the tone back to the brain, thus completing the circuit.

MR. HUGH A. KELSO, JR.

Weak or sluggish muscles, therefore, not readily yielding themselves to the nervous stimulus flowing from the brain, will break the circuit, and the musical phrase will fall

short of the ideal conception. The best technic is that which accomplishes the maximum of effect with the minimum expenditure of force. There is no fault in piano playing more common than the useless and prodigal expenditure of energy. This same waste can also be seen continually in the ordinary actions of life, many in the picking up of a pin wasting an amount of nervo-muscular energy quite sufficient, when properly applied and controlled, to move a piece of furniture across the room. Why put force into the entire arm when a movement from the elbow will answer? Why use the forearm when the limited action of the fingers will suffice? This waste of energy has led me in my teaching of technical work, tonal as well as muscular, to formulate a method of tone production based upon the natural laws of expression of the body. These laws have been formulated by psychologists and while they at first may not seem to apply directly to piano playing, they will nevertheless, assist in making clear my formula,—and I consider them necessary to more thoroughly explain the principles upon which this method is based.

All movements have their origin in a common center, which is an accumulation of grey matter and nerves that, for want of a better name, is called brain. Every action of the nervous system culminates in muscular motion. Psychologists in observing the expressions of the emotions in man have found that they spring from a superior force within, which we will call the psychic principle of being. While the psychic is in reality a unit, for the convenience of study we separate it into three divisions—the Vital, Mental and Emotional states of consciousness. The psychic principle employs the brain to telegraph its commands and the nervo-muscular system carries the message to the indicated locality. The Vital element of the psychic being is sensitive and instinctive. It manifests itself in the phenomena of mind. He thinks, perceives, remembers, imagines and reasons. The emotional element is passionate, ethical and spiritual. It manifests itself in the phenomena of Emotions. He is happy, sad, loves, hates and pities, is disgusted, is pleased. These natures or states of being



manifest themselves through the body by different channels. The head is considered the mental division. It is through the eyes and face that we express our intellectual activity. The torso is the emotional division. It advances in love, retreats in aversion, is lifted in pride, depressed in melancholy. The limbs are vital in expression. It is with the legs and arms that we perform the ordinary functions of life. We manifest these three states of being through the body as a whole, and through its divisions and special organs. These special organs are the phonetic, articulatory and muscular. We are principally interested in the muscular. No expression of the body is possible without muscular activity. This activity is proportionate to the intensity of the emotion. If we are highly excited the entire muscular system is tense. If we are in a reposeful state, the muscles are in a relaxed condition.

Piano playing is to a certain extent unnatural; that is we express our emotions through an instrument other than the body. The best piano technic is that which most adequately expresses, subject to the limitations of the instrument, all shades of emotional feeling. To gain this end I endeavor to trace a clear analogy between the principles of gesture and those of piano playing. The latter indeed, is simply a succession of gestures, and an interesting correspondence can be noted between the movements of the voice and gesture and those of piano playing. The arm is a combination of levers with six centres of motion—shoulder, elbow, wrist, knuckles and phalanges. The centre of motion for the entire arm is the shoulder joint, a ball and socket articulation permitting broad and flowing movements. It is a symbol of strength. Arcs in gesture traced from this centre have the greatest sweep, hence are used to depict the grandest and deepest moods of the soul. The structure of the elbow joint renders the movements of the forearm less than those of the entire arm; the arcs through which it swings are smaller and its expressive power more limited. The habitual carriage of the elbow translates the ruling state of the Psychic; turned out it indicates boldness, audacity,

self conceit; turned in, timidity, indecision and weakness, and when normal, hanging easily at the side, it infallibly signifies ease, self possession, calm repose and kindred states of mind.

A late writer upon Expression says:—"The wrist is the centre of motion for the hand; it is its guiding and directing agent. It accumulates the motion of the two upper centres and reproduces both the freedom of the shoulder and the firmness of the elbow." In connection with the rotary muscles it is capable of presenting the hand in all possible forms. Its pliability, its suppleness, its directive power, its wonderful strength and its relative position to the elbow and shoulder, have led profound writers on the subject to the statement that the wrist, by its activity, translates that state of ego in which the mental nature is in the ascendancy, —as the elbow expresses the predominance of the emotional, and the strong shoulder the leading of the vital principle.

The hand is sometimes called the second face, so expressive is it, and so wonderful in construction. The science of palmistry is a direct result of this expressiveness. It discloses the three states of being, and is the intermediate agent in bodily movements, lending itself to that state of being which is in action. The ball of each finger is made sensitive to the highest degree, by the knots of nerve matter which lie underneath its skin. In the art of piano playing these little nerve-knots put the psychic at the finger tips, whenever delicate effects are to be produced. To quote again "There is a systematic agreement of parts from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers. Intensity in the shoulders; firmness in the elbows; strength in the wrist; finesse in the fingers. So the hand with reason to guide it, makes all mechanics possible."

The skillful orator, beginning his discourse with simple statement of fact, or unimpassioned narrative, uses slight movements of the hand and narrow inflections of the voice, to quietly emphasize the purely mental expression of his thought. As he goes deeper into his theme—"warms up to his subject," as we say, the vocal movements become more extended and the forearm is called into play, the emotional

disturbances of the mind causing a wider sweep of the agents of expression through space. As the climax is approached, with its bursts of eloquence and expenditure of vital force, the whole arm is brought into action, swinging freely through wide arcs from its centre at the shoulder, and accompanying the impassioned voice in its wide upward and downward sweeps.

In piano playing the purely mental, intellectual phrase finds its expression in the circumscribed movements of the fingers and hand, using the knuckles or wrist as the centre of motion. Passages from Bach's Fugues and Inventions admirably illustrate this statement.

An emotional phrase demands more freedom of movement, which the firmness of the elbow,—the Emotional centre,—and length of the forearm readily supply. Chopin's Nocturne. Op. 27 No. 2 abounds in sentimental passages requiring this touch.

Climaxes and passionate outbursts of musical feeling demand the added strength and wider swing through space of the entire arm from the vital centre at the shoulder. In Chopin's Polonaises and Liszt's Rhapsodies this vigorous expression of physical exuberance predominates.

From a technical standpoint I classify all music under five general heads—octaves, chords, arpeggios, scales and embellishments, and these are again subdivided. Octaves are of five varieties, namely, legato, staccato, broken, interlocking and deceptive.

Chords are either broken or solid. In order to play an Arpeggio properly it must be taught in ten or twelve different ways, and the pupil will then understand how to correctly practice *all* arpeggios. I usually teach the principles of arpeggios before attempting scales, as the movements of the arm, wrist and fingers are very much the same in both, and are more easily comprehended in the former than in the latter.

Under the head of embellishments I included all varieties of trills, mordents, appoggiaturas, etc.

I consider the wrist the distributing centre for the energy of the upper and forearm. It is impossible for the nervous

stimulus from the brain to be properly conducted to the finger tips when the tendons that pass through the wrist are tense. Almost every pupil beginning the study of the piano has some unconscious mannerism or trick, of using the agents of expression peculiar to himself. Before eradicating these bad habits and building up those which are correct, a certain condition of passivity or relaxation must be achieved,—just as the potters clay must be rendered soft and plastic before it can be modeled into the desired forms. I find for this purpose the Delsartean exercises, known as decomposing, relaxing or devitalizing, of inestimable value to the beginner and advanced students alike.

Another advantage of these exercises, is the acquirement of the ability to render passive all interfering muscles and to thus direct the nervous energy without hinderance, into the channels through which the desired effects are to be produced, as we all know that tense muscles, not directly employed, block the freedom of expression. Following these freeing exercises I find that the best results may be gained from the upper arm, forearm and fingers by practicing the following simple wrist exercises,—which are of three varieties.

FIRST—The elevation and depression of the wrist with fingers and upper arm stationery.

SECOND—The elevation and depression of the hand with the forearm stationery.

THIRD—The lateral movements of the wrist with fingers and upper arm stationery. The rotary movement of the hand cannot be correctly classed as a wrist action, as the principal muscles the pronators and supinators, employed in



the movement lie in the forearm. It should always be borne in mind that no movement of a muscle can take place without the adjacent muscles lending assistance in a more or less degree, and in the rotary hand movement—although

the wrist muscles assist,—the main work is done by the forearm muscles above mentioned. The "four and five" finger side of the hand is, through its construction, weaker than the thumb side, yet it is just as important a factor in playing. In a majority of musical compositions the melody and fundamental bass notes are played with the weakest fingers, hence the necessity of building up the ulnar side of the hand. The

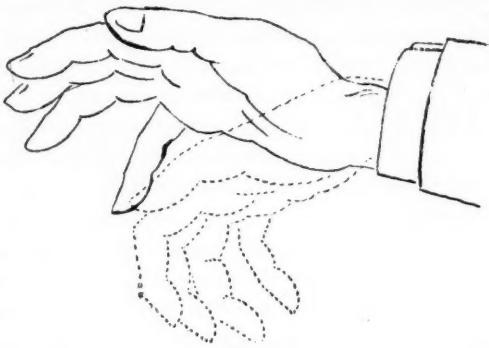


Fig. 1.

principal muscles employed in turning this side of the hand high are the *Pronator Radii Teres* and *Pronator Quadratus*, assisted slightly by the wrist extensor on the ulnar side. The development of the Pronators may

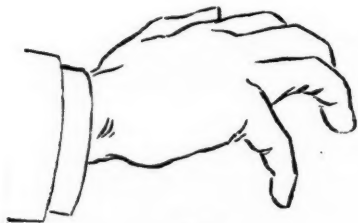
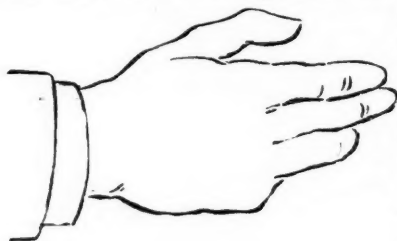


Fig. 2.

this firm position, make the hand supine and shake it from the

best be accomplished by holding a book under the upper arm against the side of the body. This is to concentrate the action entirely at the elbow. In order to take up the slack of the muscles of the forearm, curve the second, third and fourth fingers, raise the thumb from the metacarpal bone and point the 5th finger down. (Fig. 2.)

With the fingers in

wrist to relax interfering muscles, then make the hand prone, raising the ulnar side as high as possible, at the same time turning the hand inward at the wrist. (Fig1.) Daily practice

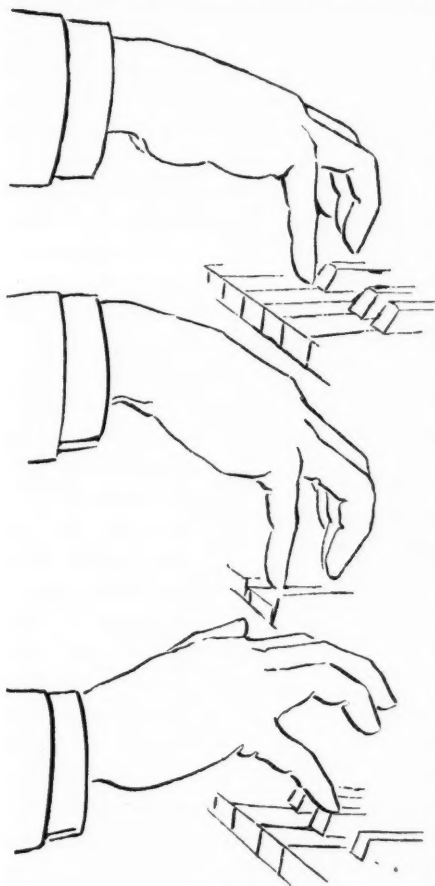


Fig. 3.

of this exercise will gradually increase the distance through which the hand moves in its outward turn, thereby giving more freedom of movement at the wrist. The muscles can move the bones only so far as the ligaments will gradually permit, and as the muscles become stronger the ligaments will gradually yield to their tension. This is a very important exercise, in-so-much as it develops the muscles that render possible a good position of the hand in octaves, arpeggios, scales, chords and trills with the fourth and fifth fingers. Following this, give exercises that overcome the sympathetic action of the wrist and finger muscles, starting from a perfectly relaxed condition of arm from shoulder to finger tips, to build up a system of individual muscular control. To illustrate, press a key with each finger separately firm and curved, holding a book under upper arm.

of this exercise will gradually increase the distance through which the hand moves in its outward turn, thereby giving more freedom of movement at the wrist. The muscles can move the bones only so far as the ligaments will gradually permit, and as the muscles become stronger the ligaments will gradually yield to their tension. This is a very important exercise, in-so-much as it develops the muscles that render possible a good position of the hand in octaves, arpeggios, scales, chords and trills with the fourth and fifth

Depress and elevate the wrist, slowly and gently at first then gradually increase the pressure at the tip of the finger, being very careful to keep the knuckles firm. (Fig. 3.) This control of the wrist muscles, separated from those

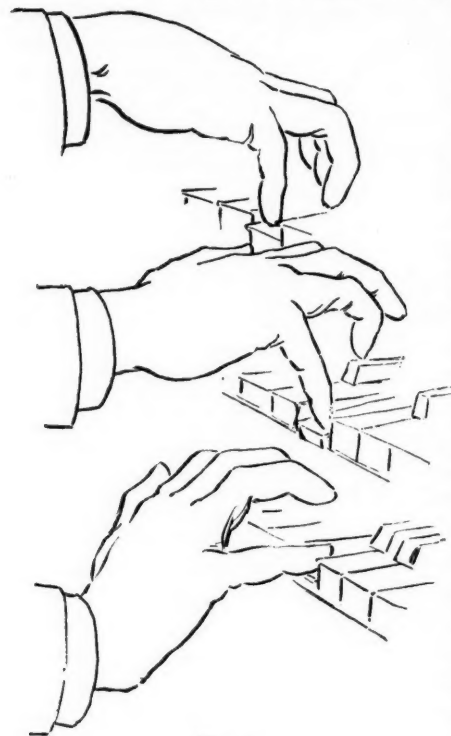


Fig. 4.

of the fingers, is of vital importance, as it enables the performer to renew the exhausted nervous energy at the wrist, without interfering with good finger and hand position,—as I will illustrate by practical application of the principle. Play one note in triplets—4s, 6s, 8s and 9s and with the fifth finger firm and pointed down, as described in the first exercise. Depress the wrist on the first note and elevate it on the last—playing the intermediate notes, with a depressed wrist. (Fig. 4.) Figure 5 shows the left hand position.

Before proceeding further let me call attention to the similarity between the principles of breathing and those of muscular action. Man is constituted with two sets of muscles, the voluntary and the involuntary.

Involuntary muscles act without any assistance from the will, they cause the heart to pulsate and the lungs to rhythmically expand and contract, even during sleep. This law of rhythm governs the universe, and any violation of it



works injury to the transgressor. We feel its fascination in the ebb and flow of the sea-waves ; in the waving of a flag ; in dancing ; in numbers of poetry ; the urchin illustrates his feeling for rhythm when he draws a stick across the palings of a fence ; and the violation of the law irritates in walking railroad ties where the steps are of unequal length.

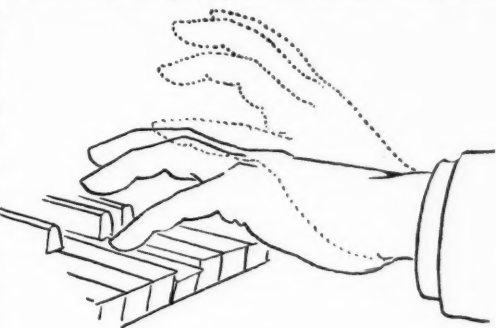
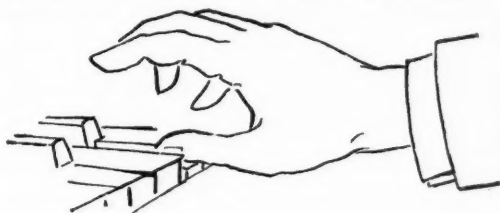


Fig. 5.

We can utter so many words with one breath, and when that is exhausted we must draw upon the reservoir,



the air, for another supply. We can play a rapid succession of notes with a given supply of nerve energy, and when that is exhausted we must draw upon the reservoir — the brain — for another supply. This necessity of our physical

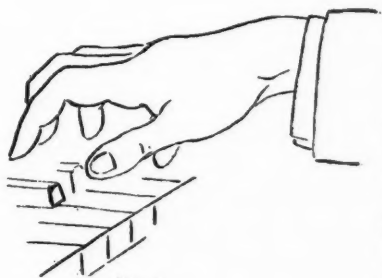


Fig 6.

nature is the basis of rhythm, and if the regularly recurring inclination to build up the waste is unheeded health and

strength will be impaired. In the last exercise described, this renewing of the nerve current is accomplished by depressing and elevating the wrist. In playing a repeating octave in triplets, depress the wrist on the first note and elevate it on, or just before, the first of the following group; or to formulate a general rule, elevate and depress the wrist on accented notes. Do not wait until a sensation of weariness is felt before renewing the energy, as we should no more play with exhausted strength than speak with exhausted breath.

The same elevation and depression is applicable to

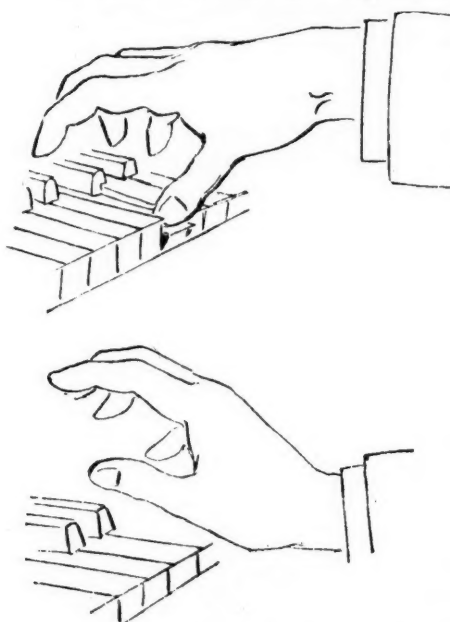


Fig. 7.

to remain firm and rigid, which condition of the muscles is of special advantage in rapid octave playing.

THIRD,—It enables the forearm to adjust the hand in position for the following notes.

FOURTH,—It assists materially in rendering the phrasing clearer.

In this exercise of rapidly alternating the lowered and

arpeggios, scales, chords, and embellishments, consequently it is a very important factor in piano playing.

There are four essential advantages gained by this depression and elevation of the wrist.

FIRST,—It permits a renewal of the nervo-muscular energy.

SECOND,—It relaxes the wrist muscles, permitting the fingers

raised position of the wrist, in groups of notes, the thumb and fingers assume the positions shown in Fig. 6 and 7. In Fig. 8 is shown the position of the fifth finger at beginning and ending the alternation. Space forbids carrying the

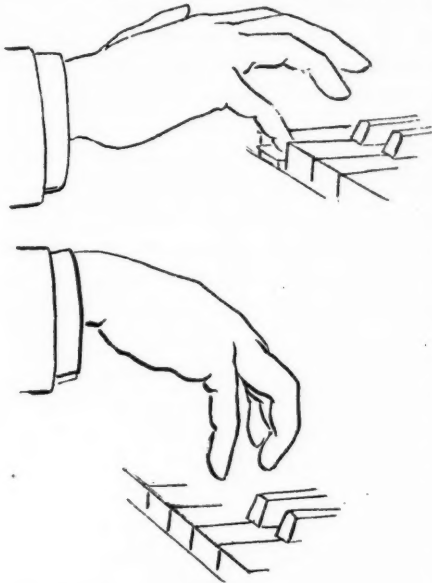


Fig. 8.

the exercises here given are but a very small part of the entire number needed in technical training.

Instruction based upon these principles, with the application of the laws of rhythm, dynamics and climax, cannot fail to interest the student in a department of music-study frequently considered "flat and stale" if not not "unprofitable."

In this regard, I will say in closing that while "conscious technic kills expression, the very core of the true system of technical expression" is embodied in Hamlet's advice to Players—"Suit the action to the word,"—which freely adapted may be made to read "Suit the technical interpretation to the musical thought."

H. A. KELSO, Jr.

CHICAGO, JULY 1892.

illustrations through all the varieties of touch. It will be observed that the exercises here given have reference to the wrist and hand action in solid playing, as in octaves and chords. These principles are very generally slighted by teachers, while finger action pure and simple is commonly pushed to an extreme. But it is of course to be understood that

## HOW TO PROMOTE MUSIC.

The quotation given below from a letter received last season by a leading concert pianist, from a professional man in one of our western towns, has in it that which inclines us to rub our eyes and ask, Are we dreaming? Is this really the last decade of the far famed nineteenth century, or has that old magician of the hours suddenly given his wheel a backward turn, that he may take an impish delight in watching us shiver in the narrow coldness of a period we had thought long ago left far behind us among the crowding, hurrying years?

The quotation, concerning a programme of the works of some of the greatest composers, is as follows:

"We consider the effect of such entertainments degrading, rather than elevating, to the human character, and the tendency of music in general, downward, rather than upward.

With all charity toward those who differ from us,

Yours etc. etc.

Now if our worthy friend is perfectly sure that he has the truth of this matter, protecting his own town against the oncoming tide is manifestly not his whole duty; his broad "charity" should reach out to all humanity; and he should instantly launch his boats to the rescue of his fellow creatures from the harmonic depths, the singing, golden waves, and the shimmering, flashing ripples of this treacherously wicked musical sea. If he does not, there is but one grave alternative—it will certainly beguile them to a region utterly foreign to him, and of course, therefore deleterious beyond all question.

The thoughts and sayings of other sons of earth are evidently quite beneath his notice; else we might be tempted to compile for him an interesting little book of quotations, legacies from some the best and greatest minds that have visited the world from the days of Confucius until the present, as to the effect of this eminently pernicious art,

this tonal Art, in the development of individual and national life. Facts, too, are quite too trifling and commonplace to be worthy his consideration, or we might draw for him a picture of a club of New York working women at a recent presentation of the "Messiah," of its soothing, uplifting influence upon them, and of the London presentation of the same great oratorio, when the auditorium was crowded with the denizens of Whitechapel; when the audience was melted to tears by that ineffable power which dwells within the tones, and so transfigures and intensifies the meaning of even that wonderful story. We might point him to the thousands who find in music a daily balm and inspiration amid the efforts and disappointments of life; an upward path, leading them out of themselves, into a realm, something of whose charm we see reflected in the grandeur and loveliness, the tenderness and passion of mountain and shaded glen, of softly tinted sky, and raging storm-torn ocean. A realm made warm and living by the spirit, half human, half divine, which permeates the music, and gives to it power over the children of men: yet does not divorce it from life, for its very fascination often lies in that it is life idealized—life etherialized. Truly, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, "when, instead of leading to broader, richer acquirement, it builds for one a prison house, and bids him look only on the rough stones of its wall, or on the cramped, distorted bit of the world visible from its narrow, grated window.

Now arises a question—not concerning the source of our western friend's rare powers of penetration; *that* is too evident to invite discussion—Why is it that there exists to-day so large a class, particularly in our small cities and towns, of those more or less indifferent to good music? Natural temperament; lack of taste—some one may reply, and this is of course largely true; but there are two other causes which a little thought and a few experiments will prove to be potent factors in the case.

First, the superficial instruction in the jingle, masquerading under the name of music, which obtains in so many of our less important places. There are too many piano

teachers, for instance, who apparently think the sole end and aim of a child's musical education consists in the appreciation of the connection between the printed page and the keyboard, and the ability to get through certain single notes, chords and runs in the time, and perhaps somewhat in accordance with the other signs therein put down; while of any comprehension of the real musical meaning and thought of the composition, when it has that which can be so-called, any intelligent idea of scale and chord construction, and of the relation of the most familiar harmonies, any cultivation of the ear in the perception of the rich shadings of tone location, at all proportionate with that which the eye receives in its care of the ivories of the keyboard and the printer's ink of the page, the pupil is as innocent as though these things related to some other art or science, instead of being the very framework and foundation of all music study. The average pupil, thus taught, has an idea of music study about as clear as has the ordinary sailor of the southern seas, of the world of rare and beautiful life forms in the "bower of stone" beneath the waves, where

"The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,  
And pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;  
And the purple mullet and goldfish rove  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly."

The second cause relating to our subject lies in the almost utter barrenness of the places referred to above, as regards first class musical entertainments. There are many persons in every small city and town, who, through total unfamiliarity with the works of the masters, or through having only heard them gradually massacred beneath the hands of a semi developed amateur, have come to regard the term classic, I use it in its broadest sense, as suggesting something rather less interesting than a last years newspaper in time of peace; when, were they brought within reach of the subtle, magnetic power which radiates from the musical thoughts of those of the "Ritter Vom Geiste" when interpreted by a musician thoroughly imbued with the love of his art, they would exclaim, with a young girl of my acquaintance at her first piano recital; "Oh! If that's what they call classical music, I like it!"

There is practical missionary work, and personal pleasure as well, for music lovers, both amateurs and teachers, who are located in these places, in securing for them, at least once each season, concerts or recitals of standard merit, both in the programs, and in the artist or artists by whom they are rendered. How is this to be accomplished, do you ask? It is by no means as Herculean a labor as it may at first glance seem too be. Careful management, and, where musical taste is too dormant to warrant the undertaking on the grounds of art alone, connection with the cause of a benevolence of local interest will insure financial success. Your artist will have an audience, and you will be surprised and delighted by the expressions of genuine pleasure which will afterward come to you from all sides, many times from those who were themselves astonished to find that the awe inspiring "classic" could belong to anything so delightful. This is no day dream, but the result of personal experiments in management of recitals given by a well known concert pianist, the originator of the lecture recital, in one of the most unmusical of small cities. Repetition of such entertainments must inevitably affect the standard of art in the towns where they occur. Gradually, of course; growth is never rapid, but the tiny spring thus born, unless choked with the sands of neglect and indifference, will brighten and freshen the paths to come in many a life; the cumulative result of such programmes in the love of art which they awaken, revive and nurture, cannot be estimated; for he who has Music for his friend has a refuge and a solace of which life can never deprive him, which the closest acquaintance and severest tests will but prove the stronger and more potent.

So shall music, given more serious teaching and opportunities to win its way with the public, gradually reach the completeness of its mission, and attain true position in the eyes of men as the most noble, most powerful, most divine of the arts "the avenues to the Creator," that have for centuries led men nearer to the great Source of Beauty, whence all come.

Danbury, Ct.

MARIE BENEDICT.



## THE MENDELSSOHN CLUB OF ROCKFORD.

One beautiful ,dreamy afternoon, in the month of October, nearly nine years ago a company of twenty ladies assembled to discuss the feasibility of organizing a club, that should meet once a fortnight; the ladies to take their fancy-work, and in an informal way listen to each other play and sing,



MRS. CHANDLER STARR.

(President of the Mendelssohn Club.)

while the needles kept time to the music. It was decided to form such an organization; a president and treasurer were

elected, though of what use there was for the latter office it was difficult to say, for there were neither assets nor liabilities; no money received, none disbursed, but to maintain the dignity of the club there must be a treasurer. The next matter of importance was to find a name, and after many were proposed and rejected the name of Mendelssohn was fixed upon, and that illustrious man was chosen as the patron saint of the club. No constitution or by-laws or rules of any kind were considered necessary. After some further plans were laid the club was adjourned to meet two weeks hence to enjoy its first afternoon of unalloyed fancy-work and music, which same proved so satisfactory that more ladies were invited to join, and the membership increased to forty-five, all active members. The meetings were held at the residences of the different members on alternate Thursdays and continued without interruption until the following June. What an amount of drawn work and embroidery was done; what an accumulation of chair-scarfs and table-spreads there grew under the inspiring theme of Beethoven, the soothing melodies of Schubert, and the seductive strains of Strauss, for the programmes that first year were almost as much of a heterogeneous mass as was the fancywork, though the ladies were much too musical to descend to the really common place in music. The season closed on the fourth of June 1885, when occurred the first annual concert, which was given in a small hall offered to the club for that purpose, the programme made up of music which had been rendered during the season; three hundred guests were invited. The musical success of the concert was as much of a surprise to the club as to the friends who were present, and this effort of public work was the first stepping stone toward success. Like the sister club, the Amateur, of Chicago, of which Mrs. Theodore Thomas so delightfully writes, this club "was destined for something better than merely a pleasant *rendezvous* for a little knot of friends" and it suddenly dawned upon the members that they too had a "noble work to do" and that they must set at it with a will; that the fancywork must be folded up and laid aside, and music put to the front, there to be kept until that work had been accomplished. The

second season began with an enthusiasm which has never since shown signs of waning; there was a marked improvement over the musical work of the first year. Messrs. Emil Liebling, Eichheim and Becker gave a delightful evening of chamber music for the second annual concert; they were assisted by vocalists from the club; the concert was given in one of the churches which was kindly donated for the occasion; twelve hundred invitations were issued, and the public

given a chance to enjoy a style of music hitherto unheard in Rockford; the expenses were met by an assessment levied on the members.



MRS. ELLIOTT WEST.

(Sec'y of Mendelssohn Club.)

after much grave discussion, that the third annual concert should be given by the entire membership; this sounded preposterous at first, but when it was remembered that over one half of the members were singers who could organize a chorus, and with the use of two pianos and a pipe organ for concerted work for the instrumental part, the program was brought down to twelve numbers. There was a list in that concert which showed the spirit of true forgetfulness of self; all were placed on a level, the best cultivated musicians side by side with those who had not had as good advantages for study, all working for club interests, a spirit which has

The third season finds the club with a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer; a constitution and by-laws; a committee of ten before whom candidates for active membership must appear for examination before admission to the club; an annual assessment of one dollar a year, and the hitherto idle treasurer now finds her work. It was decided,

always been uppermost in the minds of the members, and which has been one great factor in the success of the club, and is its strength. How the ladies worked for over two months preparing for that concert! beside keeping up the regular fortnightly programmes during that time; it was to be the supreme effort of their lives; one piano quartette who were to play the overture to Tannhauser, practised every morning from seven to eight o'clock, two of the quartette being teachers who could not command their own time later in the day for rehearsal, and so were forced to take this early hour. After three weeks of this regular practise that quartette had become so perfectly familiar with the overture that they could play it from memory, like one person, and with no conductor to drill them. The eventful evening at last arrived, May seventeenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven; the beautiful Court St. Methodist church, then just completed, threw open its doors to the club; an audience of over two thousand invited guests inspired each one to do her best; the club all in full evening dress, and each with the club badge, a bunch of Marechal Neil roses, filed into the organ loft at the front, forty strong. The program passed off very smoothly and was well rendered. Congratulations poured in from all sides, and requests were sent in from friends, for entrance as associate members to a club that could acquit itself so creditably; these requests were acceded to, at the beginning of the next season, owing to the generosity of these same good Methodist friends, who kindly placed their beautiful church parlors at the service of the club rent free, and it is there that the club has continued to hold the regular recitals ever since; previous to this time the meetings were held at the residences of the members.

The new club rooms were another factor of success, as it allowed the addition of an associate membership, and freed the club from the narrowness which had been unavoidable on account of lack of room; the idea of having an audience stimulated the ladies to harder work; those members who were not able to devote the time now required for study formed a passive membership, from which they can join the active ranks again without the required examination, the

dues of passive members being the same as of associate members. The standard of performance became higher and naturally the standard of admission to active membership became higher also; this was largely due to the presence of the associate members, though they have always been charitably inclined, and have encouraged the active members in every way possible, never demanding professional work from amateur musicians. The active members on their part feel their responsibility to the associate members, anxious to give "for value received" as far as possible, realizing the necessity of making the regular programmes so interesting that they shall not only retain these associate members, but also enlarge the number. This has been done to a surprising degree. In the secretary's report at the close of the fourth season is shown how the club viewed the experiment of taking associate members, and what was the result that year. "By a vote of all the active membership it was decided to admit a limited number as associate members; although the vote was so unanimous it was not without grave misgivings that our efforts might not fulfill their expectations. Now that we can look back over the past year we can realize the benefit which they have been to us, not only financially, for we cannot now from our high musical plane completely ignore the 'almighty dollar,' but musically it has given us confidence and stimulated us to greater efforts." The program for the fourth annual concert was given by Madame Fanny Bloomfield and Signorina Elenor Varesi. The season closed with the first concert given by the club to which an admittance fee was charged, but money must be raised for the purchase of a concert grand piano which the club wished to own. The *Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, by Shakespere-Mendelssohn was selected for the concert, the work being so arranged that with two pianos, organ and chorus the effect was excellent. Mr. W. W. Carnes was the reader. Mr. Hood and Mr. Liebling kindly offered their assistance which was gratefully accepted; the piano was ours!

The associate membership was largely increased the next year; the musical work continued to improve; the annual concert was given by Madame Teresa Carreno assisted by

the club chorus in a highly diversified programme.

The annual concert for the sixth season was given by the active membership again, which meant more hard work, for they certainly must outdo the efforts of three years previous. In this they were successful, giving a very brilliant concert. The season closed two weeks later by a repetition of the Mid-summer Nights Dream concert given two years before; this time to raise money to make a present to the church which had given the club rooms; an orchestra was added to the previous arrangement, for greater brilliancy. This was the second and last "pay" concert in the history of the club.

A new feature was added the seventh year, being a social gathering of the entire membership of the club once in six weeks, immediately after the programme is finished; light refreshments are served by a committee of six ladies, appointed each time from the associate members. These socials give the active and associate members a chance to become better acquainted, and have proven very delightful. The annual concert for the seventh season was given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston.

The work done during the season just closed, and which was the eighth year of the club, has shown what is the natural result of incessant work and enthusiasm. Guests from New York, Chicago and many other large cities, both from the East and the West, have expressed much surprise to find such a club in a small city, and with the work verging on the professional. A class in musical history was formed by the active membership, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews' excellent History of Music, being used for the text book. The last annual concert was given in May by Mr. Max Bendix and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, with Mrs. Neally Rider Crane as accompanist.

The club organization as it stands at present consists of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a committee of ten who attend to the examination and admission of active members, a committee of three who select the special composers to be studied through the year, and a committee of five who decide on the artists' recitals, and make up the programmes for all extra concerts given by the

club. There are thirty-eight active members and about two hundred passive and associate members. The assessment for the associate membership is \$10 for the initiation fee, and \$5 for yearly dues; for the passive members \$5 yearly, but for the active members only \$1 on account of the great expense for study. The active membership is divided into two parts, one part furnishing the programme for each meeting, thus demanding the thorough and constant practice necessary for musical success; the failure on the part of any one to perform when her turn comes requires her to pay a fine, and three fines in succession is equivalent to suspension from the club, and the culprit can only be reinstated upon a promise of better conduct in the future, and also by vote of the club; continued illness or a prolonged absence from the city only, exempt from fines.

There are seventeen general concerts yearly. These concerts are open to the entire membership, but not to outsiders except to non-residents of Rockford who may be guests of members. The programmes for these concerts are furnished by the active members with occasional assistance of orchestra to accompany piano concertos and vocal numbers, and also such instruments as are required to produce desired effects. Solos, duets, eight and ten hand arrangements lend a variety to the piano work; organ and violin also being used; while sextetts, quartets, trios, duets, and solos give scope to the vocalists, an interesting feature of the program being the chorus work. Frequently essays on musical subjects and biographical sketches are given, which prove to be both beneficial and enjoyable. There are two artists recitals open to the entire club membership, their families and a few invited guests. For these recitals such artists as Miss Neally Stevens, Miss Amy Fay, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Miss Augusta Cottlow, Mr. Constantine Sternberg, Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Madam Josephine Chatterton, and others, have been engaged.

There are the Annual concerts already mentioned. These concerts are held in May and are open to the entire club membership and about twenty-five hundred invited guests. Sometimes these concerts are given by artists and



sometimes by the club; when given by the latter it enables the city to see what the musical status of the club is. These annual concerts are always given on a very elaborate scale. The Mendelssohns pride themselves that they are doing what no other club in the country is doing, viz., always making their concerts complimentary. As the audience is always by invitation they are sure of packed houses and thorough appreciation. There is no wrestling for the disposal of tickets in order that the receipts may even up the expenses; no worry for fear the night may not be propitious and the crowds kept away; nothing of this worrisome sort. The ladies go quietly to the treasury, produce the money, provide for the expenses, and issue invitations to their friends to a free musical treat. Outside of the regular fortnightly recitals they have entertained *twenty-two thousand eight hundred* people with the best of music, during these eight years.

Invariably the artists write and ask what kind of music they shall furnish when they come, and as invariably the answer goes back "the best you can give." The members feel perfectly independent and will have none but the best. The public knows what to expect and if it does not like good music it need not accept the hospitality of the club. By this means the people are accustomed to hearing the best of music and are thus educated by it; and as the demand for invitations always so far exceeds the supply, it shows that a love of good music has sprung up in the hearts of the people. Common-place music and musicians are not tolerated in Rockford as they were a few short years ago, and the club feels that its labors have not been in vain. In addition to the twenty concerts given yearly, there are occasionally extra concerts—like a Wagner evening, a request program, or a recital to the club by one of the active members.

Every third programme is devoted to the life and writings of some particular composer; one afternoon of each year is devoted strictly to American composers; and one afternoon to the music of some other country.

The active members are studying continually, most of them going to Chicago for instruction, where Mr. Emil Liebling is the most popular piano teacher. Miss Fanny Root

and Mr. Frank Baird are the choice for the singers, and there are some of the members who have devoted years of study in Europe.

To those who are asking for information regarding the working methods of this club, the writer would say that the success is due, first, to the spirit of enthusiasm which has never flagged, all feeling the club interest so deeply that when they die the name "Mendelssohn" might almost be found engraven on their hearts; second, to the untiring work which the active members have put into it; third, to the absence of all jealousies and rivalries among its members, "all for club, none for self," is their motto; and fourth, although it has been brought to a high place in the musical world, the members are not content with what they have done, but their past success only stimulates them to a more determined effort to perfect themselves and their beautiful little city in the sublimest of all the arts—Music.

MRS. CHANDLER STARR.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

---

### LILACS.

Purple and pink and iris  
 In a glittering shimmer of rain,  
 The lilacs glow and tremble,  
 Like clouds in a sunset flame.  
 Each bud on its stem low bending,  
 Each stem so heavy with flowers  
 That we wonder if God's world can rival  
 The lilacs that blossom in ours.

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

## THE MUSIC OF RUSSIA.

(CONCLUDED.)

We now come to the second of this group of three, the colossal Rubinstein.—A Jew by birth, a German by education, a Russian by conversation, baptism, and sympathy, Anton Gregor Rubinstein was born in Bessarabia in 1829. His mother was a woman who took such long views of life that, with a seer's vision, she saw the musician in her four year old boy, and from that time forced all circumstances to yield to the musical education of her son. After spending many years studying in different cities of Western



*Anton Rubinstein*

Europe, Rubinstein returned to St. Petersburg, and there, with the co-operation of the Emperor Alexander II. and the Grand Duchess Helen, the long felt need of a music school was realized, and in 1862 the Conservatory was established. Too much can scarcely be said of the valuable assistance this great tone-

master has been to Russia in its musical development. A new class of Russian citizens was formed from the pupils of this school known as

“Bachelors” of Music” which was of untold importance to those who were earnest workers in the art. Before this the simple title of Musician without the addition of merchant, clerk, or landowner, carried with it no claim to a recognized social position. The influence of this music

school was felt throughout all Russia, in its institutes, schools and even families, and has effected a radical change in the methods of teaching and the hitherto light estimation in which a musical education was held. A similar school was established by Nicholas Rubinstein in Moscow about the same time and there are now music schools at Keif Kharkof, Saratof, Tiflis, Odessa and even in Siberia. Theory, singing and all instruments are taught at the conservatory, which gives instruction to 500 pupils. All lessons are given in Russian. Formerly, any one wishing to study harmony or counterpoint was obliged either to take lessons of a foreigner or go to Germany. The musical activity of Rubinstein embraces nearly every form of the art, but the very facility with which he produced has detracted from the value of many of his compositions, and his fame as a composer has been undoubtedly augmented by that of the pianist. An instance is cited of a remarkable "tour de force" in his rendition of the Chopin Funeral March in the Sonate in B flat Minor. He began *ppp*, with an ever increasing crescendo until the *trio* was reached, after which he commenced the March again fortissimo, gradually diminishing in sound until he reached the pianissimo with which he began. This description is all the more interesting because very recently Paderewski gave a similar rendering of the same work at a Recital in Brooklyn. Four times I have heard him play the Funeral March, but only once in that way, and I do not remember having heard a like interpretation before. The effect is most unusual. The Ocean Symphony of Rubinstein is unquestionably his best work. He has not altogether conquered in the fight that is being waged by pains-taking musicians against the common-place, for although his works abound in pages of exquisite beauty the multiplicity of them, has of necessity, left openings, through which this hundred headed monster has crept in. This is especially noticeable in the dramatic situation in his operas. As an offset to this lack, however, the orchestration is good, the melodies are often beautiful in the extreme, the dances are characterized by that insinuating voluptuousness of the Orient, combined

with the dashing rhythm and fire of the Slav, which Rubinstein knows so admirably how to produce. One listens under a spell of musical intoxication, dreading only, the time when the cup shall be emptied.

His opera "The Dæmon" has found great favor with the public since its first representation and has been produced in other countries than Russia. One critic tersely remarked that the oratorio of "Paradise Lost" was only another of the evils that had followed in the train of Eve's indiscretion in eating the apple. Certain it is that his operas and oratorios have as yet met with but limited success. Possibly, however, we are standing too near the mountain to judge of its height, and time alone can decide whether a man has, or has not, created an epoch in his art. His style is eminently the German Classical, and probably this is the reason that he has been less successful in his treatment of Russian themes and folk-songs than in other subjects which he has chosen. He has a phenomenal memory, is well read and has much knowledge of men and things. He is a man of far-reaching sympathies. For twenty-eight years he has devoted the proceeds of his charity concerts, about \$225,000, to good works. He contributed \$3,750 to a subscription fund which he started for a monument to Glinka. Bachvogel has thus written of his personal appearance. "He has the head of an inspired sphinx upon whose face not even the paroxysms of enthusiasm calls forth a smile. Did not the color of life illumine it, it might be of stone." Are we not again reminded of the man whose insight into the hidden mysteries of music has made him worthy to be compared with Rubinstein and and his only rival in technique, Liszt? The Rubinstein Jubilee was an event celebrated by all classes of the vast Empire. Let us hope that before this year is ended we may have the pleasure of hearing the man whose nobility of life and generosity of purpose, form a fitting background to the Master Musician.

Many of us had the good fortune to be present last spring at the opening of the Music Hall founded by Andrew Carnegie. There we saw Tschaiowsky conduct four of his compositions. Among them was the fine

B. flat minor concerto for the piano with orchestra played by Adele Aus der Ohe. It was pleasant to see the modesty of the pianist and the courtesy of the composer, each striving to make the other accept the applause and repeated recalls that were given by the enthusiastic audience. When Tschaikowsky kissed the hand of Miss Aus der Ohe as an expression of admiration for the way in which his beautiful composition had been rendered, the graceful act bespoke so plainly the gentleman in the musician, that the good-feeling of the audience knew no bounds, and



PETER I. TSCHAIKOWSKY.

it was many minutes before the next number on the programme could be commenced. Tall, well-built, dignified, manly, Tschaikowsky still bears the impress of youth despite his fifty-two years and perfectly white hair. He was born in the Ural district where his father was engineer of the Imperial mines, and it was because of this high post as a government official that the boy was admitted to the school of Jurisprudence in St. Petersburg. Finding that music had a stronger hold upon his inclination than the law, at the age of 22 he entered the conservatory which was honored in receiving him as one of its pupils. There he studied harmony and counter-point under Zarembo, and composition under Rubinstein. Three years later he was appointed to the position of Professor of Composition in the Moscow Conservatory, which post he held for twelve years. Since then he has devoted his time exclusively to composition. He composes while taking long walks, noting down his musical ideas in a small book and writing them out when he returns home. Tschaikowsky

does not belong to the New Russian School, for his treatment of music, though more essentially Russian than that of Glinka or Rubinstein, is very different from that of the men who are pleased to call themselves the "New Lyric School of Russia." Like Rubinstein, he has composed in all branches of art. He frequently uses the rhythm of the National folk and dance songs and also the

harmonic sequences peculiar to Russian church music. His vocal music bears so little relation to the text that this may in some manner account for the fact that his operas have met with but limited success. "Engen Oniegin" however must be excepted, so far as its production in Russia is concerned for there it has been for two years an acknowledged favorite.



CESAR CUI.

Cesar Cui says of his music that "it is like a very large coat on a small man, there is so much more music than the words can fill," consequently the dramatic effect is sadly marred. The music of his songs considered apart from the words, is worthy of all praise, but the result of the union is weakness rather than strength. He is fond of using variations in his work, but although many of them are *beautiful*, as for instance those we heard a few years ago for them third Suite, they are not *great*, judged by the standard Beethoven and Schuman have given us. In his Symphony and Chamber music he is at his best. The admirable adjustment of instruments, the exquisite coloring of



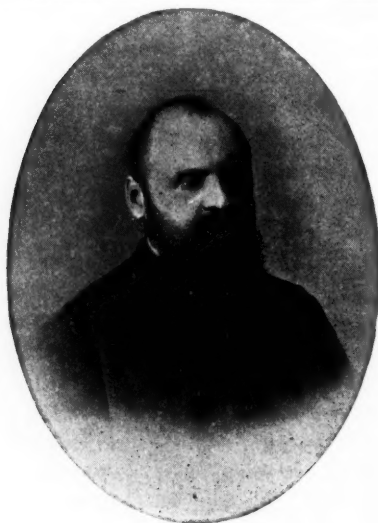
sound and tone, the wealth of melodious themes introduced, and the secrets of harmony so well understood by him, give him a place among the musical nobility, which will always be his.

The magnificent ending of his second Symphony in C minor, based on a national theme of little Russia, is a convincing evidence of his masterful ability. Among his chamber music the quartet, number two, is of remarkable beauty and by some considered his *chef d'œuvre*; the scherzo is extremely original, and while the rhythm is quite new it is not at all forced. In 1889 Tschaikowsky visited the principal cities of Western Europe, the expenses being defrayed by the Russian government. The object of the tour was to show to the other nations what Russia had accomplished in musical art within the last thirty years. The significance of the scheme carries with it a lesson from which we, as a people, may learn much when our desire to accumulate wealth is supplemented by an equal desire to lay up for ourselves treasures of art. With much of Tschaikowsky's piano music we are familiar, and we recognize in it the same genuineness and spontaneity that characterizes throughout the instrumental compositions of this great artist. Let us borrow "Troika" and indulge in a Midwinter Night's dream in Moscow, going by moonlight over the dazzling white snow to the restaurants outside the city, and there listen to the song and dance music of the gypsies,—the alluring, bewitching, bewildering Bohemian gypsies, whose graceful movements show the absolute sympathy between the rhythm of motion and the rhythm of sound. This mysterious people appearing in Europe in the fifteenth century have carried their tents from the Sierras of Spain to the Steppes of Russia. Their daily life is kept a profound secret, and it is only in the restaurants late in the night that they come into contact with the people among whom they have taken up their temporary abiding place.

The choruses are made up chiefly of women, graceful, fascinating, catching just enough of the spirit of the country in which they find themselves to disabuse the mind of the disagreeable sensation of strangeness, they still preserve

their individuality so entirely as to make them appear ever new. Only three or four men add their voices, and accompany the chorus or solo singers on the guitar, which also gives the tone, or key note, and indicates the rhythm. If however, the *guitar* has the theme, the *voices* sing an accompaniment with exquisite softness and fullness. At first the notes are long sustained, by degrees the tempo is quickened, the voices become more and more animated until singers and players are finally launched in the intoxicating music. On a simple theme, fifteen or twenty womens' voices heap up rich harmonies and most extravagant variations. Occasionally a sudden cry, as suddenly silenced; marvelous trills on very high notes whence the voice falls like a whisper to take up again the principal subject. These Bohemians are absolutely unable to read music, and depend upon the inspiration of the moment to produce their madly bewitching extravaganzas of song. A touching melancholy pervades the whole, for their songs, like those of Little Russia, are "made out of the tears the people have shed." There are gypsies in Russia, and among them we find the Hungarians, vulgar in the extreme, whose music consists principally in singing and dancing the Vienna waltzes, which, under their interpretation, sink to the lowest level of dance music. There is also a Russian chorus composed of only a few women, uninteresting from a musical point of view, and in no way to be compared with the Bohemians. There is Gypsy music also in St. Petersburg to be heard in the theatres. The women sit in front of the men, who stand. The leader has a tambourine on which he accompanies the voices. The songs are nearly all in the waltz time, commencing with a slow movement, the player and singers becoming more and more excited as the tempo increases. Last a Russian chorus which he would lead himself. Such a chorus has been arranged by M. Slaviansky, a Russian, and the concerts given by him have met with unprecedented success throughout Europe. The full, rich, deep and wild music of these singers, singing purely national airs, can only be recognized when heard, so utterly different is it from anything we have here. In 1856 Cesar Cui, professor

of fortifications in the three academies of St. Peterburg, and Balakireff a pianist in that city, were much attracted to each other through their great interest in music. They met frequently to discuss their favorite subject and were soon joined by three other men of similar tastes, Borodine a professor of chemistry, Kinsky-Kortakoff an officer of marines in the Imperial navy and Moussorgky. A critical and analytical club was thus formed, and little by little nearly all the existing musical literature was dissected by them. These men brought the intelligence quickened by liberal education to bear upon their work, and the new Lyrical school of Russia was formed. Many of the compositions



BALAKIREFF

are marked by bold outlines,—frequently however, badly filled in with good coloring, showing in many instances the influence of the modern German and French masters. Forced harmonies, a tiresome use of the chromatic, gay melodies founded on the Lydian mode, sad ones on the Dorian, much use of the augmented second &c., gave this Lyrical school a certain individuality which is an innovation if not an

improvement on the old. Their most radical change is in rules laid down for the composition of opera music. They insisted "that dramatic music must always have an intrinsic value as absolute music, entirely independent of the text. That vocal music must be in perfect accord with the sense of the words.

That the construction of scenes composing an opera must depend entirely, for the relative position of the persons, upon the general movement of the piece.

That each character, or type, should be represented by music cast in an individual, not in a general mould."

It is easy to trace in these rules the Wagnerian influence but there are also points of marked dissimilarity. "That the voice shall not be made entirely subordinate to the orchestra, and to *it* shall be confided the expression of the principal idea." Melodies are substituted for recitatives without the sacrifice of dramatic effect. They desired to put these theories of their artistic belief into practice, and a series of operas was the result, given in the following order. "William Radeliff by Cesar Cui, 1869—"Le Courire de Pierre" by Dargomiyski, 1872,"—"Boris Godounof" by Moussorgsky, 1874, and "Angelo," by Cesar Cui, 1876.

Rimsky Korsakoff has also composed operas, one of which "Mlado" has recently been sung in St. Petersburg.

Borodine and Balakireff are essentially symphonists, while Liadoff and Chtcherbatcheff have written almost exclusively for the piano. Cæsar Cui has also composed some interesting music for this instrument, but his strength lies in his songs, of which he has composed more than fifty. They are characterized by expressive melody, harmonies free from the common-place, and thorough knowledge of vocal form. As may be imagined the subject for the plot of an opera must be carefully considered before presenting it to the Russian public.—When the "Mikado" was given in St. Petersburg most of the plot was left out, as it was thought to be disrespectful to royalty. Possibly there are some of us who agree with Rubinstein, that opera is more popular than Symphony music because it is more easily understood, the interest being divided between the plot, the orchestration and the voice. Surely in its *highest* development, music has no need of words to render a composition acceptable. It is a language without words, expressing the otherwise inexpressible, and few there are who have rendered it intelligible.

E. BURNHAM LEWIS.

## INFLUENCE OF WAGNER UPON VOCAL ART.

(CONCLUDED.)

When in the life of Wagner we read of his many perturbations in early years, his self-questionings as to whether he should be a dramatic poet, a painter, a musician, or some kindred character, we feel like saying, or rather, had we known him personally in those days, we should have said, "either this man is a very great man or a very great fool." Had "the blind fury with the abhorred shears" cut off the thread of Wagner's existence in 1840 the verdict and epitaph would have been "fool;" in 1850 when even Mendelssohn had called *Tannhauser* "a remarkable work" and *Lohengrin* ushered before the world by Liszt at Weimar had caused Bulow to become a musician, we should have said "here is a man remarkable and promising;" in 1880 when *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Meistersänger*, the *Nibelungen tetralogy* and *Parsifal* were all created, we should have said "a great man truly"—"one of the very greatest of great men."

The music dramas of Wagner not only occupy a peculiar place in the musical world but have created a special cult. The principles of Wagnerism as revealed both in the vocal and instrumental score are many, and are conspicuously exhibited. As touching the voice and its musical apotheosis of the spoken word the fundamental principle is this, that the tonal phrase must be not an amplification but a simple incarnation. The tone must clothe the word, but in such cunning wise as to emphasize its contour, and reveal, rather than conceal, its inner meaning, like those "coverlets gold-tinted like the peach, or ripe October's faded marigolds" which Keats saw clinging to the form of the sleeping Adonis.

Many of the older composers, even those of the highest classical genius, as witness frequently Mozart, were complacent and at times too indulgent towards the soloists.

Mozart in his *Don Giovanni* produced one of the two really great pre-Wagnerian operas, the other being Beethoven's *Fidelio*, yet how often does his genial *bonhomme* betray him into the questionable practice of casting his vocalists off from their solid perch upon the words, permitting them to circle about in countless gyrations, of scales, arpeggios, roulades, beautiful in themselves no doubt but of eminently dubious application in the case. Gluck, like Wagner, was stern and repressive; not a tone more than the dramatic situation called for would he tolerate, but his mind was musically poor, and few of Gluck's motives have in them any essential beauty higher than that of honorable mediocrity.

But with Wagner how different! Here is a musical intellect so radiant with new thoughts and so aflame with the conflagration of art-enthusiasm, that every page of his teems with motives, striking in outline and filled with a seminal principle of irrepressible vigor, just as every square mile of some well-watered tropic land swells with irrepressible life in ten thousand wondrous forms. In order to find specimens of Wagners genius open at random any page in any work of his. I will cite for the purpose only one example but it is perhaps, taken for all in all, the most perfect specimen possible. I refer to Siegmund's Love Song.

"Winter Stuerme wichen dem Wonemond"

"In milding Lichte leuchtet der Lenz."

The whole poem expresses the buoyancy and fine blissful intoxication felt by the youthful senses in all the odors, colors, sounds, motions and springing, dancing life of the vernal season, love being the hidden kernel and warming life-blood of the whole. Alliteration here breaks into perfect bloom. The recurrence of three initial letters, which was the ideal of old Saxon and Norse poetry, here happens again. Observe the three w's in the first double line and the lovely liquid l's in the second. Let any one recite these two double verses aloud, then ask his tongue and ear if sweeter sounds can be compounded or if those sweet sounds can be set dancing to a more buoyant rhythm. But now what is the melody? It is one of those incomparable pieces

of lyric inspiration which outlive the work in which they first were found, and buoy up the fame of their composer by extracts when the remainder of the work has sunk below the surface of oblivion's dark but kindly stream. Witness a score of examples from the now unknown and forgotten operas of Handel. This time Wagner made a tune. A tune of such simple punctuation, and stepping so naturally from point to point of familiar harmonies, by intervals so customary that not the most recalcitrant conservative can object.

Examine in detail note by note each phrase of the music, then set it over against each word and line of the poetry. Observe with what absolute exactness the accent of the words and the accents of the measure coincide. Observe again how perfectly each little syllable nestles into a little note, mark how the strong syllables strike the principle note of the chord, B flat and D for the tonic triad, and on the word "wone" E flat, the most characteristic tone of the dominant seventh. Again, when the word "weid" occurs observe the long, loud F, one the most resonant tones of the tenor voice. Now listen to this melody sung by a robust and ringing tenor voice, belonging to a man full of Teutonic enthusiasm and hearty enjoyment, then you will understand, especially with the last exuberant shout "Liebe und lenz" the charm of Wagnerism.

But now comes an objector who says. "This is nothing new; for the French composers, Gounod Massenet, Delibes, Saint-Saens set their chansons with the most exquisite nicety as to accent and the relative length of syllables; the natural affinity of vowels for various parts of the scale, and all that constitutes the transfusion of poetry into music and the extracting of a new beauty from their function; the rainbow from the sunbeam and the shower" True, French composers share in the ideality and exquisite taste of their race, and no glove of daintiest kid that clings above a lady's hand and arm, with a Romeo blending of tenderness and passion, emphasises the grace of contour more faultlessly than we find the French verses clothed upon in many a lovely little song; but what they do in miniature Wagner



does in long, epic cycles, and on a scale of sustained and colossal magnificence.

Against Wagnerism it is useless to stand. Every thoughtful musician is carried off his feet sooner or later by the impetuous current. Icy indifference, stony stubbornness are nothing to the hot lava streams which rush abroad from the crater of Bayreuth.

Wagner's fundamental poetic principle is that of the Norse songs, namely that alliteration or "stabreime" shall decorate and illuminate the beginnings of words, while rhyme is totally discarded. There is, also no strict or formal meter.

Secondly, what is called in the science of rhetoric "onomatopœia," or the choosing of such words as either directly imitate or strongly suggests the object alluded to.

This instinct in human nature is one of the roots of language, perhaps it is even the taproot. A simple example is found in a child who names a locomotive engine a "choo-choo." Such a child gives us a naive example of primitive poetry. How many hundreds of instances do we find in Homer, and in every great poet since his day, of this fundamental beauty in poetic art. Few poets are more profuse or happy than Wagner in this onomatopœtic naming; indeed his excess sometimes carries him well over into the doubtful land where realism ceases to be beautiful. A famous instance is found in the Rheingold. "Weia! Waga! Woge, du Welle, Walle zur Weige! Wagalweia! Wallala, Weiala, Weia!" This is the song of the Rhine daughters as they merrily disport themselves beneath the water. Again in the same scene the ugly Nibelung Alberich appears presently and tries to catch one of the lovely maidens. But they elude his grasp and he angrily complains that he slips and slides on the slimy soil. Note the slippery character of these sounds:

"Garstig glatter glitschriger Glimmer.

Wie gleit ich aus.

Mit Haenden und Fuessen

Nicht fasse noch halt' ich

Das Schleckte Geschluepfer."

This reminds us of that clever and original book, "Alice in Wonderland" as well as "Mother Goose," which by the way is a veritable classic, containing many of the immemorial and significant folk tales of the Arian races, wherefore let Wagner claim the benefit of the doubt. What at first sight seems mere gibberish and over strained nonsense may in the last analysis prove to be the very attar of roses of poetry.

In a clever collection of essays by H. T. Finck, the musical critic of the New York "*Post*," under the caption "Italian and German vocal styles," the reader will find this subject dilated upon with apostolic ardor and partisan zeal.

The book is very well worth consulting. All that Mr. Finck says in this connection I endorse without reservation.

In such realistic alliteration we find also the hint and key to another dubious custom of Wagner; namely the prolix but life like presentation of the evil, the ugly, the grotesque, the boisterous. For examples refer to the long plotting duet between Telramond and Ortrud, in the second act of "Lohengrin," and in the "Niebelungen" the presentation by hideous dissonances and bungling basses of the uncouth earth-giants, the strange cries of the daughters of Wotan, and the clangorous, strident, appalling battle-ride of the Valkyrie.

We must always hold first impressions in suspension, and in judging of an art-work never forget Goethe's admirable dictum, "What did the author propose to himself? Was it worth doing? Did he succeed?"

I may as well close this division of my subject by remarking that Wagner as a tone-tailor and costumer, as a dressmaker for the spirit, is to the world of art what Worth is to the world of fashion.

The narrative and dialogue parts do often at first hearing sound monotonous and tedious, full of baffling sameness which travelers complain of in the lousy, green forests of the tropics; but remember that those same forests of weary green are the Golconda of the naturalist. One often wonders how the singers are ever able to remember these eternal fragments that must begin at their exact stitch, in the great tone-web or else ruin the design. I was

lately studying the score of *Passigal* with my friend Mr. Bohlmann, of The Cincinnati Conservatory, when I broke in with the question, "How in the world do the singers remember all these phrases which resemble each other so closely and which fit the instrumental part so precisely that a dislocation of half a beat would bring about chaos." His answer was "They are so much like the natural inflections of the voice when speaking those words that the singers are not much troubled."

What Wagner undertook to do was neither to compose tunes—at least tunes of the old-fashioned geometrical standard—nor recitative which was an invention of the Italians, being both beautiful and necessary in their operatic art as a foil to the cantilena and the decorative fire-works, with which the arias conclude; but in Wagner we find a kind of *melopoia* a somewhat, neither melody nor recitative, but an impassioned yet flowing declamation. It is this which gives such passages as the great love duet in "*Tristan and Isolde*" such a singular effect at first as if it were just about to burst into tune, but always came short of it, piquing expectation yet continually baffling it in the endless labyrinth of complex unfoldment. To recur again to my illustration of the tropical forest, I will say that Wagner has endeavored to return to the grand inspired freedom of early epic poetry, and instead of having beautifully ordered, divided, symmetrical tunes, after the manner of Mozart's "*Don Giovanni*," we have "a boundless contiguity of shade"—a vast but most beautiful wilderness, not a series of trim gardens jealously walled in and laid out in fantastic shapes of formal beds, but a marvellous, curious, interminable, ever wonderful and most profoundly significant forest after nature's own mood. I do not believe that the music of Wagner is or ever can be an entertainment for the unsophisticated; it does not appeal to naive taste like such captivating works of genius as Flotow's "*Martha*," the "*Bohemian Girl*," of Balfe, Rossini's "*Semiramide*," Bellini's "*La Sonnambula*," perhaps even Gounod's "*Faust*," an opera which many excellent musicians place at the very summit of lyrical dramatic creations.

To relish Wagner there are necessary in my opinion

seven things; First, much experience in listening to music, and a consequent training of the ear which enables one to analyze, follow and relish a vast variety of tonal effects most fine, most fleeting. Secondly, a thorough knowledge of the German language; not merely such as may be picked up by a course of twenty lessons, but so far-reaching as to throw ones mind into complete sympathy with the peculiarities of the German idiom, and cause you to find its thick-stuffed consonants not sputtering but musical; such a knowledge of German as will throw your mind into the true Teutonic key. Third, no mean and inconsiderable knowledge of the drama, its history, nature, purposes and limitations, that you may be able constantly to focus your mind correctly and not to see either within or beyond the circle of the Wagnerian horizon. To borrow an illustration from optical science you must acquire such an accurate intellectual conception of dramatic art and its scope as will make your mind an achromatic lens, not bordered and blurred with a pretty but illusory corona of prismatic tints. Fourth, an intensely ardent, emotional nature. Wagnerianism is the apotheosis of wild elemental emotion; in every theme of his, the life blood palpitates with an ardor which approaches to fever, and there is some show at least of justification for the objections raised by moralists that the fervor transcends the wholesome modesty of nature, and perhaps Mrs. Humphrey Ward is right in a hint which she gives us in her famous novel "Robert Elsmere," that this over emotional music in which one generation seems to find its very truest and highest expression is a symptom of a world-wide moral disease.

George Eliot speaks with admirable sarcasm of that "tempting collection of relevances called the universe," so we will not wander down this alluring vista of ethico-artistic discussion, but leave the point by saying you never relish Wagner unless you have that blustering, or at least super-breezy enthusiasm, which often times strikes us as just a trifle comical in the Germans; unless you have gotten yourself into sympathy with Heine's tears and sighs, with the "wunderschon" and "ach, Gott" of the æsthetic German,

Wagner will always remain a sealed book. Fifth, one must also secure by art and practice, if it is not in him by nature, another radical quality of the German character, namely, great continuity of mind. This is the power to pursue one steady line doggedly, directly, with the keen scent of a sleuth hound, and often times with the patient pace of the tortoise; which makes the Germans the greatest investigators and the greatest abstract thinkers in the world. All German music is the tonal counterpart of German philosophy and of German learning, wherefore the man who has not the same disposition which would enable him to master the theories of Kant and Hegel, Fichter and Schelling, or follow the learning of Koch and Vischau, of Helmholtz and Mommsen, will never ascend to this lofty plateau among the mountains of German musical genius where Wagner disports himself like an elemental giant. To a German, music is not a pastime but a life.

Sixth, you must have an extensive and accurate knowledge of the subject-matter in hand; of the ninety-two "leit motive" or symbolic phrases to be found in the Tetralogy of the Niebelungen, at least half should be imbedded in your memory like the words of a foreign language, and you must not only recognize the group of four or eight measures, or the first few characteristic notes, but you must know precisely what it represents, foreshadows, illustrates or recalls to memory,—what element in short it embodies in the whole drama. This you should have so perfectly that when the sword motive or Sigfried's horn motive, or the Wallhala motive, or the birds or the Rhine daughters or the ring, or any of the rest begins to loom through the densities of the orchestral score, the corresponding picture will pass into your imagination even with the eyes shut, and the feelings will rise up, spontaneous and alive within your heart.

Seventh and last, you must have the reverential, even devout spirit which regards art neither as a frivolous pastime nor as an agreeable exhilaration, but as a lofty, earnest, God-given and God-explaining thing—an art which is to our inner being what the wings are to the eagle, a potent magic more wonderful than that which lodged in the ring of

Solomon according to the oriental fabulist; more practical than the Puck and Ariel of mechanical invention which we call the telephone and the electric light. For the time at least, music or this Wagnerian consensus of music, poetry, painting and acting, must seem to you the most important thing in the universe.

Without ever losing sight of the cardinal consideration that Wagner is always constructing music under restrictions, that is music for a purpose and abridged of its own exuberance in fealty to that purpose, it may be said that the general effect of his example and spirit upon the whole world is to augment most powerfully the tendency toward direct truthful expression of feeling.

Wherever the spirit of Wagner prevails, emotion mounts the throne; mechanical display looking towards the excitement of wonder is either ruled out of court or if tolerated at all must sit on the first step of the throne in an attitude of humility and subjection; but all this does not for a moment say that florid music has no longer any place in the world. It is only from tragic opera that Wagner would banish it.

If the public wishes an evening of light varied amusement, to attend a musical fair or museum, why not? The pianist will come out with a rhapsody or an operatic paraphrase, the singer will follow with a waltz song, a bird song or a bedizzened aria; the flutist will come next, eliciting astonishment at the charm of sweet sounds while he shows you what delicate manipulation can be applied to one column of invisible air, and it may be that even the organist will give you Lemmen's strong picture of a storm, and there is the widest scope not alone for variety but for unbounded self-display of the virtuoso; and all of this, even to its extremes, has a legitimate place in the musical life of the world, but it should not usurp the chief place, or claim to be the highest result of human intelligence and life.

Wagner is the most virile composer who ever set pen to paper, with the single exception of Beethoven; wherever his influence extends the vehement passions of the heart are aroused and glorified. Even into Italy, across the barrier of the Alps, his Teutonic influence has flowed, and in such

works as "La Gioconda" of Ponchielli; the "Aida and Otello" of Verdi; the "Mephistofele" of Boito, there is an unmistakable striving for grandeur and dramatic truth, to which Italian opera had been a stranger for half a century before Lohengrin.

Italian effeminacy was partially roused from its perfumed slumbers and her sugar-water music was turned into champagne.

Through the orchestra Wagner affects—and doubtless will for a long time to come affect—all instrumental music, for even our pianists are now striving after the various tonal contrasts and the sustained flow, both in harmony and melody, which are the prominent traits of the music of this mighty man.

In the realm of vocal art his influence will always be restricted by two things. First, that his ideas are applicable not in the least to ballads or short songs for concert use; not in the least to display arias for the concert hall; not in the least for the music of the oratorio or the church; but solely and exclusively to grand opera—the region of tragic drama; and secondly Wagner's conception of the voice is always that of a German. He was not so narrow minded as not to appreciate the beauties of Italian singing, both as to tone production and mechanical structure of the aria, but he made no effort to call up from the earth such gay blossoming shrubs; his whole care was for the oak and pine.

The German voice lacks agility, lacks simple direct sweetness, has a tendency to be throaty, as hard to extract from it as the woody fibre from a stalk of hemp; is naturally prone to an over-emotional quiver, which grows tiresome; is seldom if ever perfectly pure or euphonious in the upper tones: but despite these drawbacks is broad, rich, powerful, full of pathos and tenderness, heroism, enthusiasm and in a word all the strong flavors of emotion. Wagner's music can never be adequately sung except by such robust voices and ardent souls.

This then forever defines and even restricts his influence; the adventitious additional restriction that it is effective to perfection only in such theaters as that of Bayreuth will still



further narrow the channel of Wagner's influence upon singing. But while neither the ballad nor the pure cantilena, nor florid displays even as great as those of the arias of Rossini and Handel are destroyed; vigor and earnest directness of spirit are darted like a vitalizing current into every musical composer.

O, virile and mighty master, Wagner, whose genius is like the sun, flashing at once clearness into the thoughts and activity into the feelings, universal is the touch of thy magnetic influence! All men shall feel the thrill of thine awakening word and be roused to truer life, as a thousand varied plants are quickened by the Summer beam! Thou wast not sent into our world to uproot the beds of flowers, or to trample our trim shrubberies, but to call us forth into the primeval forest unmeasured, solemu, full of mysterious whispers and shot athwart its gloom with skyey glimpses of the Infinite.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

---

### MOZART'S GRAVE.

Is there no stone, no trembling blade of grass  
 Taller than all its mates, to mark his tomb?  
 Is there no tender bud, whose sweet perfume  
 Might breathe reproaches to the men who pass  
 Beside the spot with light, unhallowed tread?  
 O, ruthless Time! to steal away all trace  
 Of this, the master's final resting place;  
 To smoothe the very ground above his head.  
 And yet—he needs no grave; he cannot die,  
 This spirit of undying melody,  
 Who, having heard the music he hath made,  
 Could look upon the spot where he was laid—  
 The tomb that love denied, and strangers gave—  
 And think the master dead?—He needs no grave.

MAUD KALEFFLEISCH.

## MRS. VAMP'S "WAGNER EVENING."

"I don't believe you're listening to one word I'm saying, Edwin Vamp! It's nothing less than downright *awful* when you're home *so* little, and can't listen to me for five minutes."

"Excuse me, my dear; I was thinking very busily about that Berwin property. It's decidedly the finest bit for the money"——

"For mercy's sake don't talk to me of any more property, but listen while I tell you all over again. I'm going to give a series of musical evenings"——

"I might with propriety say, don't tell me of any more music, but I won't. You're going to give a series of musical evenings; what then?"

"Nothing; only I wanted to see what you would think of my idea. I shall begin with Wagner, because almost everyone begins with Beethoven, Schubert or Mendelssohn; that's why *I* chose Wagner."

"Yes; you'll begin with Wagner," said Mr. Vamp, trying dutifully to follow the thread of her discourse, while mentally calculating the profit to be made by subdividing the ten acres of suburban land he intended to purchase, and selling the lots at auction.

"Then I shall devote an evening to living composers; say two such as Moskowski and Tschaiowsky—but you're not listening at all."

"Yes, I am. You were saying an evening—hum-m-m—let me see; an evening devoted to"——

"There! you *didn't* hear. I knew your mind was somewhere else. I said an evening for living composers, such as Moskowski and Tschaiowsky.

"Exactly; but I think you do not expect me to keep the unpronounceable names of all the musical celebrities of half a dozen centuries at my tongue's end. To tell you the

truth, my mind is elsewhere this morning."

"It generally is; but you'll be sure to be home Thursday evening, won't you?"

"Let me see. I'd like to, to please you; but I've an appointment with some moneyed men for that very evening. We're going to form a syndicate"——

"Spare me; I'm so sick of money talk."

"But not of the comforts money buys, eh my dear?"

"No, I can't say I am."

"Well we won't quarrel. You have all the music you can get, and I'll go on making the money. I must go now. You won't mind finishing your coffee alone, will you?"

"Not a bit; for I shall be too busy to miss you."

"Good bye then. I'm terribly forgetful lately, and I'll have to go up stairs again; for I've forgotten my watch," and he hurried away, regretting his carelessness and the waste of time caused by it.

The handsome home of the Vamp's was very like the Veneerings; new outside and in, from the lawn-mower with its coat of glaring red and green to the pretty tinted globes in the tower window.

There was but one article of furniture in the house that reminded them of the old days, previous to their sudden accession to wealth, little more than a year before the morning on which our story opens.

An old arm chair, padded with cotton batting and covered with a pretty rose patterned "wrapper goods," too cheap and common in quality to demand a finer name, stood in one corner of their pretty sleeping room, which Mrs. Vamp had tried in vain to banish from its position of honor. Her husband had silenced her by saying: "You must let me have my own way in this, Sarah, for I'll never forget how proud you were the day you covered that chair, and set it out with my slippers before it to wait for me. 'Twas a rainy night, I remember, and I was so pleased when I came in so wet and tired and saw it, I laughed and cried all at once; and I recollect we had fried potatoes and hot biscuits for supper. I can see just how pretty you looked when you held up your hand for me to kiss, for you

had pummeled it nailing the cover on the chair. So you let it be; for if I'm ever happy in my life, its when I'm seated in this very corner, in the chair your loving hands made so comfortable for me when I couldn't afford any better."

So it was settled that he should retain the treasure. He gave it a loving glance as he stopped, watch in hand, to regain his breath, which he had well nigh lost in his hurried rush up the stairs.

"Let her have her music, if she wants it," he thought, "though when I look at that dear old chair I can't help feeling as if I'd like to go back to the time when she used to sit with a pile of mending at her side, and listen while I read the funny items in the evening paper. And how we *would* laugh together. That was our life, day in and out; and now we hardly have a chance to say good morning to each other. But you're getting selfish, old fellow!" nodding at the reflection of his jolly face in the glass. "You wouldn't like to work for three dollars a day as you did then; and it stands to reason that she wouldn't like to go back to the calico dresses and mending socks. She's welcome to Wagner evenings, or any other kind of evenings, for she's the best woman in the world."

Having lost another five minutes, Mr. Vamp placed his watch in his pocket and trudged away to attend a real estate sale. Mrs. Vamp, whose mind was filled with the coming event, summoned old Mose, a colored man whose precise place in the house could hardly be named, as he was, at different times, coachman, gardener, or butler, as the exigencies of the case might demand. Having been a faithful servant to Mr. Vamp in the beginning of his prosperous career, when he worked as porter in a warehouse, he had been promoted with the abolishment of such business, when speculations in real estate rendered the small concern an annoyance to the successful man.

From an uncomfortable feeling of being overburdened with service, the worthy couple kept only a cook and housemaid, and with the help of old Mose they managed to keep the household machinery running.

"Mose," said Mrs. Vamp, when the old man answered

her summons, "I'm going to give a musicale next Thursday evening."

"Yes'm," said Mose twirling his hat round and round.

"You must mow the lawn," she continued. "Yes'm," he repeated.

"Then you must put new globes in place of the broken ones," she went on.

"Yes'm," he replied again looking more and more lugubrious with every fresh order. "And of course you'll get yourself up in proper shape and attend to the door Thursday evening."

"Thursday ebenin'," echoed Mose.

"You'd better get a man to help you do the lawn, and put things to rights outside; for I'll need you all day Thursday to run errands and help around the house."

"Yes'm. Is dat all?"

"Yes; I think that's everything."

"An' I kin go now?"

"Certainly," answered the lady. Mose stood quite still however, and at length Mrs. Vamp turned toward him saying:

"Why, Mose, I thought you had gone. Do you want anything?"

"No'm; dat is, I jes wished to fin' out ef dar might be a triffin' mistake regardin' de time sot faw de doin's?"

"Mistake? Why of course not. I *said* next Thursday evening, and I *meant* next Thursday evening."

"Yes'm, I see. I'm a gwine now," and Mose almost ran to the stable, hurried to his own room which was exactly over the horses' heads, closed the door and began to cut the most ridiculous capers. He took off his hat, threw it across the room, picked up the pillows and subjected them to the same treatment; then going through a sort of double shuffle, sat down somewhat short of breath.

"Dar!" he said, "guess I got a'mos red ob dat debbil ob discontent. Was dar ebber on de face ob de yath such a onlucky nigger as me? Ef Missis warn't de bery bes lady in de lan', I'd cut an' run. Dar's one ting *suah*; music'll be de ruin ob mas'r Vamp yet, see if 'taint. Wen I reckoned

on goin' to dat temp'rince jubilee, Missis mus' hab de kerrige drivin' back an' fo'th in de mud coz she war ob'leeged to heah dat Packman; den arter I'd quarreled wid Satan all dat day in ordah to go in a Christian sperrit, de berry nex' doin's we hed wen I tol' 'em I'd come suah, wot does she take into dat ar head o' hern, but she war jes expirin' to heah dat Sharevenky. Dat once ober I prided myself on habbin got red ob de debbil once mo' an' looked fawwad to plain sailin'; an' jes tol' de brudders an' sisters we'd hev a infawmal social, an' I'm blowed ef she didn't call out dat ar pesky kerrige to kerry her to de Padderoosky recital; an' dis yere comin' Thursday ebenin' wen we's all got our parts pat as puddin', she's gwine to hab a music-scale, an I mus' wait at de doah. Laws-a-massy I's feard de ole fellah'll git de bes' ob me dis time. See heah Mose you's ben a honest, straight fawwad niggah all yer life, an' you don' want to go an be a ole sneak at dis late day. By de Great Augustus, I know wat'll be de way out o' dis slew ob dispond. I'll jes let all de ones wat's got de impawtadt parts ob de concert to do come heah an' see de doin's. We'll gib out notice de concert'll be nex Saturday, an' eberybody'll be satisfied. Now you ole Prince ob de Powahs ob Darkness, you won't git de bes' ob dis ole darkey, not ef I knows it!"

Having settled the matter thus satisfactorily with himself, he hastened to obey the various behests of Mrs. Vamp, proud of his triumph over the evil one,—for so he considered it—and appeared on the eventful evening in faultless attire, his dark visage wreathed with smiles. The concert in which his friends were to participate was cheerfully postponed, when he held before them as a tempting bait, an opportunity of witnessing the "doin's" at the Vamp mansion.

The lady of the house had worked herself to the verge of a fever by the time the last bouquet was arranged, and the last light at the proper angle. This matter of light was, Mr. Vamp affirmed a "perfect craze" with his wife, who insisted upon illuminating the house in a manner somewhat startling to one unacquainted with her little idiosyncrasies.

The tower window which formed so pleasant a feature of the sleeping room, was no less an addition to the front parlor:

and Mrs. Vamp had given full sway to her artistic tendencies, in decorating this window with globes of almost every impossible shade. Pale greens; impossible blues; purples like nothing else under the sun; and yellows whose tint no artist might reproduce, formed an array in which her soul delighted; and she breathed a sigh of relief as she made her last round of the rooms, and satisfied herself that a clear flame burned within each colored prison.

Groups of music loving people, old and young, pretty and plain, soon gathered in the handsome rooms, and the time had arrived for the real business of the evening to commence.

"You see, Mr. Gloster," Mrs. Vamp is saying, I've put you first; for, though some of our best program makers think the "*Kaiser March*" more effective near the close of the evening, I think it'll be a good thing to get them settled with."

"Very wise, Mrs. Vamp," said the gentleman walking to the piano like a martyr to the stake; with a "willing to suffer for one's country," sort of air. Seating himself, he executed the march in a manner which left no room to doubt the wisdom of Mrs. Vamp's arrangement; for the Bombastes Furioso style added to the muscular power he brought to his work, made it impossible that any one in the room should be heard by the person at his elbow.

After a few minutes spent in congratulating Mr. Gloster upon his happy rendering of the number, a very tall, severe, antiquated maiden was led to the piano, and one forgot her unprepossessing appearance the moment her fingers touched the keys.

The "*Waldweben*" became a reproduction of bird's songs and the background of moaning, whispering trees among whose branches the wind was weaving the vast forest symphony was brought out with an artist's hand.

Then followed "*Elsa's Dream*," fairly well rendered by a characterless looking young lady with long yellow curls.

A murmur of expectation was heard as Miss Foyer, a celebrated pianiste prepared to play "*Siegfried's Death Song*." She brought the pathetic scene before her audience



in all its sad beauty, and they almost fancied they could hear his appealing call to Brunhilde, and the rapture with which he looked forward to the flight to Walhalla under her guidance.

"Siegfried's Funeral March" followed, and then came the event of the evening. Herr Zetler, the famous interpreter of Wagnerian music had arrived but a few moments since, and all who were seated at any distance from the chair occupied by the celebrity were craning their necks in their endeavor to obtain a glimpse of him. When the glimpse was an accomplished thing, one and all were disappointed, for he was such an insignificant looking little man.

"Makes one believe implicitly in the Darwinian theory," remarked one young lady as she looked at the gentleman, noting the twinkling black eyes, long black hair, sallow complexion and jetty mustache, "I declare that head should have been set upon the shoulders of a tall heavy man instead of that little five feet atomie."

He was to play the "Ride of the Valkyries," and a magnetic current already circulated through the expectant throng; an unspoken sentiment prevailed that there was something not human, and in close communion with beings of another world, in the face which reminded them of Mephistopheles; and the "Death Song" and "Funeral March" having operated sensibly on the more impressionable, they were prepared for most any unheard of experience.

No one thought of sitting through this number; each one being determined to learn as much as possible about his style and peculiarities of manner. As the gentleman grew interested in his work, he became visibly excited; and the feeling was redoubled in his audience.

Shriek after shriek of the war maidens rent the air, the snorting of their steeds could be heard, and the walls of Walhalla were almost in view of the listeners when faint and almost overwhelmed with the force of exciting emotions, Miss Foyer turned toward the open window, but stood transfixed with terror, for there, not more than ten feet from her surely, were—the Valkyries themselves.

Ebony faces crowded one above another until the large

double window was one sea of glaring eyes and glistening teeth, shining through a pale green glow that made the "Inferno" seem more than a possibility.

Without speaking, Miss Foyer grasped the arm of her nearest neighbor, who followed the direction of her staring eyes, and went through an experience similar to that which she had suffered. *Her* neighbor was electrified in turn, and so on until all eyes were turned toward the window, Herr Zetler still evoking the most insane shrieks from the piano. It was growing unbearable. Though scarce a minute had elapsed since Miss Foyer's discovery they had lived through ages of terror, when one gentleman more courageous than his fellows, stepped to the window—albeit with every hair on his head bristling with fright—and without looking at the fiendish array, drew the heavy curtain.

As the rings clicked across the pole a sigh of relief crept from one to another of the breathless spectators, like an evening breeze through waiting pines.

At the moment Herr Zetler took his seat at the piano, old Mose closed the hall door softly, and crept forth into the cool evening air, grateful for an opportunity to rest and have a chat with his friends, whom he had stationed upon the light veranda running across the window of the back parlor.

The lower sash was draped handsomely, their faces were visible to the people inside, while the friendly silken curtain was useful for once in hiding their promiscuously arranged bodies from view. Some of them were tall enough to look over the drapery while standing on the floor of the porch, while others were obliged to stand on the railing to look over their heads.

Mose had left them with the words, "Ef any one sees you, jes drap as quick's lightnin'."

As he reached the corner of the house, he forgot his friends for a moment, though he came out expressly to see them, and stood still to listen to the music, saying as he continued on his course:

Dat ar music makes a fellah tink ob de seben debbils dat was cast out ob wat's 'is name in de olden times; an' fo' de

Lawd! dar's de debbils dereselves suah, an' dey's 'nuff to scar Satan *hissel*, wid dat ar green light from de doah a shinin' on 'em."

He walked rapidly to the veranda a little anxious lest his friends should be discovered, and gained it just in time to hear the whisper:

"Dey sees us! Shall we drap?"

Mose had advanced so quietly they were unaware of his presence. Great beads of perspiration stood upon the old man's forehead, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Don' move," he exclaimed in a stage whisper "an dey'll tink you's black ghosts. Stan' still or you'll be dead niggahs, fur dey'll shoot you, an' den set de biggest dog you ebber seen on you."

As badly frightened as the people who were becoming horror-stricken with looking at them, they obeyed Mose's instructions, but were glad to scramble down, when hidden by the curtain and again obey the old man, who said:

"Make you'sel's invisibile in less'n a breff, an' don' forget to be glad of de mericle dats ben brung about, fer de deliber-ob you."

Mrs. Vamp had been compelled to absent herself from the room during Herr Zetler's performance and was greatly surprised to notice, upon her return, how little her friends seemed to appreciate the really wonderful playing to which they had been listening, and immediately asked Miss Foyer the cause.

"Don't you like his playing?"

"It's simply wonderful!" was the answer.

"The rest don't act as if they thought so," continued Mrs. Vamp.

"Maybe it's because they can't find words at once to express their approval," returned the artful young lady.

"Perhaps," said the hostess a little dubiously. Then reflecting that there might be such a thing as too much music, she hastened to regale them with cakes and ices, to fortify the inner man. She was about to seat herself for a cosy chat with a particular friend, when the arrangement of the curtain attracted her attention.

Motioning to Mose, who stood like an ebony statue at the door of the reception room, she remarked to her friend:

"I can't endure having the windows covered up in that way." Then to Mose, "Draw the curtain from that window at once!"

All eyes were turned toward the old servant as he obeyed her, and she wondered if there could be some fault in his handsome "dress suit." Intensely relieved to find the apparitions had vanished, the guests made a vigorous effort to appear interested and happy, but the appetite of the company seemed feeble, though a faultless caterer had the matter in hand. A settled gloom seemed to have fallen over the entire assembly, which it was impossible to escape. All felt its influence and felt also the utter impossibility of resistance. Good nights were said at an unusually early hour, and guests and hostess were equally grateful when the evening was at an end.

Herr Zetler received unstinted praise, the morning *News* affirming that, "Such an interpreter of Wagner music was never known, for he could summon the ghosts of the heroes at will, by the simple magic of his playing, and commune with them, while the bystanders wait in hushed silence, too entranced to move."

While the good Herr is hugging to himself the belief that his genius is about to be appreciated at last, only the initiated few understand the full purport of the words.

Though Mrs. Vamp's friends talk of the affair over their tea, the ladies and, what is almost as wonderful, the gentlemen as well kept the secret. They were firmly convinced the house was haunted with Wagnerian ghosts, and agreed that it would be too bad to tell the poor lady, if she failed to find it out for herself.

She cannot understand why it is so impossible to follow out her original plan of giving a series of musical evenings. Her friends are as friendly to her as ever, but the moment she broaches the subject of an "evening," they all seem to have innumerable engagements, and she little imagines that her lack of success is due to the inspiration which enabled old Mose to conquer the "debbil." "ERATO."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY UNCLE RUFUS.

MR. EDITOR:

What is the reason of the Board of Vice-Presidents of the M. T. N. A.? And why should this irresponsible board originate legislation and dictate policy? By answering the above you will greatly oblige.

A LIFE MEMBER.

I do not know. I never saw anybody who did.

UNCLE RUFUS.

TO THE EDITOR:

Why is the government of the College of Musicians limited to the board of examiners and officers? Why should not the eminent gentlemen who compose the Charter membership have an equal voice with these of their peers who happen to be nominated examiners? By answering the above you will confer a favor upon

A CHARTER MEMBER.

This is also one of the things which no fellow can find out. Better ask one of the officers. They have never told, but perhaps they might.

UNCLE RUFUS.

MR. EDITOR:

Do we hear American Compositions at the meetings of the National Association of Music Teachers as religion or as penance? Or do we do it for pleasure? I was thinking at Cleveland the other day that if I were quite sure that pleasure was not intended, I might perhaps be able to get a religious benefit out of the exercise. Can you enlighten me?

A COUNTRY TEACHER.

This is another of the things which has not yet been given out for publication. The piety of American compositions, like Topsy, "just grew." A few gentlemen, with MSS. in their pockets, happened to meet, and discovered that they were in a large plurality of the inner brotherhood of the

membership. Others had published compositions still unheard. Then it happened that one of the gentlemen had been in the army, and the idea of "living off the country" was suggested, and a plan was cooked up for performing a large number of these excellent works, and, by way of fitting the punishment to the crime, it was arranged that the hearers should not only listen to them but also pay the piper. In other words, they found a way of performing their compositions before unwilling audiences, and making the said unwilling audience pay for the hall and the players. It was a pretty scheme, but what it has to do with an association of music *teachers* has never been pointed out. The plan sometimes leads to the production of works of real value and interest; but sometimes it leads to the opposite. So it can not be called a "dead-sure thing." You pay your money and you are expected to take your choice in attitudes for listening. Where pleasure will "go," pleasure it is; where pleasure is too vivid a term, try one of the others.     UNCLE RUFUS.

---

"Why do people ever sing in the English language if the tongue is so unsuited for musical expression as certain of the essayists at the Cleveland meeting represented it to be?"

UNITED STATES INQUIRER.

ANSWER: Because some of the songs have never been fitted with foreign words.     UNCLE RUFUS.

---

"Why are the pianos changed so often at the meetings of the M. T. N. A.?"

PIANIST.

ANSWER: Because a well-made piano gets very tired standing around in tune while a musician of an opposition house reads an essay. This wears them out rapidly and cracks the veneer. Hence the owners take them home and coddle them "between times."     UNCLE RUFUS.

---

"Do the players and singers at the meetings of the M. T. N. A. pay for the privilege of appearing, or is it granted them for nothing? and if so where does the audience come in?"

DEBUTANTE.

ANSWER: Some of them pay, but the most of them get in for nothing. The audience "goes out" but "comes in" next door.

UNCLE RUFUS.

"How often should a National Teacher be instructed with regard to the proper method of playing five finger exercises? Will once in two years do? Or should the lessons come oftener."

YOUNG TEACHER.

ANSWER. It depends. As a rule a "kind turn" of this sort is never lost, even if done to a dog. Five finger exercises are very difficult to play, and it is always in order for the venders of "methods" to call the brethren down to these elementary points. In ague districts they have to take these doses at least once a week; in healthier localities once a month will do. The State societies carry on the work between the meetings of the National Association.

UNCLE RUFUS.

"Why was so little said of "abdominal and clavicular breathing" at the Cleveland meeting?"

VOCALIST.

Perhaps you have heard of the Sunday School class which had been coached for confirmation by assigning each question to a particular individual. So it happened that the question "Who made you?" was answered "Out of the dust of the earth was I made." And, in reply to a remonstrance of the examiner, the pupil explained that "the little boy whom God had made was home with stomach ache." On this occasion I suppose the clavicle and abdomen were otherwise occupied.

UNCLE RUFUS.

"I have a talented young friend who is in doubt whether to buy a new hat or take a quarter's lessons. Which ought I to advise her?"

LOAVES AND FISHES

If you have an interest in the millinery store, and have as much profit in the hat as in the lessons, leave it to her conscience. Never fail to carry your principal into business.

UNCLE RUFUS.



## TO LOCAL EXAMINERS.

The object of the entrance examination of the Music Extension Society is not primarily to keep candidates out, but to ascertain as clearly as possible the range and character of their musical experience, the existing state of their interpretative powers, and their more noticeable deficiencies for classification in the grade of studies nearest their existing state. Therefore examiners will please observe the following directions in conducting the examinations, and report to the Secretary not only the answers to the questions on the paper herewith submitted, but forward therewith such other information concerning the candidate as might prove useful in forming an accurate idea of his attainments and apparent powers.

1. The first thing is to ascertain the general character of the playing of the candidate. In order to do this, permit him to play entirely through at least three pieces of his own selection, from the list which he is to offer. All this without any interruption or criticism whatever. The object of this restriction is to allow the candidate to recover his composure and exhibit his average powers.

This being done, require such parts of other pieces on his list as might illustrate his musical capacity in directions not already covered by the pieces first played.

The report must contain the names of these pieces, and designate which ones if any were played from memory, together with a general estimate of the quality of the playing. According to the following schedule:

Pieces played by memory:

Parts of pieces additional:

Pieces played by note.

The general character of the memory playing was:

(As to its technic) Clear, Sure, Brilliant, Well Accented, Fluent; or Confused, Uncertain, Halting in Rhythm, Inefficient.

The Principal Causes of the Defects were:

Untrained Fingers, Stiff wrists, Cramped Positions,  
Unclear Thinking, Want of Musical Feeling,  
Nervousness.

On the whole I would estimate the playing of the pieces as to the execution at——on a grade of 10; and as to the musical execution——on a grade of 10.

2. The examination should then proceed to a more detailed estimate of the candidate's technical experience, in Scales, Arpeggios, Chords and Octaves.

The Scales, as to familiarity with the different keys, major and minor; as to finger work, and quality and evenness of tone.

Arpeggios, as to familiarity with the triads, sevenths, diminished sevenths, the correct use of the fourth finger, and the proper transference of the hand from one octave to the next with a legato management of the thumb, and an easy movement of the wrist.

Both scales and Arpeggios as to power and lightness, and variety of touch, according to the general directions of Mason's "Touch and Technic."

This examination, it will be observed, has in view not alone mechanical familiarity with these elementary passage forms, but the technic of touch and expression to do them in every possible gradation of tone-quality and power.

Chords are to be estimated as to their solidity, or firmness, their balance of tone, (with a slight preponderance of the outer voices, which imparts refinement to the chord effect, or when applied to the highest voice imparts brilliancy, according to the decision expressed in the fifth finger of the right hand) also as to their soft and musical effect. The proper touches for chords are described in Mason's "Touch and Technic," Vol. IV.

Octaves depend upon the firm condition of the hand, looseness of wrist, and decision in the finger points. It is desirable that the wrist be loose, the touch of heavy octaves firm and biting, especially in the fifth fingers; while in light and fast octaves the tones (both upper and lower) should be perfectly distinct, yet with the utmost lightness of wrist.

Hence the following summary of the technics:

Scales: All keys familiar, as to tones and fingering;

The thumb well managed, and the fingers reasonably equal in power.

Or, a break where the thumb passes, and the fingers unequal in power.

Easily diversified in power from fortissimo to the lightest possible pianissimo and legierissimo;

Or, Commonplace, and negative in tone quality, and susceptible of but little variation in speed or power. (This is the general character of scale playing, as taught in ordinary methods. Mason's is the precise opposite, looking to the utmost versatility of execution, in order to be able to use the passages for the illustration of every possible shade of expression.)

Arpeggios: Triads, general estimate on a grade of 10—  
Sevenths,

Broken Chords.

The general ideal of arpeggios as to tone-shading will almost invariably be the same as that of scales. If there are any well marked excellencies or defects of the arpeggio playing, different from those illustrated in the scales, the Examiner should note them here.

Hand in chords, solid, firm, or with fingers ill-adjusted and uncertain, in touch.

Changing easily from one chord to another, or easily confused and imperfectly adjusted to new conditions.

Octaves: Firm, resonant, easily controlled in fast or slow playing, with a proper condition of the wrist; or uncertain, wanting in solidity in slow playing, and incapable of rapidity.

(Qualities may be designated by underscoring the descriptive term here given. Qualities wanting may be indicated by crossing out the descriptive terms.)

On the whole the Candidate is recommended for place in the —th grade of the Extension.

The Candidate has a good disposition for study, and will probably improve in the places here marked deficient.

Signed\_\_\_\_\_

Local examiner at\_\_\_\_\_

## CLEVELAND MEETING OF THE M. T. N. A.

Seriously as a chain or initials by way of name strikes a literary taste, I do not know that we can do better than to fall into the prevalent stenography for briefly characterizing our national association of music teachers, whose recent meeting took place in Cleveland O., July 5-8. The Detroit meeting, along with quite a number of other foolish performances, voted to hold the meeting this year at Minneapolis. The executive committee was appointed with this in view but when the time approached it was found that the place, would do little or nothing for the association, the political convention having "worked that side" as the beggar remarked,



MR. N. COE STEWART.

meeting had was due to their pains-taking efforts.

The full list of essayists and their subjects is the following:

"Personal recollections of Notable Musicians," John Towers, Indianapolis; "The Voice-Teacher's Problems,"

before us. Hence President Hahn used his judgement, and after visiting Cleveland decided to hold the meeting there, which was duly accomplished through the energetic efforts of the new committee, Messrs. Wilson G. Smith, N. Coe Stewart, and Johannes Beck. These three men did a vast amount of work, and whatever success the

Frederic W. Root; "Theoretical and Auricular Analysis", A. J. Goodrich; "Individuality in Music," H. C. MacDougall, "Vocal Methods in America," Emilio Agramonte; "Self Education in Music," W. S. B. Mathews; "Tendency of Modern Romanticism in music," Percy Goetschius; "Musical Forms and their Contents," John A. Brockhoven; "The Deppe Method," Miss Amy Fay; "Interpretation vs. Virtuosity," A. R. Parsons; (read by H. W. Greene.) There were two other essays promised but the readers were absent, and so this completes the list. There were also the usual reports of the officers and committees—which as usual contained more or less of consequence.

It was not regarded as practicable to provide orchestral and choral illustrations of musical works, so the programs took a quieter range, the new works presented being songs, piano pieces, and chamber music—of which there was a very good representation indeed. In fact there was no lack of quantity. The American works produced were better than the average of former years.

Of all those works the best was Mr. Foote's Quartette, which did not need the adjective American to carry it. Many of the songs, also, were very charming, and some of them were admirably done. But of this feature later. The chamber music was given by the aid of Mr. Beck's string quartette, a body of players accustomed to each other, and showing excellent musical intelligence.

Aside from the performances composed of American compositions, there were a large number of ordinary recitals,—songs and piano pieces. Some of these were very superior, and thoroughly excellent in quality. I was much interested in noticing the difference of the players in the matter of obtaining fine tones from the different pianos, in which list Messrs. Sherwood, Arthur Foote, Miss Lewing and Miss Gaul stood easily first. I was too late to hear Mr. Liebling's recital, but have been told that it was an admirable performance, in which masterly piano playing, fine interpretation, and musical quality went hand in hand. From another quarter, I heard Mr. Leibing classed with teachers who on account of teach-

ing so many hours a day, and the consequent lack of time to practice, ought not to appear in public as a virtuoso. From this I dissent, for when once a master gains the technique and the repertory that Mr. Leibling has had any time these ten years, he is always interesting and instructive, far more so, it seems to me, than many young players who have plenty of technique, and fingers in the first flush of youthful fancy, without the mental training and the musical experience which lend to Mr. Liebling's playing the charm of maturity. It is a great mistake that nothing is interesting upon the piano unless it be the most sensational possible, and be played in a manner not only without fault but to an astonishing perfection. Have we become so blasé that music itself no longer interests us?

I have elsewhere mentioned the charming playing of Miss Celia Gaul, whose beautiful tone particularly interested me. The best of it was that she gained her triumphs in compositions not generally regarded as offering an artist an opportunity. Beethoven's thirty-two variations on the Diabelli waltz are always interesting to the musical hearer, but the variations are rather out of fashion nowadays, and it is only a few artists who care to bring them forward. Then her second piece was Mozart's Rondo in A minor—which became beautiful through her treatment, and through the charm of her playing seemed to interest every person in the house. The most sensational playing of the meeting was that of Friedheim, which however, as usual with that great virtuoso, did not greatly interest the audience. One hardly knows why this fact should be true, but true it is. Most likely the compositions may have been badly chosen; then the tired condition into which one gets towards the end of the series of meetings may have had something to do with it.

There were several recitals, which would not have been missed—among which, at the risk of misrepresenting a good musician, I would feel like including the playing of Mr. Zoch. This gentleman was very unfortunate. He sent the committee a program intended for a whole evening; the singers, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson sent also a song program

intended for a whole evening; both programs were sandwiched together, making the whole something stupendous in length. The audience went out by wholesale, as the recital filled up one of them after another, until at the end there were just ten people in the house. This was the fault of the program, and could not have been avoided by the performers unless they had been of marvellous quality.

There was one feature of the singing which appears queer to me. I mean the predominance of foreign tongues. French, German, Italian, and for aught I know Russian, were about as prominent as English.

Had the singers been lately imported foreigners I would not have minded this. But in point of fact we had a number of essayists who were foreigners, yet speaking excellent English, and very properly addressing the convention in this language. On the other hand we had quite a number of singers who for the very lives of them could not have made themselves understood in any language but their mother tongue, addressing their songs to an audience of their countrymen in various half understood tongues, thus reducing their singing to solfeggi performances, except to the very few who happened to understand the particular variety of language momentarily being executed. This was done, no doubt for several reasons: The first is that the teachers of singing being foreigners are not able to teach the correct method of singing the English speech—as you may notice almost any time you happen to hear them try to sing in English. Then there are many who regard it as a mistake to sing a song in any language but the one for which the music is written. There are certain translations which are so very bad as almost to make one feel like coinciding in this view—but it is faulty from the ground up. For the very pith and point of a song is the text—which was in fact the excuse for creating the music. To sing the melody of a good song without conveying to the hearer the text, is an impertinence, which leaves the hearer without the proper key to what may be the very central point of the song's beauty. In all other lands but the United States, and partly in England, this principle is understood. While



opera is occasionally given in England in Italian, and as it sometimes is in Germany, the staple of singing in England is English, and in Germany German. The Italians and French are mono-lingual to a degree, nothing but vernacular being so much as thought of. It is true that the American girl is a very charming creature and can do many things more or less well. So it occasionally happens that she gets off her French, her Italian and her German with quite a "manner born" air; but after all, it would be much better if she could give us a song text in her and our native tongue, with the refined delivery which appertains to culture, and with the shading belonging to artistic interpretation. We would then know what we were speaking about.

The association voted to hold its next regular meeting at Utica, New York, in 1894, but there was a committee authorized to call a special meeting in Chicago, with the World's Fair Auxiliary in 1893. This action was not altogether fortunate, it seems to me; the association owing it to its own assumed importance to have held a regular meeting in connection with the Auxiliary, when there will be such a gathering of eminent musicians as has never before been brought together on these shores. Practically, of course, the meeting will be called in this round-about way.

Among the new legislation proposed was a change of composition of the National Association, making it to consist exclusively of the delegates from the various state associations. This calls into view the present heterogenous composition of the national association, which is composed of voluntary members, with a right to vote, and half involuntary members, (the local amateurs and teachers who buy tickets in order to hear a favorite musician, or to help out the local committee.) For since the Association committed itself to the policy inaugurated by the late President Lavalley, making the production of a large number of American works one of the features of the regular meeting, the money question has reached a degree of prime importance. The budget at Detroit amounted to several thousands of dollars. And it is only in large places, and under excellent local management, that the executive committee can raise money enough to do

the work in the style which it ought to have when the city is to pay the cost.

The presence of so many half way musicians in the audience places the essayists at a serious disadvantage. They can neither address themselves to musicians solely, nor to the general public; but are compelled to divide their attention between the conflicting interests. Then, too, the room has to be larger than desirable for hearing or for discussing. In any hall holding eight hundred or more, in the summer in the city, the out door noises make it very difficult to hear any speaker but one with a voice of exceptional clearness and resonance, while as for discussion in conversational tone—it might as well be pantomime.

Moreover the membership is not very constant, one name appearing a few years, then missing a few—according as the dues happened to be thought of or not. But whether this would be improved by the delegate system is another question. The delegate system would result in sending up the members of the state societies most anxious to go, and cleverest in getting votes. The best musicians would certainly get left, as they almost invariably do in the offices of the National Association itself. Possibly a membership might be made of delegates from the state societies and members of the American College of Musicians, which society is only a sort of a higher degree of the national association anyway. Or there might be still some other way to get in such musicians as are desirable, yet who neither belong to the College nor are place holders in the state associations. The point is important and worth thinking about.

There is also yet another question to be determined, which is as to the real object intended to be subserved by the meetings of the Association. Is it instruction? or pleasure? or both? Is the meeting a sort of eleemosynary institution for hearing American compositions which have been refused by publishers? or for illustrating our progress in the art of musical composition? In other words, the association demands at every pore "What are we here for?" For one, I do not believe that it would be better to do away with the essays and devote the time to hearing still more concerts. It

is quite certain that the time was too filled up at Cleveland, so that there was no leisure hour of the day between 9 a. m. and 11 or 12 p. m. This is too much. Two recitals in one afternoon are too many for a single audience.

The true answer to the conundrum as to the more plausible object of the national association is that *acquaintance* is one of the most profitable ends to be subserved by the meetings. Another is the consideration of the needs of the "order." Another, hearing a little music, which might be American, with discretion. And still another the suggestion of new ideas. The latter object is rather hard to control, programme committees not being able to predict with any certainty which gentlemen will be loaded with novelties some months hence.

At Cleveland the opportunities of acquaintance were reduced to a minimum. There was no reception, no excursion, no banquet, or other common platform of meeting, where something informal might be reached, except in the musicians old resource the German beer saloon. Most of the pleasant meetings on this occasion were held in these German places, at very late hours of the night. Nothing more objectionable took place than gossip and chat, with a few very funny stories and some downright conversation. The beer was one side. (Inside). In fact the next committee will have it for their work to plan a meeting consistent with itself and with some central object or aim. The programme committee will have two years for the task, and one would think that the problem might be solved.

The election of Mr. E. M. Bowman as president will most likely lead to closer relation with the College of Musicians. This will be an improvement. But on the whole the national association still lacks a *raison d'être*. It is one of those institutions which once having had we cannot do without; yet the best use of which we do not quite understand.

There is one element in the conduct of the Association which ought to be changed at the earliest possible moment. There is a board of so-called vice-presidents, appointed one from each state by the president. These hold secret meetings

and undertake to shape legislation, nominate officers, and the like. It was the action of this undemocratic star-chamber, irresponsible to no one, which got the national association into such a ridiculous position with regard to the World's Fair, by appointing a board of commissioners for managing the music of it. There is no objection to the president appointing as many vice presidents as he needs, provided it can be understood that they have nothing to do with the National Association, more than other members. If they like to vice-preside, why let them. It does no harm, and under certain circumstances it might even be an advantage. But that they should presume to shape legislation, make up slates, and the like, is impertinent, and a serious damage to the welfare of the association. The scheme looks too much like a plan for keeping certain affiliated members in office. That their schemes sometime miscarry, is fortunate. But there is no reason at all for the star chamber, though the members of it may not see this.

This mode of governing by an inner brotherhood is one of the main reasons why the College of Musicians has been able to get such slight hold of the musical ideals of the country. Even very eminent musicians, charter members of the College, have no voice in its management unless they happen to hold office as examiners. This also is one of the things which "will have to go," and the only question is as to whether it will be permitted to go without the College, or whether both must depart in company. In a society of educated gentlemen, the fewer rings there are the better everyone will like it, and the more chance there is of the best ideas prevailing.

M.

## RECOGNITION OF SOCIETIES BY THE FAIR.

In the discussions at Cleveland concerning the propriety of the M. T. N. A. holding a meeting at Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, no little misconception was shown as to the manner and nature of recognition which it would be possible and proper for the Fair to extend to societies of any kind, accepting its invitations to conduct official proceedings in connection with it. This discussion naturally took a wider range in the case of the M. T. N. A. in consequence of the effort made at Detroit to forestall action in the matter of promoting international musical congresses, and the appointment there of an organization deriving its powers from the association, yet independent of it, for taking charge of the musical congresses outright. The action was illegal and impertinent at best. Its prime object was that of influencing the selection of a musical director for the Fair. Naturally it entirely failed of producing any effect whatever, and very properly so, whatever one might think of the ability of the gentlemen appointed to official positions under the act. But the complete ignoring of this committee in making up the musical committees of the Fair proper and of the Auxiliary seemed to many of the association to carry disrespect further than was necessary.

Upon this head it is only necessary to explain once again the manner in which certain musical and quasi musical functions have been divided at the Fair, and the distinction between the organizations having charge of every kind of exhibit which can be set up and left to run or to stand still for gazing and study; and those other exhibits which consist of processes of discussion and living thought, which go on only so long as certain thinkers are there to carry them on. In the broad sense, the Fair proper is for the exhibition of every sort of material thing appertaining to civilization;

together with as much as possible of the historical steps through which it reached its present degree of perfection. In the case of Harvesters for instance, it includes not alone the exhibition of harvesters of every important style now manufactured, but also of the earlier patterns and the crude attempts, which merely prepared the way for the perfect machines.

So also with the steam engine, the printing press, the power loom, the telegraph, the telephone and every other great invention of civilization. Processes of manufacture will be actually carried on before the eyes of the visitors, and it will be possible for any visitor to witness the entire process of making a shoe, a silk handkerchief, a piece of cotton cloth, and, waiting until the specimen is finished, buy and carry away with him the very article he has seen manufactured. This holds good of machinery, and every province of material activity.

But civilization depends upon thought quite as much as upon machinery. In fact the machines are merely concrete thought. But there is a department of thought which never incarnates itself into any kind of material exhibit—unless we class books as this sort of incarnation of transcendental thought. Hence the scheme of organizing what might not improperly be called a “thought department”—in other words “The World’s Fair Auxiliary,” the object of which is to bring together here as many of the leaders of the world’s thought as possible, and to set them to conferring and discussing the questions which mainly occupy them. The design being to gather from such a succession of papers and discussions a sort of summary of the world’s thought upon all the leading subjects of intellectual progress.

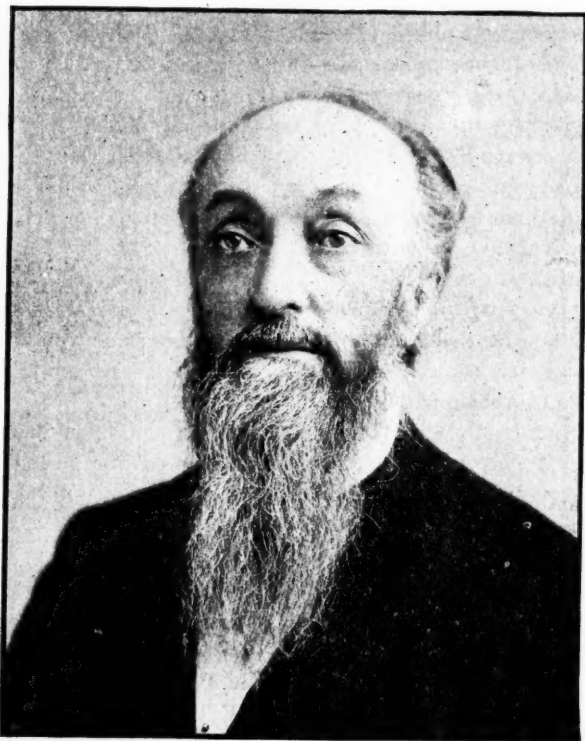
Music occupies a peculiar place in a broad scheme of this kind. For, while it is an indispensable part of the means of entertaining the crowds, and of affording something more than mere entertainment, it has also a very interesting history, which, if properly placed in order by means of concrete illustrations of the music of different races and nations in successive epochs, would afford very interesting and, to most observers, novel illustrations of

progress. Moreover, music being an extremely specialized art is still full of unsolved questions as to its essential nature, and the true relation of its component parts to each other; and of the actual phenomenal part to the inner life of the mind, the soul, the spirit. Hence music properly belongs upon both sides of the Fair. In the Fair proper it figures in its instruments, its literature, and in public performances of music of many kinds and nationalities—exhibited for the prime purpose of casually interesting the visitors at the Fair. In this part of the exhibition there will be room for much having an essentially educational and historical character; but the intellectual relations appertaining will always be latent, and inferential, and not forced upon the attention. Just as in a historical gallery of paintings, every picture stands as an interesting object in and of itself, and for what it represents; but at the same time, to the observer properly prepared, it stands also as an illustration of a stage of progress.

In the World's Fair Auxiliary, on the other hand, music if performed at all—will be produced for technical study, as illustration of such and such a stage of development, or of such and such artistic ideals, and the value of the musical performances in this department will turn upon the success or non-success with which these underlying relations are brought out. For example, among other ideas which have been suggested in connection with the Auxiliary is that of a succession of operatic performances illustrating the entire history of opera from the "Eurydice" of Jacob Peri, to the latest work of Wagner, or whatever other master may be thought to mark the latest point reached. In the same manner performances of chamber music historically determined will be given, or may be. But the main business of the Auxiliary is of a still more intellectual character,—discussion of the great problems in every line of thought; papers upon the leading living questions of every social completion. To this end there will be conferences of many kinds of ecclesiastics, moral reformers, sociologists, teachers, professional gentlemen of every description, and occasionally no doubt the crank also.



The World's Fair Auxiliary is under the presidency of Mr. C. C. Bonney, an eminent lawyer of this city, of wide culture and invincible tact. The proceedings in any department are opened by selecting one or two of the local special-



C. C. BONNEY.

(President World's Fair Auxiliary.)

ists in the department, as members of the committee, having in charge the formulating of plans in accordance with which all the conferences of the specialty may be most advantageously conducted. More names are added; and next there is selected an Advisory Council of eminent specialists both native and foreign, whose duty it is to send in whatever of suggestion or criticism they may happen to have. In this

way through the general directing power of the President, the action of the local committee, and the interest which at least a part of the advisory council are sure to develop, there is room to hope that by the end of the Fair every province of human thought will have been represented by its best minds.

There is also the questions of audiences. Every specialty has its own following, and whenever it is known that an eminent specialist is to be heard, the visitors interested in the specialty will be present, and many, knowing in advance of the moment when their favorite subject is to come up, will time their visit in order to participate. The magnitude of the assemblies will be extremely various, from the little band of advanced thinkers which will gather to consider some question of high philosophy, to the many thousands who will gather for the more popular subjects. Music, here as elsewhere, will occupy all sorts of places along the line, having already arranged space for more than twenty thousand hearers for the Welsh Eisteddfod, down to the small number which will probably care to hear one or two highly specialized Dry-as-dusts argue upon musical temperament and perfect intonation.

The facilities in the way of buildings for gatherings of this sort will be admirable. Most of the meetings of the congresses will be held in the New Art Palace, now building on the lake front. In this there will be audience rooms accommodating from forty to more than two thousand. The really popular assemblies, running into the ten thousands, will be held in the great music hall on the Fair grounds.

What, then, is the status of a society desiring to "congress" under this scheme? Any society, it is answered, is invited to take part—or more properly to take a whole, whenever its objects appear to the authorities sufficiently dignified and important for the occasion. And, inasmuch as the Auxiliary is intended to cover pretty much the whole range of human thought, the line will be drawn rather leniently. Time will be assigned and rooms reserved according to the expected magnitude of the occasion. But

this does not happen without taking care that one meeting does not trench upon the province of another. Hence the programme proposed by any society must be submitted, in order that it may be known whether it does not double with some other meeting—as when the musical congress proper talks of musical education, and of popular musical education with the same speakers as certain ones already on the programme of the educational department. Hence when a society desires to take part in this great business of making history, it should first apply to the President of the Auxiliary, stating its design, and the ground it proposes to cover. As soon as its plans are accepted, it stands precisely where it did before, that is, it means precisely the same that it did before, but it acquires an official relation to the Fair. It is neither superior to some other society, nor inferior to it. Its entire relative status depends upon the rank of the ideas it represents. The question of numbers enter into the provision of accommodations, but not into the question of official standing. On the contrary, some of the smallest bodies will undoubtedly be an object of greater solicitude to the officers of the Auxiliary than some of the largest, on account of the rank and value of the ideas represented.

The music teachers national association cannot have recognition from the Fair proper, because there is no department of the Fair in which a body of music teachers can be put upon exhibition. In this respect they differ from such a body, for instance, as a celebrated orchestra, a great band, or an oratorio society. The latter is capable of entering into the practical scheme of things as one of the "attractions." It can give a concert, illustrate its training, and at the same time entertain. But a society of teachers, gathered to read papers, can with the greatest difficulty entertain itself—let alone a disinterested crowd. The only place for this kind of society is in the Auxiliary.

It will be quite possible for the Music Teacher's Association to produce American compositions in connection with their meeting, if they can indicate that such productions are an integral part of the discussions they mean to conduct, or are in any way connected with their legitimate objects. For

such productions, within limits, the standing resources of the Fair might perhaps be drawn upon, through details from Mr. Thomas, under whose authority all singers and players will be placed.

It may be asked, what object will it be to the M. T. N. A. to hold a meeting at Chicago, where so comparatively a small association will be liable to be lost in the general magnitude? To this only one answer can be given: Exactly the same as that which induces many other societies to hold meetings here; in order to be in the general movement of things, and in order to meet the hundreds of eminent leaders who will certainly be gathered here. Moreover, the best part of the proceeding of all the great societies will go into the memorial volumes, which the Auxiliary proposes to publish. They will form part of that record which we desire to send down to posterity, as on the whole the best that the world had to offer at Chicago, in the year of grace 1893. These two objects appear enough. It would be a very foolish mistake not to count oneself into a great historical movement of this kind.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

CAROZZI'S SYNTHETIC NOTATION. A complete theoretical, practical and historical method. In three parts. By G. Napoleon Carozzi. Oblong folio. Thirty pages. Chicago, 1892.

It is no crime to attempt to invent a new musical notation. Aside from the wholly irrelevant question as to the sufficiency of the system of notation in ordinary use, there is certainly room to hope that it might be simplified. To the vocalist, particularly, the staff notation presents such difficulties that comparatively few singers ever reach the point where they are able to read music certainly without more or less reliance upon instruments. The difficulties are real, but they yield to the musician, and it is only necessary for the singer to become a musician in order to discover that the presumed similarity of different sounds upon the staff no longer exists for him. Nevertheless, to become a musician is exactly the thing which the average singer does not desire. It takes too much trouble. Hence there have been a variety of attempts at new notations since the numeral notation of Jean Jacques Rousseau, in 1745, to the tonic sol-fa invented in England about the first quarter of the present century. These notations confine themselves to presenting the tonical relations of the melody tones, and for singers are much easier than the usual notation. As nearly as possible the tonic sol-fa notation does the singer's thinking for him, but it takes the greatest possible care that his musical thinking and consciousness are trained to the point where he is able to understand the help that the system has provided for him. The principal features that ought to characterize new notations are simplicity, comprehensibility and definiteness. It does not appear that any of these elements characterize the new system proposed by Signor Carozzi. On this point, however, let us not do him an injustice, for nothing could be more admirable than the spirit in which he approaches the question, as shown in the preface. He says:

"The love of music has been to me a second nature, adorning and brightening the years of my youth, comforting and sustaining those of advanced manhood, through the vicissitudes of fortune and the discouragements induced by human frailty and imperfection, and I feel sure that its sweet, beneficent influence will accompany me to the last hour of my life. I have not sought music for the sake of high-sounding fame, nor of extravagant riches. I love and respect her as an art—as a profession I detest her. Whatever success I may have attained is due to incessant study and unobtrusive application to all branches.

"One ambition I have; and it seems to me an honorable, laudable, I might almost say a sacred one. I desire to leave to coming

ages some record as the author of practical improvements, both as regards the method of teaching, as well as the system of imparting

MARCH FROM THE OPERA **L'AMIGO FRITZ**  
M. P. MASCAGNI.

Carozzi's Synthetic Notation.

ISOCHRON  
TEMPODI  
MARCIA  
MODERATO

Key. *p*

*cresc.*

*p* *f* *p*

*ff* *p* *Poco più mosso*

op. 4

expression to the voice in vocal exercises. And in so doing I would relinquish, though not without a certain amount of regret, any praise

of which these improvements might be thought worthy, if I were sure that the fact would remain, and that the result would be accomplished. To this end I have written precepts, advice, rules, observations, with the patience of a recluse, but with the love of a father. And also, notwithstanding discouragements, hindrances, jealousies and my own misgivings, I have invented instruments adapted for directing, correcting or improving, sometimes the pronunciation, sometimes the tone of the voice, sometimes the breathing, sometimes all together. I have further invented new signs, not to produce confusion, but for simplification. In short, my innovations have somewhat of a revolutionary character—we have such in politics, in commerce, in trade, in every manifestation of intellectual or material life; why, then, should we exclude them from the domain of music, especially when they have been matured and tested through long years of study, research and experience?"

The general character of Signor Carozzi's new notation will be seen from the sample of sheet music copied on page 423. It will be seen that he employs staves of seven lines, supposed to be named similarly for all the voices, and note heads of peculiar shape. It is to be regretted that there does not appear in his method any adequate and clear explanation of the precise equivalence of these different signs, from which circumstance the new music is entirely unintelligible to the musician, nor can he find out with some pains its intention from the pages of the method itself—or, to bring it down to a personal issue, the reviewer, with the best of intentions rummaging around within him, found himself after an hour's search no nearer understanding it than before. Mr. Carozzi proposes to ignore sharps and flats, indicating change from the natural degrees of the scale by means of modifications of the note forms—but as to the precise nature of the meaning attached to these modifications, the haymow fails to respond with the needle. Nor does it appear how he proposes to indicate the different keys. In short, it is impossible to declare that the author has in fact simplified notation in any respect; yet, on the other hand, it is equally impossible to declare that he has not simplified it—since the nature of his clearing is left for those who have the inner light to guide them.

On general principles, however, it is not easy to see wherein it would be an improvement, still less a simplification, to reduce all the keys to the same manner of representation, then to render the treble and bass staff uniform, yet to encumber the eye with seven lines in place of five. The clefs, moreover, may be simplicity itself, but the fact cannot be demonstrated—since their meaning is nowhere shown.

Yet the reader should not too hastily rush to a conclusion. The tonic sol-fa notation appears like nonsense until one knows the key; but when one has the key it clears itself up instantly, so that within its limitations it notates tone relations with perfectly clear definiteness and simplicity. So it may be with the present system, if only one had the key. The prime fault of the method, then, is that it does not explain itself. Here we leave it. Life is too short to guess conundrums.



## TRADE DEPARTMENT.

---

### THE PIANO MAKERS AT THE M. T. N. A.

As usual all the leading makes of piano were heard in the recitals at the recent meeting of the national association at Cleveland, and as usual the tone of the pianos was so similar that it is safe to say that there were not six people in the house at any recital or concert who could have identified the instruments from their sound. This being the case it was just as well that the programmes bore the legend of the makers' names. There is no objection to this multiplicity of instruments, although it is rather unhandy sometimes, as was noticed when the exercises were suspended for about half an hour at one point until the movers could take away one pianoforte and bring another, there being two or three grands already upon the stage. This was crowding matters a little. But that every pianist ought to have his choice as to the instrument he will play, goes without saying—even if for any reason he chooses one of the less excellent ones. The least reputable instrument is like a crystal, which being turned in a certain favorable light is capable of manifesting brilliancies which the bystander at a different angle fails to observe. Moreover it is considered an object with most of the makers to have their instruments heard in competition with others, as in this case.

As usual, also on this occasion there were other manifestations of the piano makers which have been criticized upon former occasions. Major Howe, for example, had several of the best rooms at the Hollenden house, and a variety of his most attractive pianos were on exhibition [Hallett & Davis.] Every evening after the concert there was a gathering there, and, in the interims of music by the best artists present, the colored assistant administered lemonade or punch according to the necessities of the visitors. This social display of Major Howe has now been going on for several years, and quite a number of the members see in it only a rather shrewd scheme of advertising his instruments. This however, is rather a narrow view of the case. In an interview Major Howe gave the following explanation of his system:

"Several years ago," he said, "when I first came to the convention, I found that the members being in great part strangers to each other, immediately scattered to their boarding places as soon as the concerts were over, and at the end of their three days of attendance many of the country teachers had not had opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of the leading members of the association, with some of whom very likely they

may have been in correspondence for years—as happened in certain cases that came to my knowledge. Accordingly I said, I will change all this.

So I took eligible rooms, as you see here, and having provided a couple of punch bowls for lemonade, I gave a general invitation to the members to rendezvous here. So a few came the first evening, and as I had taken care to have some excellent players and singers on hand, and a few of my oldest friends among the professionals, I was able to give these strangers a pleasant evening. The next night there were many more. My experiment succeed, and since that occasion I have maintained the custom at all the meetings of the association."

"No doubt you find it a good venture in the way of trade," I continued.

"Do not mistake me," interrupted the Major, "I never transact business at these gatherings; nor do I talk piano or encourage any one else to do so. When any one begins on that subject I say, 'Excuse me, this is social not trade,' and I change the conversation. Even last night I refused to talk with a gentleman who desired to buy four uprights for his seminary. In strict confidence, I may add, however, that this fact did not hinder my closing with him this morning. But I would have done this just as well without the evening as with it."

I watched the Major's tactics carefully and am bound to say that there is a great deal in his position. And when one thinks of the advantage these socials are for finding the people one wants to see, I really do not know where the social element of the meeting would be without the piano makers. I was going to say without the Major, but then I reflected that now that he has shown the way, some other fellow would be sure to step in if for any reason the Major were to step out. It is his scheme, and he deserves the success he has won by it.

In point of fact the association owes a great deal to the piano makers. It would be simply impossible to get the artists for all these recitals without the assistance of the piano makers. And if the association were to undertake to limit its use of pianos to any one leading maker however excellent, there would be an outcry upon every hand, and an injustice too would be done many artists, who would either have to violate all their relations with their piano maker [friendly or business,] or else forego appearances at the Association.

Moreover there is a positive advantage in the opportunity of comparing so many good instruments. Most of the older teachers have prejudices in favor of some one maker—prejudices in a majority of cases having no more solid foundation than that of habit. I am one of this sort myself—upon general principles preferring Steinway to any other this twenty years—though certain experiences have made me quite sure from an intellectual standpoint that I could not pick out the Steinway piano by its

sound two times out of five, unless I played it myself. Hence when I hear other pianos sound so well as all of these did, even my case-hardened prejudices begin to yield. I realize that there is at least room for argument upon the other side.

There were certain artists who distinguished themselves by the musical tones and the variety and sympathy of tone color which they produced. Singularly enough neither one of these played the Steinway nor the Chickering. Mr. Sherwood, playing the Mason & Hamlin, distinguished himself by a mastery and thoroughly musical style of playing. It was the best appearance of his I have seen in quite a long time. Miss Adele Lewing, although not in best condition, also showed a great variety of musical nuances upon the Hallett & Davis. This was more to her credit, since the quality aimed at in these instruments, now that the pitch is lowered, is brilliancy. But Miss Lewing was able to obtain a highly musical tone, and she played throughout the evening with a very sympathetic touch and expression. John S. Van Cleve, with that neat wit which so distinguishes him, said to me that he did not remember when he had heard a pianist who played so many things in a manner to be criticized, yet whose playing he enjoyed so thoroughly. The fact is that Miss Lewing's piano playing is quite Delsartean. Her own charming and loveable personality comes to the front; but the author occasionally misses some of his details—as in one passage in Schumann's "Carnival Pranks from Vienna," where the skipping chords, written a quarter and a half, were played as two halves. This was carrying things a little too far—the quarters I mean.

Of all the artists who were heard there, the one who most distinguished herself by musical and singing quality of tone was Miss Celia Gaul, whose Mozart playing was most delightful, as also was her interpretation of the Beethoven XXXII variations. Her pianoforte was the Knabe. After all, the tone of a concert grand is in a great degree at the mercy of the artist, and even where there are all possible tone nuances at his disposal, as there were for Friedheim in the Steinway grand he played, this is not enough. The pianist must bring them out—as Paderewski did. Arthur Foote, of Boston, also did some beautiful playing upon the Chickering grand. I am not sure but that I ought to put him, or his piano higher on the list.

---

#### NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbbing heart of the mightiest and grandest Republic the earth has ever known, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avenues, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well stored galleries and museums, as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and

aspiration of all "YOUNG AMERICA," at least, to some time or other visit the Capital of his country.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. offers unequalled facilities in aid of this desire. All its through trains between New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore on the east, and Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago on the west, pass through Washington. Its fast Express trains are vestibuled from end to end and heated with steam. Pullman's latest and best productions in the way of sumptuous Drawing Room Sleeping Cars are attached to all its through trains. The present management of the B. & O. have made vast improvements in the last two years, and the road is to-day one of the foremost passenger carrying lines in the country. Through tickets via B. & O. R. R. can be procured at all the principal ticket offices throughout the United States.

#### THE GILDEMEESTER & KROEGER PRIZE PIANO.

One of the most beautiful pianofortes present at Cleveland was not heard at the concerts. I believe, I refer to the instruments of Gildemeester & Kroeger. Mr. Gildemeester had some fine parlors and kept open house, during the entire convention.

He had several grands and uprights and the avowed object was that of showing his instruments. They were lovely pianos, and naturally attracted a great deal of attention. The largest was a second size grand which was one of the most attractive instruments I have ever played upon. Its tone was very even and full as well as expressive. Friedheim was delighted with it, and lingered at it a long time.

Just at the end of the session Mr. Gildemeester introduced a document which created a genuine stir. He sent a letter to the association in the following terms.

CLEVELAND, O., July, 7, 1892.

MR. J. H. HAHN, President

Music Teachers' National Association.

DEAR SIR: The firm of Gildemeester & Kroeger desire to communicate through you with the Music Teachers' National Association for the purpose of submitting the following proposition:

It is our purpose to offer as a prize, to the most successful pupil of any piano teacher, a Gildemeester & Kroeger grand piano, at every meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association, beginning with the first meeting following upon the present one.

At least twelve pupils of twelve different piano teachers are to play during the meetings of your association each year, but we place no limit to the maximum number.

The details of the plan, including the places on the programme, the allotment of time, the conditions, the age of the pupils, the character of the compositions, the award of the prize, etc., we consider proper subjects for a committee of your association to deal with.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

2

The only condition we make is this: The pupils playing in competition are to use only the Gildemeester & Kroeger Prize grand piano, which is to remain on the stage during the session of your association.

After the decision shall have been made the grand piano will be delivered to the successful pupil free of charge, no matter where the place of residence may be.

The aim and object of this is to cultivate and stimulate the art of piano playing; to urge upon piano teachers the desirability of presenting before your annual meeting their best pupils; to induce young musicians, and especially pianists, to play before a discriminating public, thereby giving an impetus to all ambitious pupils to follow a similar course, to vary the character of the programmes and brighten the interest in the same by introducing a competitive struggle which will unquestionably attract universal attention.

Hoping that this proposition will receive a favorable reception and an acceptance on the part of your association we remain,

Yours Respectfully,

GILDEMEESTER & KROEGER.

This proposition was rejected somewhat hastily, upon its alleged incompatibility with a certain by-law—which, however, no one was able to produce. In point of fact there was no reason why it might not have been accepted. The annual contests of these pupils might have been thrown at the beginning or the end of the session, where it would interfere least with the regular business. A grand prize of an \$1,800 piano would naturally bring out some very strong playing, and unless I am much mistaken would have opened the eyes of most of the teachers to a high degree of excellence in teaching in many quarters which they did not know of. This, I am quite sure, was the spirit in which Mr. Gildemeester made the offer. But the National Association showed itself as indifferent as to the Mason & Hamlin offer of a \$100 prize to for the best composition. There is such a thing as too much caution.

## WHAT IS A STEINWAY PIANOFORTE?

It is now a trifle more than forty years since a skilled piano maker, Mr. Henry Steinway, Sr., and three of his sons, left Germany for the purpose of establishing their business in the new world. For three years they worked as journeymen in certain American piano manufacturing, in order to become acquainted with the American methods and ideas. In 1853 the firm of Steinway & Sons was established, and the father and sons began making pianos in a small way in a dwelling house on a back street in New York. Two years later this new firm took the first premium at the great fair of the American Institute, the jury being of undoubted ability and most unimpeachable honesty. The chairman of that jury was Dr. Wm. Mason, then very recently returned from Germany; associated with him were other eminent musicians.

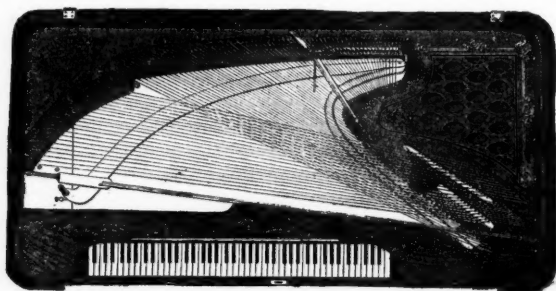


FIG. 1.

The instrument taking the premium was the first constructed on the Steinway overstrung system. The Steinways found the American piano already established in point of solidity, thanks to the iron frame of Jonas Chickering and other inventors. Overstringing had also been tried, but without producing the tonal improvement expected. This, then, was the start of the Steinway career of invention. Here is a figure of the scale of the square overstrung piano shown at the fair already mentioned.



FIG. 2.

Two important gains were made by this system: The base strings were longer, and all the strings had more room. The sound-board bridges also were brought more into the center of the sounding board, thus promoting the vibration.

It is not necessary to say anything now of the value of this system. All pianos are overstrung.

In 1859 another very important little improvement was made, namely, the "agraffe," as shown in Fig. 2. This consists of a small bolt of metal, through the head of which the strings pass. It is screwed into the iron plate, as shown in Fig. 2, serving the double purpose of affording a more solid bearing for the string, holding it more firmly, and at the same time leaving more room for the stroke of the hammer, which in the short strings must be very near the bearing point—so near that without the agraaffe or some similar device it is not possible to employ a hammer of sufficient weight (and size) to secure the fullest vibration of the string. In 1859 the overstrung system was applied to grands, the first piano of this kind having been played upon in a concert in February of that year. The disposition of the strings was that shown in Fig. 3. It possesses the same advantages as those already mentioned in the squares—namely, longer bass strings, and sounding board bridges better located for bringing the whole sounding board into vibration in every part of the register. There had been an overstrung piano shown in London by Lichtenthal, of St. Petersburg, at the

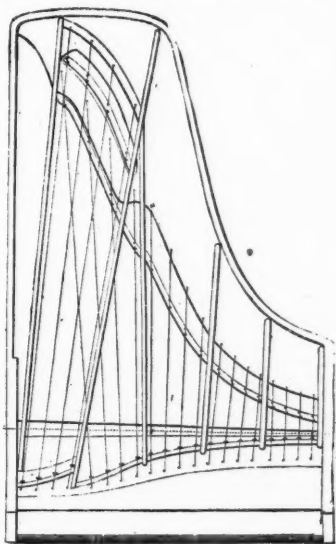


FIG. 3.

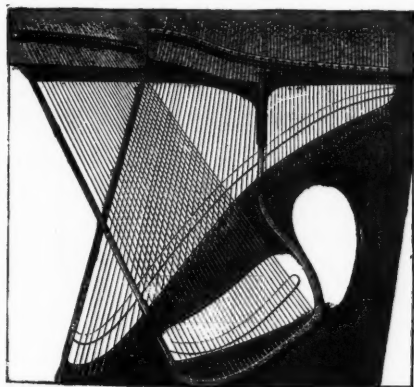


FIG. 4.

world's fair of 1851; but in this the strings were more crowded than in the usual flat scale, and no appreciable improvement of the tone was noticed. The drawing from which Fig. 3 was made is a fac simile of the original drawing for the Steinways' application for patent. Three years later the same system was applied to the upright, the scale being that shown in Fig. 4, which in its general features is substantially the scale of every first-class



upright now made. In the ten years next ensuing the Steinways made a number of improvements, individually small, but very significant in the aggregate, having for their object the better control of the vibratory qualities of the sounding boards. The most important of these were the compression of the sounding board (1866), and the ring bridge. In the early pianofortes made on the overstrung system, and in many now made by makers in general, the overstrings rest upon a bridge which is independent of that upon which the lower stratum of strings rests. In 1869 the Steinways invented their ring bridge, which is made continuous for both strata of strings, so that there is gained a sympathy between



FIG. 5.

ranges of pitch widely separated, such as had not hitherto been attainable. This improvement was carried still further in 1880 by the composite sound-board bridge, built up of alternate layers of hard and soft wood, with a capping piece of soft wood, by which not only was splitting of the bridge made impossible, but the vibrations were transmitted over a wider range of pitch, and the tone made rounder and fuller. Still later their "treble bell" added new sweetness to the notes of the treble, and their patent tone pulsator afforded material advantage in controlling the tone of the middle of the instrument. The latter invention, I believe, is nothing more or

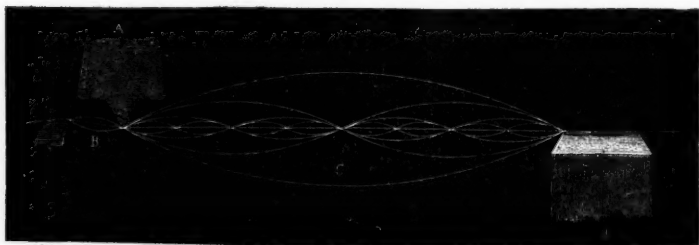


FIG. 6.

less than a small piece of wood, ten inches long or so, screwed to three of the ribs of the sounding board in the center of its field. Trifling as this mechanism appears, it is said to have an important bearing upon the tone of the instrument, and by readjusting it when the instrument is partly worn, the tone can be in part restored to its pristine beauty.

The next great step in advance was that of the duplex scale which was patented in 1872, and therefore is still the exclusive property of Steinway and Sons. Figs. 5, 6 and 9 illustrate this invention. Fig. 5 shows the ordinary scale and the manner in which

the string subdivides into two segments. Fig. 6 shows the duplex scale with the finer subdivision of vibrating segments, promoted by the duplex scale, which is simply a shorter segment of the string left free to vibrate sympathetically. The figure shows the place of hammer attack, the overhead bearing, or capo d'astro bar, and between that and the agraffe the duplex part of the string, which is not struck by the hammer, but comes into vibration sympathetically. The practical effect of this improvement upon the tone of the piano is to render the treble especially more resonant and of rounder quality, due to the presence of a larger number of "partials" in the klang.

This improvement was brought nearer perfection in grand pianos where it is especially important, by the invention of the capo d'astro bar in 1875. This will be better understood by reference to Fig. 7, where we have the bird's-eye view of the top of a grand piano. In order to make the grand able to resist the vastly increased tension of the strings, due to the heavier wires gradually introduced by Steinway & Sons, the capo d'astro bar was invented. It is the straight bar running across the strings above the hammer places, as shown in the figure. This bar offsets the projection of the iron frame below, against which the wooden wrest plank rests, as shown in Fig. 7. By the addition of the capo d'astro bar and the braces pushing square against it, the wrest plank can neither be raised nor lowered by the pull of the strings. This was also strengthened by original improvements of the Steinways in iron castings. They were able in this department to bring the average standard of their iron plates to a point hitherto supposed impossible. Whereas the best American castings were supposed to be able to resist a tensile strength of 3,000 pounds to the cubic centimeter, the Steinways, by judicious alloys, were able to reach the strength of 5,000 pounds per cubic centimeter.

The capo d'astro bar had very important bearing upon the duplex scale, for this rigid bar with its knife-edge bearing of chilled Steinway steel, afforded precisely the point of resistance best promoting the divisions of nodal vibrations. This is shown in Fig. 6, where the large bar marked A is the capo d'astro bar.

This invention was applied to upright pianos in 1878, the manner of application being shown in Fig. 8.

Fig. 9 also illustrates another very important improvement of the Steinways—the "cupola iron frame," by which is meant such a curved construction of the edges of the iron plate as enables



FIG. 7.

it to stand securely upon its bent-down edges only, while the main part of its area is raised sufficiently high above the sounding board to permit the freest possible vibrations. This is shown also in Fig.

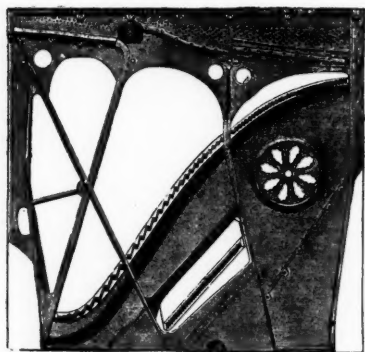


FIG. 8.

9, where the cupola construction is indicated in the profile.

One of the most original of the inventions of this eminent house is the bent rim and the method of bracing the frame in grand pianos. The entire outer rim of the piano is made of several thicknesses of veneers glued together, all running the entire length of the rim, bent at the corners by powerful machinery. The practical effect of this discovery is to propa-

gate the vibrations throughout the entire instrument without interruption, whereas where the case is composed of various short pieces, glued together, the vibrations are a little interrupted at the breaks.



FIG. 9.

Closely allied to this is the new system of bracing the cases of grands. In place of the heavy timbers which will be found to form a timber truss in almost every grand piano, the Steinways use fewer braces, and these of the shortest and simplest construction. There are just three of them, centering at a metal shoe, resting upon a projection of the iron frame. Thus the pull of the strings again is brought back to the metal frame, which was originally invented to bear it. The bent rim and the system of bracing is shown in Fig. 10. The bent rim supports the sounding board, thereby promoting the equable and complete distribution of vibrations arising in whatever part of the scale they may. The solidity of the actions of the Steinway pianos depends upon the tubular construction. The bars are metal

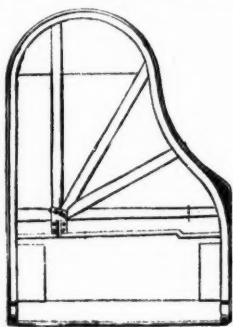


FIG. 10.

tubes, filled with hard wood, into which hammers and other parts are affixed by screws. The combination of brass tubes and wood filling has been found to afford the most reliable support for the striking parts of the piano action thus far attained—illustrated by Fig. 11. Fig. 12 shows the grand action with a Steinway device for repetition. The hammer mechanism is entirely disconnected from

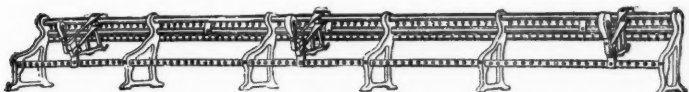


FIG. 11.

the key, permitting a quicker return and a quieter action. The same construction applied to upright pianos is shown by Fig. 13.

These inventions are among the most important of the several hundreds which the United States patent office credits to the path-breaking firm of Steinway & Sons.

The Steinways claim for their pianos the following qualities: Longer sustained vibrations, better balance of tone quality (owing

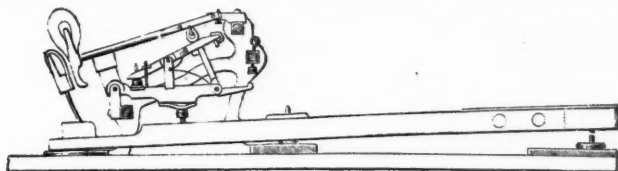


FIG. 12.

to the presence of a fortunate selection of partials), rounder and fuller tone quality, greater stability in tune and against wear, and a more sympathetic musical expression, due to the ready response of the instrument to the moods and the more delicate nuances of the player. They claim, further, that these results have been honestly reached—namely, by sparing no expense in construction, and by laborious and long continued scientific investigation, assisted by the

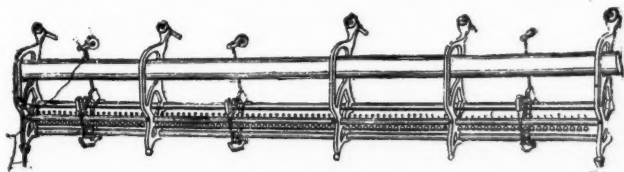


FIG. 13.

best experts attainable, foremost of whom have been their own inventors. And they add that while their pianos cost somewhat more than many others, they afford in the long run a greater amount of satisfaction.

It would be superfluous on the part of any private individual to attempt to indorse these claims, since they have so generally been

admitted by experts the world over. After all, I suppose the great secret of the Steinway excellence is mainly to be found in the care with which every detail of construction is guarded, as any one will see who does as I have lately done, take a tour through their immense factories on Forty-second street, and at Astoria, Long Island, where the heavier work is done. It would be difficult to find anywhere a better illustration of the application of science and ceaseless vigilance to the production of a musical instrument.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

### STENCIL VS. TRADE-MARK.

In regard to stencil pianos it all depends upon whose ox it is and whose bull. The prevalent talk against the stencil piano, by which is meant any distinguishing name stenciled on the pianoforte aside from that of the *bona fide* maker, is largely illusory. It all depends. When a certain maker has acquired a reputation for making a very cheap line of goods, wanting in durability in exact proportion to their cheapness, and in order to avoid his legitimate reputation affixes other names to the larger part of his product—*this*, as any one can see, amounts to fraud upon the purchaser. But it so happens that there is very little of this kind of business now attempted. About nine-tenths of the manufacturers prefer to take their chances on the selling quality of their instruments, and in order that this may be made as large as possible they are diligently building up trade value by giving honest goods and liberal quantity.

Is it therefore *prima facie* evidence of fraud when a seller offers a pianoforte with his name upon it, when he does not own a piano factory, and never did? This is a very important question, as any one may see.

Mr. Camp, of Estey and Camp, declares that it is not. He speaks from the standpoint of the dealer. "Suppose," he says, "that I start working up a business as a wholesale dealer in pianos. I begin, we will say, with the Brown pianos. It goes very nicely for some time. I pay promptly, and get my stipulated quantity of instruments. But presently I am met by the fact that one of my customers is on the point of getting a better discount from some old dealer in the Brown pianos elsewhere. I lose a sale; I do not like it; I try to buy the pianos a little lower; there is friction between the manufacturers and ourselves; at length I break the chain and go to some other dealer, Jones for instance, and say that I must have so and so many pianos at such a price. As we are well known dealers we have no difficulty in getting our terms. We then send out new circulars, saying to our agents that we no longer handle the Brown pianos, but are prepared to supply something just as good at a shade lower price. The majority of our agents acquiesce in the arrangement; but one of them writes us (and he is one of our best) that he has sales

for four Brown pianos, which he has been working up for some time and cannot supply with anything but the Brown. We reply that we cannot supply them—whereupon he goes elsewhere, and we lose the sale. This is only one of many such cases, which all happen with agents who are most successful in working up an interest in a particular line of goods. After two or three years we surmount this difficulty, and everything is going well with our Jones trade. But now there comes a break in another quarter. They write us that they have somewhat improved the quality of their goods, and must have a little higher price for them. This does not suit our book, as we have gauged our plans with reference to supplying these pianos as our third grade instruments, and the proposed raise in cost trenches on the ground of our next higher grade of instruments. We change again. Again we have the same difficulties as before with customers who have been influenced in favor of the Jones instruments because we have pushed them in our territory. This may go on for twenty years, scarcely any arrangement with a manufacturer of this grade of pianos working smoothly to all parties more than three years. At the end of the twenty years our position will be that we have affixed a trade value and currency in our own territory to five or six makes of pianofortes, no one of which would have been of any particular consequence as an element of interference in our sales, but for the boom that we gave it. At the end of the time we have no more distinct trade for this grade of pianos than we had at starting, but in case of another break with our manufacturer have the same ground to go over again.

"Suppose now, that instead of selling these different instruments we had started in with a 'stencil' or trade-mark of our own, as in fact we did. Eighteen years ago we registered in the copyright bureau and the patent office, at Washington, the trade-mark 'Camp & Company' for pianos. Nobody else can use that mark. It is our own. We go to some large manufacturer and agree with him to take two hundred pianos per year with this name, and with certain peculiarities of style and finish that we have decided upon as suiting us. We make a strict agreement with him as to quality, and on our own part assure him that our trade will be likely to increase. We sell the piano as our own, giving our own guarantee to the customer. There are three million dollars behind this guarantee. The trade gradually builds itself up. Our agent can get these pianos from us and from no one else. We hold the factory to a strict account as to the quality of the instruments. At the end of three years, say, a disagreement occurs between us and our manufacturers. We go to another equally reliable maker and renew our agreement with him, agreeing to take three hundred pianos per year, and as before requiring our own styles and patterns to be used. The majority of our agents and customers never know that any break has occurred with our manufacturers, but suppose that inasmuch as the instruments look and sound precisely as they have done all along they are still made in the same factory. Our own guarantee is the protection of the customer.

"Later yet another break occurs, and as before we renew our contract with yet a third manufacturer, but our customers know nothing about it. The trade-mark, or stencil, if you chose, is 'Camp & Company' pianos. Our agents can get the instruments of no other dealers, and we have taken care to preserve certain distinguishing marks and qualities, and from time to time have added to them. At the end of eighteen years we have a trade of one thousand 'Camp & Company' pianos per year. They are *our* pianos just as truly as if we owned the shops in which they are made. As a matter of fact, very likely if we attempted to carry on the manufacture ourselves we would not own the building nor the plant. Some convenient capitalist friend would very likely be the real owner, and the only difference to us would be a bondage to superintendents and improvements in the plant, which we now escape.

"The point I wish to make is that the customer (all this 'blow' you notice, is in the alleged interest of the customer)—the customer, I say, is protected by our guarantee, which, as I said at the start, has about three millions of dollars behind it. Is not this enough? And if at any time we deal falsely with our trade, *we* are the ones who will have to stand it. All our success turns upon our ability to contract for and secure a reliable supply of standard grade instruments for a series of years. Every instrument bearing our trade-mark we are in position to know is exactly what we represent it to be. We control the trade—not necessarily in all pianos of equal grade, but in all bearing our trade-mark.

"In high class pianos the case is different. A first-class pianoforte is an artistic affair, having an individuality of tone and style, which forbids reproduction except under the same conditions. It is a matter of scales, mechanism, tone regulating and the like. The individuality of tone and finish is the trade-mark here, and not so much the name upon the board. How many people are there who have bought Steinway pianos in order to copy them? Did any one of them ever produce a Steinway piano exactly, in tone and action? Never. At best it was a more or less distant imitation. And the same is true of every other first-class make, like Weber, Decker, Chickering, Knabe. Therefore for the highest grade of pianos the principle is different. The personality of the manufacturer is the trade-mark, and the wholesale dealer who should put his own name in place of that of either of these would simply render himself absurd, and at the same time lower the selling value of his instrument.

"Therefore I claim that it is not only just to the customer, but better for him, as well as better for the jobber, to have his own trade-mark on the popular grade of instruments, which having no well marked individuality of tone are the legitimate outcome of systematized production by the aid of large capital and the use of machinery. And to class this style of trade-mark with the 'stencils' which a dishonest manufacturer may employ for the purpose of inducing the buyer to think that he is getting a better instrument, is simply absurd, and without foundation. And it makes me out of patience to hear such a discussion carried on by men who ought to know better."



# MUSIC.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

---

## WANDERING MINSTRELS OF HUNGARY.

Sights and sounds so work upon the sensibilities of the true musician, that the imagination becomes imbued with the prevailing tone and color of the outward world, and these he reproduces in musical form, rhythms suggestive of scenes, phrases of sadness and rhythmic pulsations, strangely moving the passions.

All great tone poets have done this, and if their lives are closely studied, their haunts frequented, their habits observed, the musician will not wonder that Beethoven has given us titanic grandeur of harmonies symbolizing the Alpine heights of Austrian mountains, and the delicious melody of her mountain streams flowing among the palm mosses and blue gentians of the pathways, wherein he wandered among the beech woods of the Nussbergs, woodlands *durchsichtig* with haze of gold-light, or when hushed in the silver hours as the moon rose over the Kahlenberg, and stars lay reflected in the still waters of the Danube.

Mozart, the sometime dweller on mountain heights, has given us the echoes that rise from earth, the exquisite trill of woodland birds, the quivering aspens, and memories of the stately polonaise in Austrian palace homes.

Schubert—ah, he has lived alone and apart from the world in a great city, but he has caught its heart throbs and filled his matchless lieder with pulsations of all that is sweetest and truest in humanity. The birds and violets he

so dearly loved glancing through the rhythmic measures of the "Wanderlieder," and the "Schwanengesang" are but memories of happy hours lived near the ideal of his humble poet-heart, the woman whose lovely face, still smiling down from its frame in the Esterhazy picture gallery, is enough to drive a tone poet to impromptus of desire and despair.

But these are Austrian scenes, and our faces are eastward. We have entered the land of wandering groups of



"BRETESLAV."

A very old historical hymn, in honor of Bohemia's kings and their victories. The music is of Polish origin, but is now claimed by the Czechs as one of their historical national hymns.

violinists and harpists, filling the air with rhythmic measures of sad memories, wailings of sorrow, minor tones as passionate in suffering as the contrite purple hue of the violets and colchis blooms—the "zeitlosa" which cover the meadows.

The ghostly gleams of Poland's white birch woodlands, the shadowy gloom of her pines, the gray furred mantles and caps of the nobles among the gray stone cathedrals and gray palaces of her cities, the gray landscapes beyond them, with gray stone huts and gray clad peasantry, and the gray cows grazing in purple meadows in the gray twilight of

morning and evening, were the scenes that first surrounded the child Chopin, and never did the gay salons of Paris efface the *minore* of the landscape he knew in his Polish home.

What wonder, then, that his Marche, whose "basses are veiled in funeral crape," moves in majestic harmonies through which rise the wails of a broken heart! And the gay dance for weary feet "in little red buskins," pulses with a sadness so near the font of tears, that life seems trembling between a smile and a sigh. What Poland was in the days of its regal glory comes down to us in the grand harmonies of its national anthems, and the gay, graceful melodies of its *Volkshieder*, but even they are mingled with a passionate sadness, a *minore* such as the summer breeze plays in sorrowful arpeggios among the silvery branches of the low bending birch trees which fill the woodlands.

In no other land have the violins such wailing effect; and, combined with the harp, which gives full, round basses, it is no wonder the wandering minstrels so often depress or passionately excite their listeners. Throughout Polish Galicia these groups are to be met with in every hamlet, and often by the roadside, and even in woodlands through which nothing but a bridle path seems opened, one is awakened from a horseback reverie by minor accords from harps giving out the first measures of a mazurka, which rises into fuller combination of soprano and alto from violin and 'cello played by young children.

Such a strange group surrounded us one April morning. The little prince and princess, whose musical instructress I had the honor to be, had gone with their attendants to the meadows below the castle to gather blue violets. Sketch book in hand, I accompanied them, and found shelter from the noonday sunlight in the narrow shadow of a budding poplar by the roadside. Sitting with my face toward the children, while sketching the castle above them, I neither saw nor heard steps approaching along the road, until aroused by a brilliant arpeggio in double sixths, I turned to discover whence the music came. Five coarsely clad human beings, the men and women so alike in costume that their

sex could hardly be determined, stood before me. Their leader, whom I afterward learned was the mother of the musicians, had a babe bound closely to her breast, so as to leave her hands free to bear a harp upon her back, or to play upon it undisturbed by her infant. The eldest daughter also carried a harp, but smaller and not so elaborately strung as the one used by her mother. Three young boys, the sons, had placed the bundles of clothing, bedding and cooking utensils they had carried, upon the ground, and had drawn their violins and a 'cello from coarse cotton bags (a



“HA ! BEMEGYEK.”

Hungarian song, sung around Buda-Pest, by the lower classes in drinking gardens.

material superior in quality to their own garments), and were commencing one of Chopin's most delicious waltzes. The children left their violets, and running toward me, stood as if enchanted by the magic measures.

“Send them to the castle to play for us to dance,” said the little princess.

My knowledge of the Polish language was not extensive enough to give such an order; one of the attendants, therefore, acted as interpreter. When we returned to dinner we found our musicians sitting around the fountain in the court yard, eating *dulcetti* and *baba*, which the good-natured Polish *chef* had sent them from the kitchen table. While we dined they played old Polish airs, several of them written by

or composed in honor of the family upon whose castle terrace they stood.

"These Poles are delicate flatterers," said the princely papa smiling as he signed to the butler to bear mugs of wine to the musicians.

It seemed they had played a festival hymn which required them to drink to the health of the princely family. The music was peculiarly sweet and full of dream-like beauty, but the odor which exhaled from the musicians as they were allowed to congregate at the balcony door, to touch glasses with the prince, was peculiarly unpleasant.

The similarity of tone in Bohemian and Polish voices, and the peculiar labial pronunciation of the respective languages, might lead a stranger to believe that these adjoining countries were inhabited by the same nation. The musician, however, could not be deceived, for nothing more unlike than the national airs of the two peoples could possibly exist. The stately rhythm of the Polish measures, ending as they so often do in minor cadence, find no place in the monotonous progression of a Bohemian national air, which, varied by rapid modulations, rushes into frantic phrases more suited to a war dance than a dignified anthem from patriotic hearts.

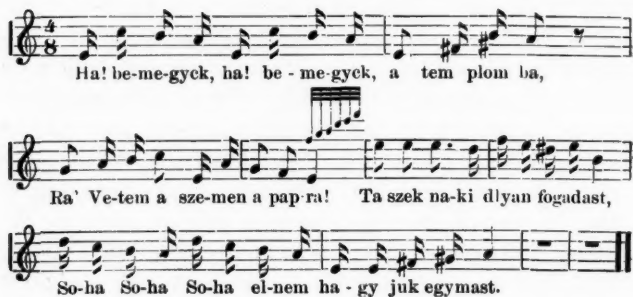
The national music and the national dances of Poland and Bohemia have not the slightest affinity, and yet both are full of melodic beauties, and abound in more graceful movements than can be found among other nations. The "softly sweet" Lydian measures seem to be the ancestry of Polish music, and to the careful student there will be found a strange similarity between this old Greek scale and the Polish music of the fifteenth century, while the warlike Phrygian strains are most distinctly traced in the earlier Czeckish folk-song.

Nothing more weirdly melodic can be heard than the singing of Bohemian peasants at their work, for sing and dance they do on every possible occasion. During the summer months we spent in wandering throughout Bohemia, the same light-hearted, *sans-souci* spirit prevailed everywhere. Laborers, men and women in a potato or beet field, stop to

430 WANDERING MINSTRELS OF HUNGARY.

sing a polka, or dance up and down between the rows; and in winter, as they pick feathers to make the much valued "swan's-down quilts," the maidens sing continually, not songs in the comical or sentimental style of English and American ballads, but grand old anthems written centuries ago in honor of some old sovereign, most often King Wenzel or old scraps of legendary stories which the court minstrels of past centuries chanted in the palaces of their kings.

This musical talent of the peasantry enabled the Bohemian cavaliers of the past century to have large musical retinues with little or no expense, whereas the orchestras of



CZECKISH VOLKSONG, "JA HUSARAK MALIJ."

the Austrian nobles cost them a large share of their fortune. In Bohemia servants engaged by noblemen to be attendants in hunting were not permitted to put on their livery until they were fully proficient in playing the horn. In the autobiography of Gyrowetz, we find that he commenced to compose serenades and symphonies when he was in Bohemia with Count Fuenfkirchen, "because all attendants, officers of the household, and also the chaplains had to be musical," and Haydn's first symphony was composed for the private orchestra of the Bohemian Count Morzin, in whose service he was, before he entered the palace of Prince Esterhazy.

The Czeckish minstrels who wander throughout Bohemia are readily distinguished from the Hungarian gipsy or Czigany bands, which, wandering northward in the summer months, are found in the more celebrated health resorts of the Bohemian mountains. Anton Dvorak the Czeckish

musician, has perhaps worked more valliantly than any other composer in Bohemia to create and foster the taste for his national music. His style is very peculiar, too much so, perhaps, for those unacquainted with the Czeckish form and method, where sharp, clear harmonies connect low, sweet melodies which flash out like beads strung on electric wire emitting sparks, then rushing madly on into a wild warlike strain, half Goth, half Hellenic, like the character of the nation.

Unlike, yet "alike in difference" is the music of Poland and Bohemia with that of the Magyars. The same sadness



BOHEMIAN VOLKSSONG "LOUCENI, LOUCENI."

prevails, but in the Hungarian it is so weirdly harmonized, so mysteriously varied through cymbalom and flute, that the wailing effect is lost in the tremolo of delight that precedes the final cadence.

This is especially perceptible in the music of the national Csardas, when the "friss" announces that the coquetry of the dance has reached its height, and compels the partners to seize each other. Then the barbarous ferocity of an Asiatic ancestry shows itself in the passionate embraces and movements of this exciting national dance.

Hungarian music in the present day is best heard among the Czigany or gipsy bands that rove through the land, or, settling in Budapest, have formed a leading feature of national musical art. Americans in Paris during the late



exposition are doubtless familiar with the celebrated Kapelle of Berkes Lajos, and the visitor to Budapest must have heard in the lovely Stadtwaldchen, or on Isle Margaret, in every hotel or restaurant, indeed, the tremolo of cymbalom, and the shrill soprano of gipsy violins. To play Hungarian music correctly, one must be "a born Hungarian." Imitation is of small avail; the pulse must beat the measure. Time and musical rhythm are unheeded, for the truer instincts of patriotism and nationality interpret the anthem in which still echoes some of the battle shout of the fierce Ugri, while the barbaric splendor of the sultans, whose sway so often subdued the Magyard, has interwoven something of sensuous fullness into the Volkslieder and dance music of the people. That strange instrument, the cymbalom, like the sounding board and strings of a piano laid upon a table and played upon by beating the wires with little hammers, has most peculiar effect in the orchestration of this popular music. Its thrilling and trembling tone finds echo in every nerve, and imparts a magnetic character to the music, which that of no other nation possesses.

The gipsies, although not pure Magyar, are Hungarians, born in the land, brought up in daily sound of its songs and legends. They, with their wonderful adaptation and imitation are, and have been, the best interpreters of its national music; but for the Volkslieder one must hear the peasant lads and lasses sing them at one of their village festivals while they adapt them to the Csardas and leap about and clasp their fair partners around the waist, then rush into that most passionate of dances.

Thus, from the Danube to the Pruth, the Folk-song of Schubert to the Mazourkas of Chopin, from the hills of Transylvania to the Black Forests of the Bohemian *Walder*, the passionate strains of the Csardas to the warlike melodies of the untamable Czecks, the music of many nations is heard throughout the land whose imperial coronet guards and protects them all, and while they are governed by Austrian laws, their nationality is encouraged and kept alive by the Folk-song of the cities, and the wandering minstrels of the empire of Austria.

OCTAVIA HENSEL.

## SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE ORGAN.

Many of the modern musical instruments may be traced to a natural origin, that is to a point where some natural object, unchanged by man, has been employed by him as a means for producing tones at his desire and for his enjoyment; or where some phenomena of nature suggested to him the possibility of arranging a simple contrivance to imitate the musical sounds made by natural causes. And so we are told that the lute was suggested by the vibrating membranes of a dead tortoise, that the trumpet had its origin in the shell and the cow's horn; that the harp is derived from the primitive bow, and that the origin of the pipe organ may be seen in the broken reed through which the wind whistles and moans. The ascent from this humble beginning to the high position occupied by this king of instruments was gradual, and for ages almost imperceptible, though the progress of the last five centuries has been rapid and effective.

Doubtless the different tones given out by broken reeds of various lengths suggested the thought that several lengths of reed might be bound together and the wind supplied by human power. These reeds were cut off just below the knots or cross sections which kept the air from escaping, thus forming a stopped pipe, as we now call it. The tone was produced as we get a tone by blowing into a bottle. The first historical reference to any instrument of this kind is in the fourth chapter of Genesis, where we are told that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." The word "ugab," here translated organ, might more properly be given as pipes, or, as the Greeks called it, the "syrinx." The same word also occurs in the 150th Psalm. Gradually increasing in number there came to be from seven to twelve pipes bound together in a row; and it was quite troublesome to shift the pipes from side to side, to bring their various openings opposite the mouth. This suggested

the plan of admitting the wind from below the knot, as in the modern pipe. But this increased the difficulty of supplying the wind quickly enough, and so a box or wind-chest was contrived, into which the pipes were set, having one or more tubes which carried the air from the mouths of the attendant blowers.

In these early organs the pipes would all sound together unless they were stopped by the fingers, and as each pipe

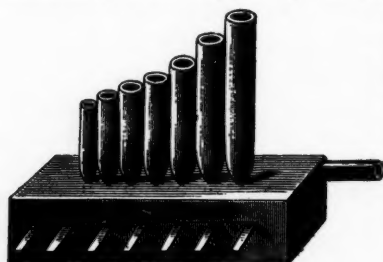


FIG. 1.

Illustrating one of the most primitive forms of organ.

was wanted to sound the finger was removed from the opening in that particular pipe. This crude arrangement was superseded by slides, the openings in which allowed the air to escape into their respective pipes when the slides were pushed in. The addition of one or more small hand bellows gave a now complete but primitive instrument.

A peculiar device for obtaining regular wind pressure was that of the hydraulic organ, so called, which was invented in the third century B. C. This instrument was hydraulic only as to the wind pressure, the water having nothing to do with the pipes, as is generally supposed. The water was applied in a simple way: An inverted air receiver was immersed in a tank of water, and pressure of the water around and above the receiver forced the air through an opening on top into the pipes. The wind was forced into the receiver by bellows, and the pressure on the pipes could be increased or diminished by adding to or taking from the water in the tank.

There is an organ mentioned in the Jewish Talmud as having stood in the Temple at Jerusalem, which had ten notes and ten pipes to the note. This was however a pneumatic and not a hydraulic organ. The pipes of these

early organs were made of wood, bronze and copper. There was also said by a later authority to have been another organ at Jerusalem having twelve brazen pipes, and supplied with wind from two elephant skins and fifteen smith's bellows, and giving so loud a tone as to be heard at the Mount of Olives, a mile away. By the fifth century the organ was in common use in the Christian Churches. One of them used in Spain is described as being two feet long, six inches

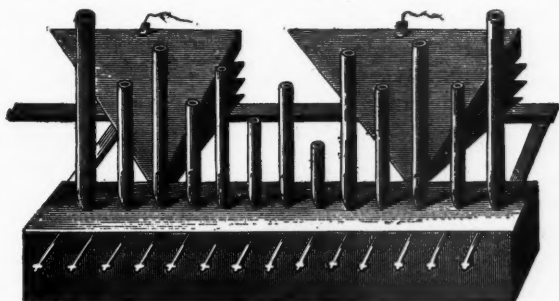


FIG. 2.

Slightly more advanced construction.

[From Reissmann's Illustrated History of Music.]

broad, and having fifteen slides and two pipes to each slide. Organs were early used in England but were not introduced into France until the eighth century, when the Emperor Constantine sent one to Pepin, king of France, on the latter's request. The first organ in Germany was one made by order of Emperor Charles the Great in the year 812, and was modeled after the one sent to France by Constantine. A few years later the celebrated Caliph Haroun Al Raschid sent a pneumatic organ to Charlemagne, son of Pepin, as a present. By the latter part of this century the German makers and players had so far advanced in their arts that Pope John VIII requested that a good organ and organist be sent him from Germany for the instruction of the Roman musicians. Previous to this time the wind was forced out of the bellows by the weight of boys or men standing thereon; but now we have from England the plan of working the bellows by a lever handle and weights put

on the bellows instead of men. The former plan, however was still used for several centuries.

There was erected in the cathedral of Winchester, England, in the tenth century, a remarkable organ of which we have an account in a Latin poem written by a monk of that day. There were probably three sets of slides in this instrument, each manipulated by a different player. Altogether there were forty slides and each slide governed ten pipes, giving a total of 400 pipes, a very large number for that day. The scale was a diatonic, with the exception of the added A flat, the "lyric semitone" as they called it. As

to the bellows we are told that "twice six bellows above are arranged in a row, and fourteen lie below. These by alternate blasts supply an immense quantity of wind, and are worked by seventy strong men laboring with their arms, covered with perspiration, each inciting his companions to drive the

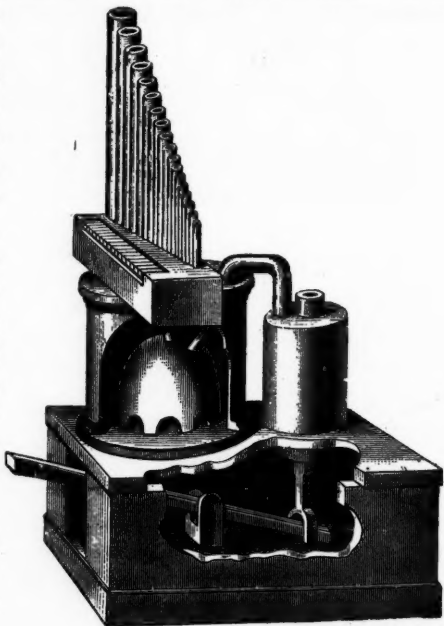


FIG. 3.

Supposed construction of one form of the pneumatic. wind up with all his strength, that the full-bosomed boys may speak with its 400 pipes, which the hand of the organist governs." "like thunder the iron tones batter the ear so that it may receive no sound but that alone."

To such an extent does it reverberate, echoing in every direction, that every one stops his gaping ears with his hand, being in no wise able to draw near and bear the sound which so many combinations produce." There may have been nothing but the simple melody played on this organ, or the "organum" of Huebald, with its perfect fourth, and fifths, may have been used.

The first mention we find of use of keys is in connection with the organ sent by Al Raschid to Charlemagne, but they were not in general use until the twelfth century.

The idea of keys probably sprung from the T shaped keys of the hurdy-gurdy. The growing difficulty of manipulating the slides as more pipes were added

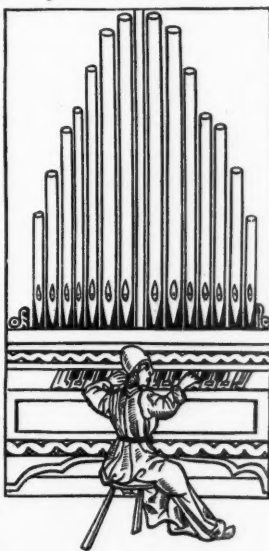


FIG 4.

Monk playing the organ.  
MSS of the Xth Century.

would suggest the necessity of a better way. Facing the player arranged in a straight row, were the pipes belonging to each key, and one slide admitted the air to all of that row. The slide did not spring back when pushed in, but had to be pulled back by the player. So they began to use keys, which really were huge levers

some six inches wide, two inches thick and from two to three feet long having a drop of about a foot. In order that this huge key might return to its place after being struck, strong springs were fixed on the pipe valves, and strings ran from the valve to the key. These springs were so strong that it took a lusty blow of the fist to lower the key. The larger the organ and the more pipes, and consequently springs, to the key, the larger the key became and the greater the blow necessary to make it fall. The organist was appropriately called the "organ beater." As we have

seen, the organ was early used in the Christian Church, but in the thirteenth century it was deemed profane by both the Latin and Greek churches, and the latter does not use it even now.

About the fourteenth century there were gradually added the remaining chromatic keys in this chronological order: F sharp, C sharp, E flat, A flat. At this time also there came into use a plan for increasing the number of pipes and the compass of the instrument, without adding to the size of the key or extending the length of the keyboard beyond the player's control. Up to this time the number of pipes was continually being increased, but there was no arrangement by which part of the number could be played independently of the rest. All had to be sounded, or none, and there was a continual "full organ" effect.

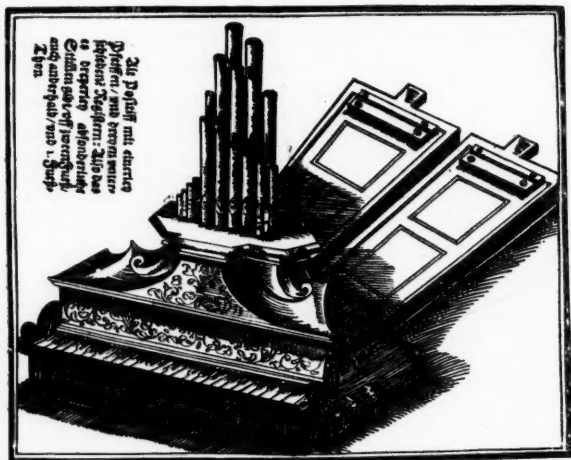


FIG. 5.

Odd Positive. According to Prætorius this had pipes of one kind, but three registers.

Prætorius, a musician writing in the early part of the seventeenth century, gives an interesting and accurate description of an organ erected in 1361 in the Halberstadt cathedral. It had twenty-two keys, fourteenth diatonic and eight chromatic. The largest pipe was thirty-one feet in length



and three and a half in circumference. There were three manuals or rows of keys, the upper one giving the full organ, the second the open diapason, and the lower the heavy bass. The diatonic keys of the upper manuals were from two to three inches wide, and the chromatic two inches, as were also the keys of the lower manual. As was the custom in those days, the letters of the alphabet were painted on the keys. The chromatic keys were probably played by the

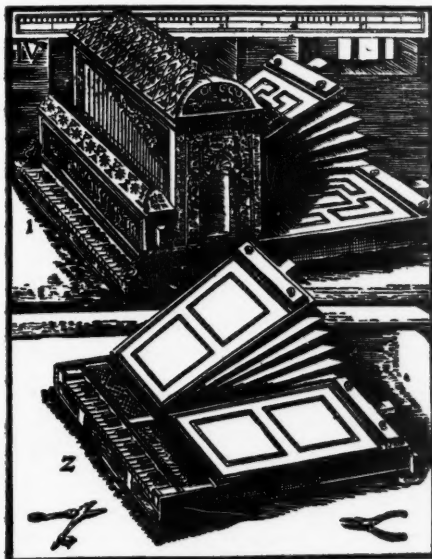


FIG. 6.

1. Postif Organ. 2. Regahll.  
From Praetorius.

first three fingers together, and the diatonic by the ease of the hand. The lower manual was played by the left hand grasping keys like handles, and thrusting them down.

The fifteenth century made many additions to the mechanism of the organ, and many new tonal effects. The most important of these was the introduction of

the stop action whereby some of the rows of pipes of a given manual could be shut off and others left to sound, thus having several distinct effects from one row of keys. This idea was quickly elaborated and we soon find each row of pipes having its own stop. The springs attached to the stops were very strong and it required a resolute pull to get out a stop. To keep it out it was fastened to an iron bar, and when released it sprang back with a jerk. In this century there were also invented the "stopped" pipes and

some of the reed stops. The keys were gradually reduced in size to two and three fourths inches wide in the great and one and a half inches in the second manual. These keys must have been played by two fingers and the thumb alternately. Still later the keys were reduced so that an octave was but the width of a key wider than at present.

Some of the organs had the chromatic keys of ivory and the natural keys of ebony, and this plan was adhered to up to the eighteenth century. The key boards were placed quite high, even up to the performers shoulders. An important invention which was made in the fifteenth century was the one of pedals. For a long time they were but an octave in compass and consisted of the diatonic notes only, and were used on sustained notes alone. They were attached to the manual by

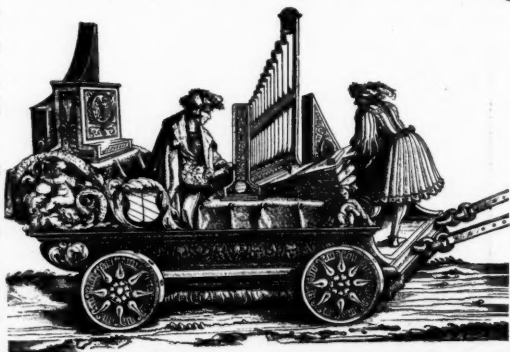


FIG 7.

Portable Organ. From the Procession of Maximilian I.  
Mathews History.

used both the manual and an independent set of pipes which was soon given them. The use of the large sixteen and thirty-two pipes necessitated a greater wind supply, and the hand bellows were replaced by larger ones in greater numbers. One illustration, given by Prætorius, of the bellows of an old church organ in Brunswick, shows us twenty bellows worked by ten men, each placing his feet in the shoes of two bellows, raising one as he lowered the other.

One of the largest organs built in the 16th century, that at Luebeck, Germany, after receiving many improvements and enlargements, was at the beginning of the eighteenth

century played by a celebrated organist named Buxtehude. This organ had in the Great thirteen stops, choir fourteen, swell fifteen, and pedal fifteen, total fifty-seven. When a youth of twenty years, Bach walked fifty miles to hear this organ played by Buxtehude. Two years before this Handel had visited Luebeck as a candidate for the position of organist at another church of that city, but finding that if he accepted the position he would have to marry the deceased organist's daughter, he returned in haste to

Hamburg. Both Bach and Handel probably not only listened to but played on this celebrated organ.

We will now notice a few points of interest concerning the organs of England. Ever since the days of St. Dunstan who erected in the tenth century an organ having brazen pipes, there was in England great interest in the subject of organs and great skill in their construction; and in English records we may find many interesting features concerning the organs of the past centuries. There is a record in the Ely cathedral of the cost of an organ erected there in 1807. This organ had



FIG. 8.

Playing Angels.

From "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb"  
by Hubert Van Eyck, at Ghent. 1400.

twelve pipes and cost \$18.75. Among other items of the bill was 7s. 8d. for

"four white horses hides for four pair of bellows, the carpenter 8 days making the bellows 2s. 8d.; fetching the organ builder and his board, 13 weeks, 40s. Labor was evidently cheap in those days when a carpenter received 8 cents a day for making organ bellows. The name of the instrument

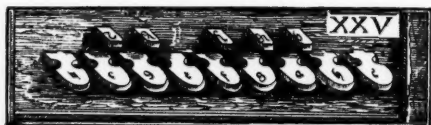


FIG. 9, a.

Keys of the Manuals 1 and 2, in the great organ at Halberstadt.

was uncertain; a "pair of organs" was frequently used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, just as we say "a pair of stairs." But one instrument was probably meant by this phrase. Spelling as well as organ building was in a rather crude state in those days. For instance, we find organs spelled in various ways

as follows: "a payer of great organes," "paire of organs" "pair of orgaynes," "peir of orgonnes," "peyr of orgenes,"

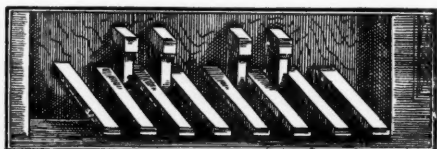


FIG. 9, b.

Keys of the 3rd. Manual.

"peare of organes," "grete orgones." The organs constructed in the sixteenth century frequently had an arrangement of the lowest octave of keys called the short octave."

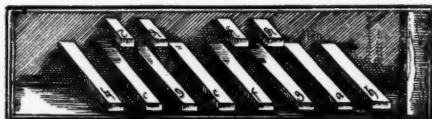


FIG. 9, c.

Pedal Keys of the Halberstadt Organ.

sounded on the F sharp key the short octave. The idea was to get the principal notes without having as many pipes.

During the Reformation in England nearly all the large organs were pulled down and destroyed. In 1644 parlia-

ment was uncertain; a "pair of organs" was frequently used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, just as we say "a pair of stairs." But

In this short octave two or three of the usual key were omitted, and the octave stood: C on the E key, F, G.

A B; and D was

ment passed an act, one clause of which read: "And all organs and frames and cases wherein they stand in all churches and chapels aforesaid shall be taken away and utterly defaced, and none other hereafter set up in their places." In the carrying out of this order churches and colleges were stripped of their organs or "squeaking abominations" as the Puritans called them, and but few large instruments escaped the fury of the soldiers. Sixteen years after the passage of this act the restoration took place, but by that time the organ builders of England were dispersed or had turned their attention to other trades, and

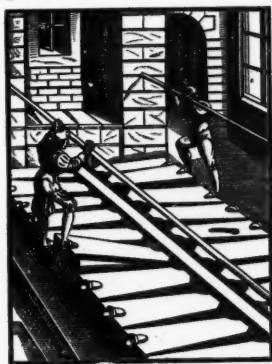


FIG 10.

Method of blowing the Brunswick organ. Prætorius.

it was necessary to send abroad for capable organ builders. Several responded to this invitation, and the art of organ building received a new impetus. The organs then built were tuned nearly a whole step higher than those of today; and as the untempered scale was used transposition was impracticable. Equal temperament was first used in tuning organs in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and

its general acceptance was slow. The first organ so tuned was the one in the church of St. Jacob in Hamburg.

Among some of the peculiar arrangements in the organs of the eighteenth century there are a few that deserve mention. In an organ erected in 1710 in Salisbury cathedral there was a "drum-pedal" which when used caused two pipes giving B and C to sound together, the "beats" giving a drum effect. In 1712 we first find the swell box and swell used, and this important invention soon became quite popular. In 1716 there was erected an organ containing a harp, lute and dulcimer, but the action was so complicated that it was removed after fifty years of use. In 1730 was built the largest organ in England up to that date

having 2,268 pipes. In 1749 Handel conducted the opening of an organ in London which had additional levers by which E flat could be changed to D sharp, B flat to A sharp, G sharp to A flat and C sharp to D flat. By this we can quickly see what equal temperament has done for the ease of organ playing. Pedals were not introduced into English organs until 1790 although they had been in use in Germany for over 300 years; but once introduced were quickly

added to many of the old organs.

The nineteenth century has also been prolific of valuable inventions. In 1809 was invented the "composition pedal" by which certain combinations of stops could be brought on by pressing the pedal. This was a very important invention, and one that is much used in modern organs of any size. In 1832



FIG. 11.

General View of the Halberstadt Organ as seen below, showing the keyboards.

there was brought out the pneumatic action, by which wind pressure was made to lighten the touch of the keys. Later we find the radiating pedal board and the concave pedal board, which have been since combined. In 1867 the pneumatic tube system was first put to practical use, taking the place of the old "tracker" system for communicating the motion from the key to the pipe. In the same year electricity was applied to the same end, and is rapidly grow-

ing in favor, and will probably become the universal plan. For working the bellows there have come to be substituted for hand power, steam, water, gas and electricity, the water motor being the most frequently, and the electric motor the most successfull used.

The latest invention, which, however, has not yet come into general use, and the value of which is disputed by some, is that of the "combination knob," by which any number

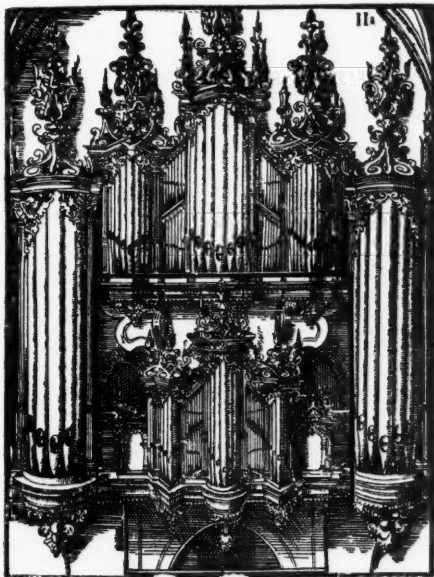


FIG. 12.

Appearance of the Brunswick Organ as seen from below. The keyboards, are hidden by the Choir organ which overhangs the gallery front, and is therefore behind the organist.

objection is not great, as this plan results in increased possibilities of performance and in lessening the mental and physical strain of the organist.

Two of the largest organs built in the last century were the ones at Haarlem and Weingarten. The former, finished in 1738, had 60 stops and 5,088 pipes, the latter, built in 1750 had stops and 6,666 pipes. Each had four manuals.

Some of the largest organs of later build are, in England,

of stop combinations may be made and "locked" before performance. At the right instant in the progress of the composition the player touches the proper knob, and the corresponding combination of stops springs into use. The objection used against this system is that it lowers registration from high manual dexterity to a mere matter of mechanics. But the weight of this



those at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, having 4 manuals and 100 stops, and at Albert Hall, London, having 4 manuals and 111 stops; in France, Church of Notre Dame, Paris, 5 manuals and 86 stops, and in Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, 5 manuals, 100 speaking stops, 20 combination pedals and 7,000 pipes; and in this country those of Boston Music Hall, Cincinnati Music Hall and the Chicago Auditorium. The Boston organ, which, by the way, is not now in the Music Hall but stored away in an obscure shed, has 4 manuals and 89 stops. May it soon be resurrected and find a resting place more suited to its noble proportions. The Cincinnati organ has 96 stops (81 speaking and 15 mechanical) and 14 mechanical pedal movements. There are 32 of the carillon tones, and the number of pipes is 6,237. The case of this organ is a work of art, having been carved by over 100 professional and amateur wood carvers.

The new organ in Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn, has 4 manuals, 110 stops, and 4,448 pipes. Among the novelties are a Chinese gong, a chime of bells and three drum stops. There are also many new stop effects in this organ. The organ in the Incarnation cathedral in New York has 4 manuals and 115 stops.

The largest instrument in this country is that of the Chicago Auditorium. This organ has several divisions, but the main organ occupies a space of 25 by 44 feet, and is 34 feet high. The manuals are the great, the swell, the choir, the echo (the pipes of which are placed in the attic, 100 feet from the player), the solo and the stage. The stops number 177 and the pipes 7,124. There are 25 of the chime tones made from hollow brass, and 44 of the carillons made from steel bars. Electricity is the motive power of the bellows. The cost of this huge but perfect instrument was \$45,000.

One of the latest instruments is in a country where we would hardly expect such advancement and mammoth combinations. In the Sidney town hall, New South Wales, Australia, there has recently been erected an organ which is the largest in the world. It has 5 manuals and 126 speaking stops, 14 couplers, and numerous combination stops.

There are 10,000 pipes, and the floor space occupied is 1,600 square feet, the case being 80 feet wide and 20 feet deep. Every possible organ effect is provided for, and one of the most important and peculiar features is the use of a set of 64, foot reed pedal pipes double the length of the ordinary longest pedal pipe. These are not used independently, but to reinforce the 32-foot pipes.

This progress from the broken reed to the latest achievements of organ building represents the progress of the race from barbarism to the highest civilization; from absolute ignorance of scientific principles to the point where nearly all the manifestations of nature and the achievements of applied science and mechanics are brought together and made to minister to man's elevation and entertainment. In this noble instrument, this blending of music and architecture, the highest form of the mechanical art becomes the means of expression for the highest form of mental and spiritual art, and to it may well be given the title, "King of Instruments"

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

W. FRANCIS GATES.

## PHILOSOPHY OF BEING.

A moment's halt, a momentary taste  
Of Being from the well \* \* \* —OMAR KHAYAM.

The higher elimination of the idea of Protagoras that "Man is the measure of all things," is arrived at in Plato, wherein the soul reaches its highest—God. Such lofty ascension of the mental powers reduced apprehension to a relative certainty. The primitive intelligence which projected itself into phenomena was (according to Vignoli) shared by animal and man—and was the origin of myth. Thereafter, in gradual enlightenment, the creature saw beyond the creation, reason opened its eyes upon time and space and found eternity, and in eternity, the Great Eternal. Reason was the dividual from a starry darkness unto the sun-promise of a lengthened dawn. The invigorated roots of the mind were transplanted into the broad rich-yielding soil of fine philosophy. The eager gaze lifted to penetrable and impenetrable heights.

The favored reveled in serious mien at "an Olympic festival of thought." They also felt the grand impulse to the beautiful.

The Greek ideal of beauty and goodness was seen in "the vision of the fair soul in the fair body." In Plato we read that "the science or knowledge of good and evil is regulated by the higher science, or the knowledge of knowledge." The unmeasurable depth of this wisdom is contained in the inscription which was placed over the ancient temple at Delphi. They argued that "a man who thoroughly knows himself, knows all nature." The world is the volume, and our whole lifetime the shortened period for study. The great Michael Angelo said: "I carry my satchel still."

Those who from the tuition of a wise past realize the full meaning of our humanity, feel the instinctive yearning for some loftier and purer eminence—a desire to expand nobly toward self-betterment. These possess the foresight—the

perception of the prophecy of our being. If "man is the object of art," perfection must be the retro-assertion—the inverse truth.

To attain to the best in the trinity of our nature should be the active precept. Man is indeed a finely strung and complicate instrument; the latent harmonious possibility therefrom being rarely awakened to its fullest accord, making a rhythm of life and a consonance of soul, which invokes the symphony of the higher existence. To thus attune ourselves is to touch the key note of eternal music in the immortal spirit, and this right is our heritage from God. Obedience to the conscience of beauty and truth weighs everlastingly in the scales of perpetual and perpetuated justice.

The pursuance of art may be the necessity of one's nature, the vocation which guides the heart to its supremest aspiration; or it may be but the reaching out after the unattainable—"a wild dedication of yourselves to unpath'd waters and undreamed shores."

We are conscious that each of the faculties has its intuition for beauty: The ear—the rapture of sound, the directness and precision of placement; the eye—the outward vision of symmetry, loveliness and grandeur; the intellect, the inner sight—the rapt sense of the mystical and transcendent; the gesture, the expression of the "over-soul" of silence. In music the touch opens the portals of the infinite, and we hearken to the voice of immortality, where—

"The soul can fling the dust aside,  
And naked on the air of heaven ride."

Harmony is the gestic grace of music, the speech of the indefinable. In painting, the artist's hand stays the flitting moment, and holds up the heavy curtain of the past. Sunshine and storm are at its biddance, heedless of the rush of time. When a great deed lives only as a deadened echo, the painter dashes the lightning across the horizon of to-day, and behold, vivid reality! He convenes magic, and forms endeared come at his beckoning brush. We hear again the voice of the voiceless. To the poet the varied shades of thought are the essentials of his being. Nature for him is iris-hued, and scintillates in the irresistible charm of the

ever-changing. A true poem is a masterpiece of the heart.

"The same nerves are fashioned to sustain  
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain."

The votary of art must be cosmopolite; nor must he rest at the foot of the mountain he would climb. He is a liberalist in literature and convert to the beautiful in all religions. He will pause in the shadow of Corinthian pillar, Ionic column, or Gothic tower. His bare feet press the marble of the Buddhist temple. He is a disciple of Brahma in his belief of creative perfection. He is grateful to Vishnu, and denunciative of Siva. He turns from this triune to the Divine Trinity. He is a Pantheist and listens for the lyre of Orpheus, its first high priest. He bends his knee in solemn adoration in God's cathedral, and in the tones and colors of religious painting he foresees the loveliness and beatitude of heaven.

There are pre-possessiones which are climato-logical. With the ancients art was empirical; with the moderns it is sophisticated.

Victor Hugo says: "Against the darkness which fills the poems of India, the Himalayas are seen. Greece, Spain, Helvetia have the mountains for a type; Cimmeria, Germany and Brittany have the woods."

We feel that we have a deep and subtle inter-relation with nature. We share the same nervous energy of renewed and renewing life. The tiniest blossom and the most appalling aspiration of mountain are agitated by the might of her forces—the very air stills under the spell of her secret. The desert is the isolated thought of nature. It broods. It is the meditation of mountain and valley. It is the stillness of an ocean where the spirit of the waters has flown. Nature is irresponsible. Man alone is accountable for the gifts ordained to him. We get a glimpse in the manifold richness of created things, of the foreshadowing of the everlasting reward.

Again Victor Hugo says: "Little as I am, I feel the God in me because I too can bring forth out of my chaos." Bulwer in his preface to "Zanoni" calls himself a word-artist, but words are but a beautiful disorder of fine ideas,

if the intonation does not strike the chord of true sentiment, and sincerity. "Eloquence," says Pascal, "is a correspondence which we endeavor to establish between the mind and the heart of those to whom we speak." Spiritual truths interpenetrate. We know that life is a recurrent of physical laws, and existence a prolongation of consecutive decreed time. "God is the great Geometrician," and truth underlies all things. When we reflect that creation is under the guiding hand of a vast system, (else dire confusion which would banish reliance and render faith impossible, and duration but a suspended uncertainty,) but sensible of the Infinite Promise, we struggle to mold our finite being into an approach at earthly perfection. We plant for an immortal blooming. The infant indeed "prophecies the man," and good and evil finds the logic of results—the verification of Tennyson's lines:

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sov'reign power,  
 Yet not for power (for that would come uncalled for),  
 But to live by law, acting the law we live by without fear.

All great teachers hold the prescience of the world's need—so bend attention and mark their lessons. Every faculty is a language which should translate "the good, the true and the beautiful," striving to arrive at a standpoint wherefrom we may reach the pinnacle of the noblest possibility, as an explorer unto a safe shore from the turbulent waters of conflicting opinions and a shelter from false theories.

To bring back is the all-embracing caress of nature—every earnest endeavor has its results; every result its sequence of final good. Every action reaches out to futurity—a link in the eternal chain. Order in the universe confirms our belief in the All-mighty One, and our dependence upon the stability of human relativity. Upon a mathematical certainty rest our confidence and happiness. Were the sun to shine but once the world would be tragically transfixed, its splendor would be but a transplendent honor, and we cowering speechless in its foreshadowing glory, the splendid promise of a fatal doom. The moon a fair apparition of something inexplicable and supernatural; the

flowers but a vanishing loveliness; the fields never again in their verdure; the golden clouds but the transient phantasy of a glorious day. All things would sink under the tyranny of despair. This (*Deo gratias*) is not so. We feel a profound assurance, and this security is the pre-consummation of hope—the anticipatory consolation. Humanity alone is the great perplexity. Creatures are the complex forms of an eternal entanglement. Nature here hides herself under the inscrutable, for only the outlines of the intention do we discern, unless religion uplifts us to the spiritual, then the magnitude of the eternal scheme is faintly manifest, and we are granted a dim concept of the Supreme Idea. Without the finger of faith to point the way, man is, as a learned writer says, “but a misquotation of the Divine Word, an alienated majesty of primitive ignorance.” However imperishable truth guards the portals of the infinite, and beauty is the eternal desire, as Plato calls it, “the splendor of the true.”

There is no barrier to the attainable. Our gifts, powers of mind and soul exerted to their utmost will never fail us in time nor eternity. The full graciousness and charity of our nature find their reflex in the waters of life, as the first farthestmost note of the first realized music has reverberated to us, filtering rich tone perfumes through all the years, striking innumerable harmonies into our lives, uplifting us to the ecstasy of ineffable exaltation vibrating into infinity. If we worship we are happy; desire is crowned with recompense; the purpling horizon is the forecast of the morrow's sunshine; the dawn, the compensation of the night; the forest holds the secret of another year. But Job says: “There cometh no good apart from toil to mortals.” We must look for the “unintelligible change”; the far scanning eye sees the illumination of the spiritual; the intellectual possesses us if the mental flame is kept burning.

To know thyself is, then, the deepest learning, and worthy our unremitting study. “Events are nothing in themselves,” but only in their effects upon the soul. Dryden tells us that Guido (Reni) when painting a picture wished that he had the wings of an angel to have ascended into Paradise,



and there to have beheld the forms of those beautiful spirits, from which he might have copied his archangels, but said he, "Not being able to mount so high, it was vain for me to seek for his resemblance, so I was forced to look into mine own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination." Spiritual perfection, we thus perceive, shines forth and beautifies the physical. It irradiates from the countenance and confers grace upon the bearing. Galen called the human structure "a beautiful hymn to the glory of the Creator."

Let us close with the truth of Amiel's words: "The being which has attained harmony,—and every being may attain it—has found its place in the order of the universe, and represents the divine thought at least as clearly as a flower or a solar system. Harmony seeks nothing outside itself. It is what it ought to be, it is the expression of right, idea, law and truth. It is greater than time, and represents eternity."

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

DENVER.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

---

### CHAPTER XXV.

The brief November day was almost over. The rain had ceased, and the north wind was driving heavy drifts of purple cloud before it. The sparrows with ruffled feathers quarreled noisily for the snug nooks behind the window shutters, for the night promised to be cold. Men drew their collars close about their ears, and walked swiftly with bent heads, anxious to escape the outer world, and to find refuge in that inner world of home, where one finds happiness, or quite misses it, in this life.

Mrs. Tompkins had gone out with Miss Weeks, and Huldah turned back to her piano with a strange lightness of spirit, yet with a craving for companionship and sympathy. She had felt a little stifled sometimes since her marriage, the world had seemed to close about her so eagerly, and with such perplexing claims. It was good to be alone, and to know that there was no one in the house nearer than the kitchen. The wound made by David's unreasonable vexation rankled. She was not anxious that he should hurry home.

Her fingers found the sweetest things they knew, a Chopin nocturne full of wooing tenderness, a Schumann phantasy suggesting the music of quivering leaves, sunshine and sparkling lights on azure waves; and then a Beethoven largo, solemn and serene. As the night closed in, her mood changed, and she began playing Jensen's "Wanderbilder," the "Waldkapelle," with its softly ringing bells, the "Nachtgesang," mysterious and shadowy, with whisperings of love and prayer. She was playing "Der Irrlichter," causing the notes to dance and flicker under her finger

---

\*Copyright, 1891, by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

tips, when the door softly opened. "A cross and tired old doctor is out here," said a voice. "He has tapped respectfully between the numbers, but you have been too absorbed to hear him. May he not come in and warm his heart and hands at your fire?"

Huldah sprang up with a quick little cry of joy, but she did not advance to greet him as she would have done, had not Miss Weeks by her manner cast a sort of microscopic blight and mildew upon the doctor's visits. She was suddenly conscious that she was gladder to see this man than any other person in Chester. He alone enjoyed what she was, and had no criticisms to make upon what she was not.

"I stopped for my mother's knitting, which she maintains she cannot live without," he said with a quiet glance at her which took in the fact of change in her mental attitude toward him. "But it was a pity to stop you. I never heard you play quite so beautifully. Perhaps, though, you save up your rarest powers as a virtuoso for a select audience of one."

"I don't like that word virtuoso," replied Huldah, "it seems to me to imply mere technical facility."

Technical facility is not a small affair, though I agree with those hair splitters who declare music to be a quality of brain substance, and not of muscle. I've brought you something." He fumbled in his great coat pockets and produced a roll. "It was in a heap of stuff at Nettleberry's. The book holds two duos, numbers 1 and 2 of Op. 137, by Schubert, arranged for piano and violin. You see it is for myself as well as you. The violin part I think charming."

"Ah!" Huldah took the book and glanced up at him roguishly. "Perhaps now you are going to delight the ladies, and have brought this for me to learn, that I may play it with you at the missionary tea."

"Indeed, I intend doing nothing of the kind!"

"You speak with a great deal of heat."

"That is because I would have no respect for myself if my patients were compelled to seek me at such a place."

The doctor had not seated himself, but stood beside her, leaning against the back of an easy chair.

"In fact, were it not for the need I feel to put off the responsibility of my profession at times, I would not touch my violin."

"Yes, you would. You love your violin." She had unrolled the music and was going over the piano part; "and as soon as possible you will bring that undignified instrument over here, and we will try these gems."

"I will come to-morrow evening if possible. My student, Harry Peets, has learned to be discriminating, and I have taken Johnny Hulett, as a sort of errand boy. The family came to town this week. Old Hulett is going to the dogs at an awful rate. I used to hold that a man cannot be reformed by law, but I begin to see it would be a mighty blessing if whisky could be put out of reach by law."

"Oh, how kind of you to take Johnny!" cried Huldah, turning toward him with kindling eyes, and putting a long, supple hand upon his sleeve. "I know he will not be very useful to you. You did it because he is so helpless."

"I find him very useful," said the doctor, motionless, that he might not frighten away that expressive hand. "He has a quality of faithfulness, not at all common. I can make him hear, and he yields me an obedience few Catholics yield the pope. I trust you understand my feeling about music. To me, it is one of the tremendous mysteries, more wonderful than any the scalpel or the microscope has revealed, but I haven't the genius to interpret the great masters, nor to express my own feelings, and my profession brings me an abiding content."

"That is the way to feel toward one's work," replied Huldah, answering his intent gaze with child-like confidence, and quite forgetful of Miss Weeks. My work, too, brings me a deep, abiding joy. But since I came here to Chester, it has been as if all other matters have more importance. What has always seemed to me the mere getting ready to work consumes me, and I sometimes think," her face broke into a smile, half playful, half piti-

ful, "that the secret of headache lies in using up oneself upon getting ready to begin one's work."

A great pity thrilled the apparently unmoved doctor, and a great wrath at himself scorched him. His past rolled before him in a flash. The high hopes of his youth had been buried beside the chair of his invalid father. For twenty years he had bound himself to that tender burden which had shut out the possibility of a closer tie. But on the other hand he had never been drawn toward any woman save the one before him. His profession to whose finest ideals he had been true had satisfied him. "Why," he now asked himself, "had he allowed a thousand cobweb reasons to cause him to hesitate to seek this one woman he loved, for himself?" His duty toward his sister's children could have been met. His mother would have quickly adjusted herself to so lovely a daughter-in-law, and men marry women many years their junior every day. His face had suddenly grown tremulous with regret and passion when David March entered.

The meeting "to consider the state of temperance" had not been altogether pleasant. Deacon Yates and his friends belonged to that branch of reformers who spend their energies in attacking people who do not see exactly as they do, rather than the evil they wish to destroy, and the churches and pastors of Chester had a thorough rating for what the Deacon characterized as their "luke-warm backwardness." "Our pastors," said he, "are too high-toned, and too lit'rary to see what ought 'er be done. To root out this monster evil of rum, we've all of us got to go into the by-ways and hedges, and take the bull by the horns."

Nervous Mr. Cramp, the Baptist preacher, at once got upon his bony legs and declared his willingness to go any where, or do anything, or take any sort of beast by the horns, if by so doing he could make drunkenness impossible; and then plump and pompous Mr. Angle, the present incumbent of the Asbury Methodist parish, rose, and in a delightful bass voice described what he had done in his last charge of Checkerberry Junction. When he sat

down and was mopping his bald and perspiring brow, the audience began to sing a hymn, and Mr. March rose and went out. It was a bold thing to do, with Deacon Yates glaring at his back, but he must go, or speak, and he was in no humor to speak.

At the first corner he turned he was met by Mr. Shaw, who said with a lisp a trifle more aggravating than usual, "'at he s'posed he'd been helpin' Yates regulate th' universe, so's't malters'd have to take pizen or move out of the state!'"

At the second corner he had met Mr. Barnes who had button-holed him, and then led him into the office of "The Emporium," as he called his shop.

"We're a goin' to lose the Pennyroyals as sure as a gun if you don't look out," he said. "I ain't one myself to want to be forever coddled and looked after, but when folks are in affliction, and as you may say,—for a public character too,—

"I don't know what you mean," interposed the minister. "I did not know that the Pennyroyals are in affliction."

"Well! Well! You didn't! It's their great aunt over to Checkerberry Junction. I think her name was Weatherby, and I don't know but it was Swan, come to think of it. Mrs. Pennyroyal was a Swan. Her father used to live with 'em when I first came here, and that was his name. A good old fellow he was too, though rather melancholy on account of his liver. And this aunt,—whatever her name was,—curious you haven't heard or read about it,—well, she's left Mrs. Pennyroyal \$5,000, besides willing her farm to the Orthodox of the Junction, which was handsome. I believe it is for a home for aged ministers, or something of the kind."

"I'm glad you have told me. I'll try to call upon them very soon," said Mr. March avoiding Mr. Barnes' eye, and looking in an abstracted way across the street.

"You can't go too quick," said the shop-keeper pursuing up his lips, then with a comprehensive glance at the dingy shelves stretching toward the door he added in a

changed tone, the insinuating, confidential shop-keeper's tone, "And since you are in here, just let me say, 't any time your wife wants anything in my line, why, I shall be glad to accommodate her. We send for articles we do not keep in stock you know. I always trade with them as trades with me, and I like to have them I pat'onize, return the favor. Turn about is fair play, and I've always had the orthodox minister's family trade."

Mr. March blinked as he followed the gaze of the church clerk. "I'll speak to my wife," he said meekly. "We have not been long married, but,"—

"Exactly, exactly," said Mr. Barnes seeing his long head up and down, and smiling.

Beef had gone up a few cents. Coal had gone up a dollar on a ton, and Bridget O'Mulligan had just told Mrs. Tompkins that she must have fifty cents more a week. When, therefore, the land-lady met her lodger at the gate, it was in no temporizing mood that she told him she must add ten dollars a month to his bills, and that she would be glad if he would pay promptly.

It was his first dun. He reflected that he owed Mrs. Tompkins a month's board, sixty dollars, and that for his money he was receiving surprisingly little comfort. He went up the stairs slowly counting the money in his purse. There was twenty dollars and a few bits of silver. He told himself something must be done, since with all the other branches of knowledge taught him in college and theological school, he had not learned to live without money, but what that something was, he had not formulated.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Few of us become "miserable sinners" deliberately, and though as the weeks rolled by Dr. Forbes found himself loving Huldah March more and more, he had no mind to disclose his passion by the moving of an eyelash, or change their relations by a fraction. Not her least attraction for him was her simple and devoted love for her



husband. Yet that love exasperated him, as worship exasperates him who beholds it addressed to a wooden image. He had always thought the minister a fine fellow, but in the new and trying light thrown upon him, the doctor being but human, saw his pastor's defect enlarged and even distorted, as one may see a face of angelic beauty become a grotesque mask by looking through the right sort of lenses. His temptation thus far, therefore, had not been to tell Huldah he loved her, but to dim the radiance of her husband's perfections to her vision. But her serene acceptance of his good will, her frank pleasure in his violin playing, above all in his comprehension of the fascination of her art, had made a little web of ties between them, that held him fast in the role of friend, and he started, as if his feet had been upon the brink of an abyss, at the sound of the opening door.

Huldah was also startled. Her most prominent characteristic was a fine faithfulness, and she felt suddenly, that she had been complaining of her lot, at least by inference, and she had accepted that lot in taking her marriage vows. It was well the light so dazzled the eyes of the new comer, he could not see the quick re-adjustment of feature that flashed over the two faces turned toward him, and that he could not know that Huldah's swift haste to push the easiest chair toward the fire for him, was inspired by self-reproach rather than affection.

"So Miss Weeks has been here, and has done the mending. Well, she has been anxious to do something for me this long while," he said, when the Doctor was gone. "Then you have heard about 'Him.' 'He' as perhaps you do not yet know, is a big gray cat."

"She spoke of 'Him,'" but I did not know "He" was a cat," said Huldah nervously laying folds in her dress, and wondering that David should take Miss Weeks' work for him so easily, and that when she had said, she would like to make the little seamstress a present, the avowal indicated that she herself had no money.

"Yes 'He' is a big gray cat," reiterated David wearily. I wish life would go on for me as easily as it

does for Him. I suppose one must pay something for superior privileges. "He put his hand upon his breast and drew himself up away from the heat. "Oh, I have a letter for you," he went on as something crackled under his fingers. "I met the post-man just after leaving the temperance meeting, but I met other men, too, who put him and his cargo quite out of my head."

There were tears in Huldah's eyes as she turned with her letter to the light. That her husband's duty to his people and his work were closely bound up with his duty to her, she did not yet realize. She saw as yet only simple relations, not as yet knowing that at a thousand points each relation of life in civilized society is knit into others. She told herself with acute self pity, and some secret resentment, that either David was dull not to guess that she was out of money, or else he would not give it her to buy Miss Weeks a present, and that she could never hint to him that she wanted a penny again. Moreover he seemed to ignore the fact that he had gone away angry, and had slammed the door. That her husband was beset by a swarm of petty worries of his own, worries that might have remote consequences for her as well as himself, did not suggest itself to her.

"Here I am with a lot of recitals and lectures advertised for next week, and Farnsworth engaged to do the illustrating, and he has had the carelessness to allow himself to be laid up with a miserable influenza," wrote Dr. Miller. "Cannot you come and help me out?"

Huldah had made no new engagements since her marriage, from an instinctive reluctance to action independent of her husband. But here was opportunity to listen and learn as in the dear old days, and the prospect of a snug sum of money. Her wounded heart swelled as she laid the letter upon her husband's knee.

"Well?" he said when he had read it, and looking at her inquiringly. It pained him that the money promised in the post-script looked so desirable. But just then money seemed the most helpful thing in the world.

"I should like to go, if,---"

"Then go by all means," he interrupted.

"You do not then object?" There was an edge to the pleasure in Huldah's voice.

"Object!" he exclaimed with some bitterness. "I am not in a position to object to anything that will add to our income. 'I do not understand you.'"

They looked into each other's eyes an instant inquiringly, then seeing the trouble in her face, David put out his arms, crying, "Oh my, dear! Take your time. Tell Mrs. Thompkins you must be excused to every caller for the next week," he said when they had mutually poured forth their "feelings," and vexations. "Those people who must be seen, I will attend to."

But he laughed at his ill-humor about the socks, and Huldah was silent about her lack of money, and her injured feelings, and it marks an epoch in marriage when silence is accepted as a safe dark cupboard, in which to hide wounded sensibilities.

The doorbell jangled as usual during the next seven days, and ladies whispered in Mrs. Thompkins' parlor or sittingroom, according to their social standing, a point before which she drew nice distinctions, while Mrs. March's grand piano sang over their heads.

"I do s'pose it's for the missionary tea," said Mrs. Thompkins, who, being promised a consideration for her services, was disposed to be charitable toward her lodger. "To do her justice, she's always manifested a good deal of interest in missions, both home and foreign, though I for my part stick for the home work, as being, as you may say, more under the s'ciety's eye, while foreign parts might, it seems to me, look out for themselves a little, since it is their salvation that is depending on what they learn, though nothing will induce Mrs. Podd and some others to think heathen should be expected to do anything but receive all that we can do for them, and they running into the billions, as I've read or been told, a housekeeper not having time for reading outside the daily paper. However, the tea is to be a grand success, for the supper is only twenty-five cents, and splendid for a dollar."

But when Sunday came, it transpired that Mrs. March had taken the Saturday morning train for Chicago, and not even the promised "consideration" repressed Mrs. Tompkins' irritation, at being, as she phrased it, "made a private tool of." Her communication of the news was received with a stir as significant as the hum of angry bees, for the missionary tea was one of the great events of the Orthodox church year. The Chicago papers for Monday announced in the amusement columns, the coming appearance of Mrs. March at Apollo Hall, and this gave a new accent to the current criticism, till it seemed as if no place on earth so needed the labor of a missionary of "sweetness and light," of charity and reasonableness, as Chester itself.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

If any one complains that this story is made up of trifles, he discloses that he has not yet discovered the most potential powers in human lives. Microscopic objects have qualities bearing no relation to their size, as a certain bacillus of which a thousand or more may find spacious quarters in a drop of water may destroy the greatest statesman of the age, if once it get into his stomach.

But if small worries and social vexations met Mrs. March at every turn in Chester, she had some compensations. Mrs. Peets straightway became her loyal friend, and urged and encouraged her to devote herself to art. The west is very different from the conservative east," she declared, serenely unconscious of the acrid criticisms she herself received. She had not been east in ten years or more, and had begun to take second hand reports of its condition. "Every one expects you to go on with your profession. Your married life ought to be a help, not a hindrance. Your husband's people will find you far more inspiring as yourself, than if you attempt to be the traditional pastor's wife. And the traditional pastor's wife is nearly as extinct as the dodo.

The west aspires above all things to be natural. Don't imagine any one wants you to commit intellectual suicide."

As a matter of experience Huldah had found the west, at least in Chester, far more anxious to be conservative and eastern, than the east itself, which, perhaps, having more background of tradition is more independent, if less daring. It was however not the less pleasant to be encouraged to believe otherwise.

Mrs. Fultz, Mrs. Forbes the Doctor's mother, and many quiet obscure women in the church were Mrs. March's friends, some because of genuine liking of her, others because she was "their pastor's wife," and so had an inalienable claim upon their good will. Miss Weeks and Johnny Hulett were her adorers. The latter gratified his feelings by following her about, when his duties at Dr. Forbes' office permitted, keeping at a respectful distance behind her and quite out of her sight. Apart from Mr. Yates and Mr. Podd, the men, having a natural delight in her youth and beauty, were at first inclined to set down the fault-finding of their wives to that blighting envy, supposed to be peculiar to the sex. The Musical Society as a body accepted her opinions as final, and was immensely proud of her. The younger members loved her because of her never-failing obligingness, and her warm interest in whatever they undertook. Fanny Baxter, whose thread of soprano had received careful training, and who sang such songs as Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume," with exquisite taste and intelligence, declared Mrs. March "a goddess," and tried in every way love could invent to bring her pleasure. As for tall Tom Baxter, who had a very effective tenor, when Mrs. March was present, she was always his audience, whether he sang, "Thine eyes so blue and tender," thinking meanwhile of a young lady in Wollerton, or "My sweetheart when a Boy," and thought of Mattie Gregg in a pink gingham frock, her curls held back by a round comb.

Such criticism as there was in the society was confined

to individuals. Mattie Gregg aspired to shine in sacred song, and with cold self-assertiveness commanded Mrs. March to play her accompaniment, and was coldly angry, when her commands could not be obeyed. Alice Garnett protested that the sight of Mrs. March's slim fingers gliding over the key-board in a Schumann Romance, made her think of snakes, and complained that she would not transpose accompaniments a key or two lower to accommodate her voice. "I can sing 'My Redeemer and my Lord,'" quite as well as Mattie Gregg, when it is set in D," she fretted to Jonas Tarbox, who also had his afflictions, "but Mrs. March always tells me to sing something written lower, because changing the key changes the spirit of the composition. I never heard of such a thing!"

"Talks the same about, 'I cannot sleep,' growled Jonas," and when I do that Dudley Buck Sequence, you know, 'The strain upraise, the strain of joy and praise,' she's told me to my face I made B flat, B natural, when you come to, "And the choirs that dwell on high." I wouldn't stand it from some folks. But there's the church organ to be played and Peters gone, and a man can't be too brash to a free horse."

"People who pay well toward her support deserve consideration," said Alice in her incisive voice. "And to rent a pew in the Orthodox, is to pay toward her support."

"Well I s'pose you're right," assented Jonas admiringly. He had liked Alice in a dull way all his life, and now that she had become gracious to him was slowly gathering his courage to ask her to marry him. "Then in a musical society, there's such a thing as being too strict. I like to be as you may say, you know, comfortable. If we didn't have quite such high-toned music afore she come, we took more comfort at the Musical. If a thing didn't go just right,—why it wasn't made a mountain of. But now," Jonas' face expressed deep disgust, "It's right, or nothing, every time."

"It's a pity the Baxters back her up so in everything."

She has only to suggest a change and it must be made. It seemed to me that cantata of Esther was just the thing for us, but when she said the Hymn of Praise was far better worth while, of course we had to have it." Miss Garnett spoke with feeling, the disappointment at not being able to appear in costume was yet keen in her mind.

"Well," said Jonas dispassionately, he had what he felt was a very good part in the Hymn of Praise, "Mendelssohn is, you know, well—er pop'lar, and so is she—just now, and I 'spose we'll have to stand it you know."

But whatever popularity Mrs. March had outside, was of absolutely no value in the eyes of that small coterie in the Orthodox fold known as, 'the workers.' By them her very friends were held in evidence against her. The Baxters gave dancing and card parties. Mrs. Peets was not a church member, and was suspected of holding loose views on the subject of marriage, though to do her justice she had labored to give her little world an exactly opposite impression. Mrs. Fultz was not only not "a worker," but refused to co-operate in any church enterprises involving the patching of bed-quilts and serving refreshments in the church pariors for money. Mrs. Forbes was very plain spoken at times, and had made herself socially unavailable by giving up her parlor to her son's books and chemical apparatus, and Miss Weeks had undermined whatever claims to consideration a seamstress might have outside her trade, by declaring directly after the death of her mother her belief in the visitation of spirits. That a little woman living quite alone, save for the company of a large gray cat, and recently bereaved of her lost relative, was beset by visions, was not wonderful, but the good, dull people, her neighbors, felt it was scarcely respectable, and certainly not Orthodox.

None too ready to receive instruction in youth, human nature is usually incurably bumptious in middle age, and Mrs. March, absorbed in her art, was quite ignorant of the great art of getting on with her fellow creature. She was, too, unable to understand the spirit



of the people among whom she now found herself. She had always been ready to try new ways, and new things, she argued to herself, and other people were, no doubt, when the new ways were shown to be desirable. In this ignorance and youthful self-confidence she had undertaken to improve the singing of the Orthodox choir, and after attending the sewing-society twice, she attempted to reform that time-honored institution.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Somebody was tellin' me last week that she that was Phibby Ann Serann was home, and gone into a consumption," said Mrs. Barnes, smoothing over her knee the bit of calico patch-work she had been busy with. "I never had any 'pinion of the Serann constitution, and I'm dreadful 'fraid it's so."

"Phibby Ann is dead," said Mrs. Forbes, with a quiet nod. "She died this noon. My son told me just before I started for the s'ciety."

There was a silence of several minutes during which the ladies sewed industriously. It was felt to be a relief when Mrs. Shaw rose and poked the fire, saying that the damp somehow went to her bones.

"She was a dreadful nice woman, and it seems pretty hard for her little children," went on the doctor's mother. "There ain't a mite of doubt that she was just worked to pieces. Even Joshua admits that. I was s'prised when he said to me, 'Miss Forbes, Phibby Ann would be as smart as a cricket to-day, if it hadn't a ben for them folks at Ten Mile.'"

"I don't think he's any business to talk that way," Mrs. Yates said sharply. "Phibby Ann died by the visitation of God. We've all got to die, and as for blaming Mr. Parson's church people for that, I think it's scandalous."

"If our minister's wife should die, no one could blame us," said Mrs. Podd with much majesty.

"No," echoed Mrs. Dulcimer, "they couldn't blame us."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Gregg, who was a lymphatic woman whose wrath gathered head slowly and was equally slow in disappearing. "My Mattie took a great deal of pains to learn a solo for the last communion, and a lovely thing it was too, and I don't think many have a sweeter voice than my Mattie, and what does Mrs. March do but be sick and let some one else take the organ, I don't remember who, and when I saw Dr. Forbes the next morning, I asked him why a young woman, with such a color too, should have to go to bed with the headache like that, and says he to me, 'Mrs. Gregg, you people in the Orthodox church would wear out a stone image, if it was the minister's wife.' Those were his very words, which I heard with my own ears."

"At this moment Mrs. March entered. With an instinct of self-preservation she had persuaded Mrs. Fultz to accompany her, and that astute lady in one quick glance about her, read from the averted eyes and changing color that something unpleasant had just been said, and hastened to remark in her soft staccato, that she had brought her own work, and would gladly pay twice the fine to escape stultifying herself by working at the calico patches. Mrs. March however took the little roll Mrs. Dulcimer offered her with a conciliatory smile, and worked steadily at it for an hour. The "blocks" were for a quilt which would be sold for the benefit of the foreign missionary fund. Phebe Ann Parsons was not again mentioned, but a certain Mrs. Mackin, who, it was supposed, had run off with a man named Paul Dox, came in for much criticism.

When Mrs. March had finished her work she laid it upon the table. "Want another" asked Mrs. Dulcimer, feeling that Mrs. March was behaving very creditably. "We are in a great hurry to get this off our hands."

"No. I shall not sew any more. I will give money instead, for I cannot stay longer." Her voice had com-

manded instant attention, and all present listened with uplifted needles. "I see, too, that though the work seems trifling, it requires nice care. It seems a pity, when many lovely activities are open to women, to spend time getting money in this way. That block has cost me an hour, and is perhaps worth a cent. Would it not be better to make these things at home by the aid of the sewing machine, if they must be made, and then this meeting could be a reading circle where the busy ones among us could really learn something about missions, the countries in which they are, and the work being done. We could each pay a certain sum, and the time would not be thrown away."

"I don't call it a waste of time for the ladies in the same church to get acquainted," cried Mrs. Podd with angry emphasis.

"We can't all go 'round givin' concerts," said Mrs. Yates, her voice like a snarling echo of the first speaker. "We have to earn money as we can."

"We've allus had a sewin' s'ciety," said Mrs. Barnes, something in her wooly tones indicating nerve shock. "And I never heard of such a thing as not havin' one. They make the ladies friendly."

"I cannot say I feel more friendly, after hearing the sins of Mrs. Mackin," said Mrs. Fultz smiling. "Mrs. Mackin is my cousin by marriage, as most of you do not know, and she did not go off with Paul Dox, but alone, and is now with her mother, poor soul."

"Well, she was a mighty foolish woman to give occasion for so much talk anyhow," said Mrs. Shaw, who never doubted her own wisdom,—a state of mind which has immense advantages. "When a woman lets a man come and call on her as Paul did she lays herself liable."

"Paul was like a foster brother to her. He lived at her father's in his boyhood. She was as miserable as a woman can be with Ezra Mackin. I should have run away long ago," said Mrs. Fultz quietly.

"Well I am glad to hear good of her," said Mrs. Barnes, in whose heart were some very kindly streaks.

"And I must say, Mrs. Fultz, you might 'a' told us afore. As for the sewin' s'ciety, I don't believe in givin' of it up, or makin' it into anything else. Barnes, he was a saying on'y this mornin,' 'seems like folks have less an' less religion every year,' an' I think he's right."

"I'd like to give up the society I'm sure, said Mrs. Dulcimer. "But I don't want to see it destroyed. Rather than that should happen, I would work my fingers to the bone." (Mrs. Dulcimer was the president, and cut out the calico patches.) We might have a church reading circle for those who have time for it, if the ladies would only come forward," and she glanced expressively at Mrs. March and Mrs. Fultz.

"I never heard afore of the sewin' s'ciety bein' called a part of religion," said Mrs. Forbes in her wonder quite forgetful of the seam needle, and other important matters connected with knitting of blue socks, "I don't think Mrs. Barnes,—not meanin' course any offense, and none ought to be took where none is meant,—that this meetin' is 'a means of grace.' And it don't 'pear to me the meetin' house is in any sort of danger if we should spend the time different. So we send our part to the Board, and s'port the gospel in foreign parts, I guess we do enough,"

"If we all come forward, as we'd ought to come forward, and not go to bed for trifles, we could have anything," said Mrs. Gregg, speaking out of her accumulated irritation. "If you'd do your duty, Mrs. March, and not disappoint folks as have depended on you for accompaniments, which my Mattie tells me is a hard thing to play not to put singers out, and would go ahead and lead us, we could have all the things in this church there are in any, reading circles as well as sewin' s'cieties, and there'd be a chance for us all to do somethin.' Here Mrs. Gregg stopped abruptly, and colored as deeply as her purple complexion would permit. It had been a great vexation to her that Mrs. March had not asserted herself in a way to check the importance of the two ladies, so long church leaders.

"I think so too," exclaimed Mrs. Podd, surveying the minister's wife with maddening impudence lighting her black eyes. "We've let you have a pretty easy time since you came among us. So far as I can see, you seem to think you have a right to come and go just as you please, and just as if you were—er—anybody's wife. But I think it is high time you were told you are mistaken."

Mrs. March rose. Her whole frame seemed to quiver with pain and anger. She looked about her like a frightened bird, driven to defend itself.

"I do not think you understand me, ladies," she said in a low voice. "I have thought you might do better, that is all."

"We understand you perfectly," said Mrs. Garnett who had tried to remain silent, but was not equal to the self-denial, since her pride had been lacerated by Mrs. Gregg, who seemed to have forgotten that Alice Garnett usually took the organ bench in Mrs. Marsh's absence. And we think when a minister's wife neglects her duties as shamefully as you do, that,—"

"Since when did this church hire me?" interposed Huldah quickly. "I am your neighbor, your friend, perhaps—but not in your employ. I shall never come to one of these meetings again. And none of you need presume to dictate my duties to me."

"Well, what do you think of your favorite now!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer, startled into speaking naturally when the door had closed upon Mrs. March, and turning to Mrs. Fultz, who yet remained. "I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life."

"I think Mrs. March is sincere, high-minded and—*young*," said Mrs. Fultz, tying the strings of her pretty bonnet. "By and by, if we do not kill her, or drive her husband away, she will learn us, and human nature, and will kiss us when she greets us, and slip out of our exactions without a word, if she can, and endure them when she cannot, and we will say, 'how much she has improved!' while in point of fact her mind and heart will

have become starved and hardened in the atmosphere we have made about her."

"Well I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Shaw, breaking the hush that followed Mrs. Fultz' departure. "Such talk! The trouble is Mrs. March hasn't the slightest idea of her position."

"Well I hope when she does discover what it is, we won't have made her hate it," said Mrs. Forbes, taking off her spectacles and putting them into their case. "I don't know but she can see what's right for her to do, as well as we can see for her. I think she tries to do the best she can, and 'at we'd better let her alone."

"Oh everybody knows what you and your son think of her," said Mrs. Yates with an unpleasant titter.

"My son and I don't think any ill of her, you may depend," cried the old lady straightening her figure, and looking about defiantly. No one cared to differ with the doctor's mother when she looked like that. And what's more, my son says Mrs. March hasn't a strong constitution."

"She don't exercise any," began Mrs. Podd. "With her color, you needn't talk to me about constitution."

"Folks that don't believe in my son can go to other doctors," interposed Mrs. Forbes, "But I have noticed that what he says comes true."

"I don't believe in bein' down on weakly folks, or bein' too hard on a pastor's wife," said Mrs. Barnes with deprecating woolliness to the offended old lady. She felt that her days would be few should Dr. Forbes desert her. Besides there was, as has been indicated, a deep substratum of kindness in her round body. "But we have a right to expect somethin' from her, or else, why do we pay out our money?"

"I don't re-co-lect a pastor's wife that amounted to shucks, 'cept Miss Fitch," said Mrs. Yates, Sen. She was very old, very deaf, and rarely went out. "She and her husband come to Beachville 'bout the time you was born, Miss Gregg. You must re-co-lect' 'em. Must a be'n sometime in the thirties Miss Fitch died."

Age was Mrs. Gregg's weak point. "I don't remember 'em at all," she said, speaking very loud, which she knew the old lady hated.

"Don't? Hmmmh! If you ain't goin' on sixty, then I'm losin' my memory!" soliloquized the old lady leaning back in her chair with a vexed and baffled look, "and if I am deaf, I don't like to be yelled at."

"Men can't usually see anything smaller'n a barn door," said Mrs. Yates, Jun. "But Mr. Y. is getting his eyes open, and when he starts, something has to move."

"He won't start any too quick for me," said Mrs. Garnett, who felt that she had many grievances, not the least of which was Mrs. March's failure to make Alice as good an organist as herself. "Pliny Thompkins was second cousin to my husband, and Mrs. Thompkins told me, in confidence,—you know yourselves Mr. March is, pretty high strung if he is a preacher, well, and you know what you have seen to-day, well, Mrs. Thompkins says, they don't get along, in her opinion any better than some others."

"My ears have heard enough!" cried Mrs. Forbes rising heavily. "My son has read me about men who cut live creatures open to see their hearts beat, but this back-biting is ahead of that, and I make bold to say it." Then her tender heart feeling some misgivings, she added, "We're all sisters in the church, and I hope no one will take offense at me, who feel that I am just as much a worm of the dust as any body."

Anger however just, leaves behind it a bitter taste, and Huldah reached home chilled and sick at heart. Two letters were awaiting her. One was from Dr. Miller asking her to play at St. Louis with a world-famous orchestra. The other was a request that she give three recitals at Danvers.



## LUTHER W. MASON AND SCHOOL MUSIC.

The most important question relating to musical future of this country, and the one having in it the potency of what ever beneficent influences the art of music may be able to exercise upon our race, is that of the true method and object of school music. Supposing the art of music to be capable of attuning to all good influences the minds of those who sing and listen in a proper spirit, as Pythagoras believed, and as modern experience more and more attests, at what period of life would such an educational instrumentality be of most value? Obviously, in childhood, when the mind is most receptive, least pre-occupied against good influences, and spiritually open to all currents of good. Something of this philosophy pervades educational circles and our literature, and finds a degree of acceptance among the general public.

In fact music is one of those things which is indispensable in a school room. Upon this point all educators and all practical teachers are agreed. Singing and occasionally playing of instruments are helps to discipline, or more properly to right affection, which no teacher can afford to neglect. The only practical issue at this point is as to the extent and spirit of the musical experience of the school room. What is its ideal? Should it aim merely at temporary pleasure? Or should there be coupled with the singing exercise enough of technical training to afford the child mastery of this new language for his own additional resource, in the same spirit as that in which education aims to make him master of his mother tongue? The latter course is the one which meets the favor of nearly all the better class of teachers, because it coincides with the principle of making everything which occurs in the school room educational, and because almost every teacher sees that a degree of musical training has in it for the child a benefit in later

life entirely disproportionate to the expense or trouble of attaining it in early life.

This question is not a new one, though we have scarcely passed the time when men were living who saw its beginning in America.

It is now only about sixty years since the great American musical educator of the last generation, Dr. Lowell Mason was able after long and careful work to secure the privilege of teaching music to the pupils of one school in Boston, for an hour a week. The results of the training in the added quickness and mental receptivity of the pupils, and in the pleasant quality of their singing, and the obvious influence of the wholesome ideas embodied in the songs, were so unquestionable that a few years later Mr. Mason was engaged to introduce music teaching into all grammar schools. This instruction continued until 1850, when some Grading in the board of education succeeded in throwing it out, on the ground that it in no way ministered to the proper development of the "three R's," for which alone, in the estimation of these profound gentlemen the common schools were established.

Dr. Lowell Mason performed a great work for his generation in school music not less than in other departments of musical education. He prepared books which were models of elegance, propriety, and educational charm at the time. Nevertheless there were two weak points in his system as he left it. He began in the upper grades and it required a special teacher of music to carry on this part of the instruction. He did a vast amount of preparatory work, by beginning a graded classification, of musical topics, and clearer statements of definitions and principle than before his time had ever been known in educational music. In this respect he was far in advance of musical educators of other countries, and his work in many respects still lives. But the key to the introduction of music into the common schools, upon an equality with other branches had not yet been found. The key, need it be explained? is the principle that the music teaching is to be carried on by the regular teacher of the rooms,

under the supervision of a special musical superintendent.

This is the distinguishing trait of the work with which the name of Luther Whiting Mason is inseparably connected. The following biographical particulars concerning this remarkable man are not out of place. Luther Whiting Mason was born in Gardner, Maine, in 1828, a descendent of a long line of honest, God-fearing men, who as a rule lived long lives of honor and usefulness in their communities. His father had originally been a man of some property, but through business reverses the boy was taken in charge by a step-brother, already established in business as a last-maker. It was his intention to teach the boy his trade, and by way of compromise, the boy was to be permitted to acquire an education to whatever extent might prove possible without interfering with the chores and other duties of his employment. Accordingly the ambitious youngster arose at five o'clock and earlier, and devoted long hours to studies. His Latin and Greek he worked out on an old blackboard, which had been left about the garret, for paper was not plenty.

At this time he was as near being a typical "good boy" as any that we might read about. Of attractive persona appearance, with a sweet and confiding expression of face, and with indomitable ambition and perseverance, and with the pure habits and ideals of a girl, he was a youngster sure to make his mark. He had already picked up a smattering of music, for it was one of the two ideals of his life. His crowning idea was to become a missionary, for he was distinctly religious, with that kindly consideration for all of God's creatures without "the pale of the gospel," characteristic of all the better part of the New England stock a generation ago. His second ambition was to be a musician, and as this was nearer, it naturally came to a realization sooner.

Accordingly when he attended the Academy he was able to make his way by teaching music, and his experience in this direction served him all his earlier life as a ready means of earning a livelihood, no less than of doing good, for all the time music was to him something sacred, something

which the very soul's good of "the neighbor" required him to learn; and made it a duty for the nearest musical neighbor to teach him, with money for the service, if convenient without money if the case required it.

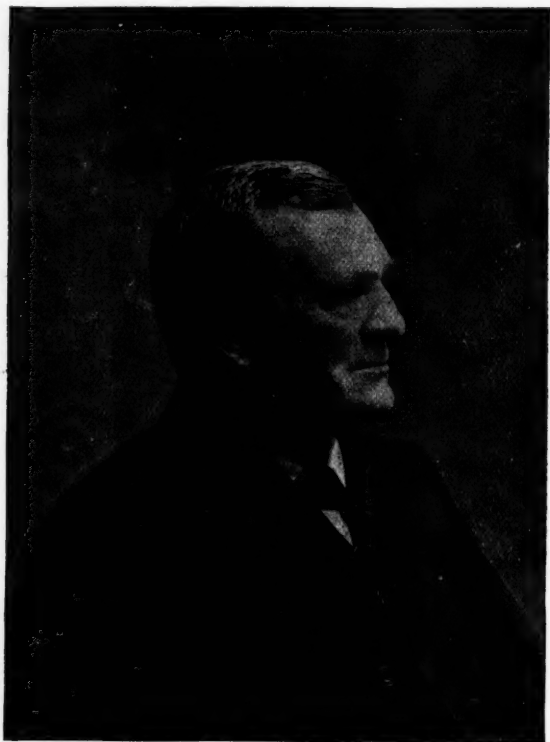
Dr. Mason's first experience in teaching music in the public schools upon a considerable scale was in Louisville, Ky., where he laid the foundation of his system, building from the fundamental idea of a truly graded course, accompanying the pupil entirely through the grammar schools if not further. His success in this city led to a call to Cincinnati, where with a fresh start he accomplished much.

There he developed the talent for organization and system which have since distinguished him. And better than this, because more vital to his success, he manifested his talent of awakening interest, both of the pupils and the public. There are those who think that without this awakening in musical education it would not have been possible to have established the great College of Music, which is today such a distinguished ornament to that enterprising city.

In 1864 Mr. Mason was called to Boston, where the music in the public schools had fallen into a very low estate, being confined to mere rote singing of popular melodies. Here he began to perfect his system, and to get it upon such ground that the regular teacher of the rooms would be able to administer the technical part of the musical instruction, no less than to carry on the other singing for educational, or as we might call it the spiritual, ends proposed. In the effort to do this work in the best possible manner, he spent some time in Europe, for the purpose of studying and observing—leave of absence having been granted for that purpose. With the long work at this point it is not necessary to delay, since its success has passed into history, and the value of the educational methods devised has been recognized by all the world.

Among other experiences which Mr. Mason had at this time was that of meeting certain Japanese students who had come to Boston for an education according to western ideals. Their musical aptitude interested Mr. Mason greatly. He undertook their instruction in this branch and both

the teacher and the class were alike edified by the acquaintance. The remote result of this experience was a call from the government of Japan to take charge of music teaching in that newly awakened empire. Then ensued a great public departure from Boston, and from the work he had done



LUTHER WHITING MASON,

so well. A great meeting was called, over which the mayor presided, and at which speeches were made, and letters were read from those great citizens of the puritan commonwealth without whose cognizance a public function in Boston is impossible—Edward Everett Hale, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a few others of like prominence. All of these testified in no uncertain terms to the character of the departing

teacher as man, educator, and musician.

In 1880 he entered upon this magnificent opportunity in Asia. His position was practically that of national musical director. As soon as he was at home there he began by making a thorough study of the native music and musical capacity. It was his idea to build upon whatever there was already in the national music, in order to bridge over as far as possible the transition to the music of the West. His work had a wonderful range. Besides the public and girls' high schools, teachers classes, a school of music,—including an orchestra of European and Japanese instruments—he gave pianoforte lessons and training in the homes of the nobility, lessons in singing to Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, while the latter was there on a visit; and tri-weekly meetings with the Commission of his Majesty, the Mikado's Household musicians; and when to their liking he explained the sentiment of the songs, the Court poets would versify these in appropriate Japanese rhythm, and thus it came about that song books were compiled and that German folk-songs are now sung in Japanese all over the empire. He further procured by Imperial edict the substitution of the European diatonic scale for the native five-toned scale, and this by a judicious reference of the question to their own professors and not upon his own suggestion. On leaving Japan the Emperor presented him with a magnificent pattern of gold cloth. Such distinctions as were accorded him, including the Doctor's degree of Tokio University, had never before been shown to foreign musicians in Japan, although many able ones had preceded him; but they had failed in their endeavors because they had aimed too high, instead of beginning with the elementary basis of the art. This marvellous success was due primarily to Mr. Mason's pure personal character, his industry, and his consideration for others. He had clear ideas about what he wanted and did it without any fuss or ceremony."

At length he obtained leave of absence and started for home. But he took his journey by way of Europe, where, he tarried some months carefully observing educational methods there, and collecting material for incorporating in

the revised edition of his books, which he had been for some time contemplating. He landed in Boston with a large number of songs and exercises, drawn from the very best sources, from which he intended to cull whatever he needed in the new works.

Upon his arrival at Boston there was a public reception, and again speeches by great educational and social celebrities. Then he settled himself to his work. Calling to his assistance, Mr. George A. Veazie Jr., the well-known composer, musician and teacher, the careful revision of every part of the system went on for months, until at last all the books and charts were as near right as they could devise.

They were wonderfully successful, and within a comparatively short time following their publication the Mason system was adopted as standard in hundreds of cities and towns, and testimonials in its favor were given in every possible variation upon what musicians would call the principal motive, namely, the thoroughness, progressiveness, and attractiveness, of the system. Among the foremost supporters of the Mason system at this time were such teachers and musicians as Messrs. J. B. Sharland, W. S. Tilden, N. Lincoln, and C. R. Bill, O. B. Brown, Friedrich Zuchmann, J. M. Mason, Henry G. Carey, and F. H. Butterfield.

Still, Mr. Mason was not satisfied. In the course of his experience many musical questions had arisen, of technical interest rather than of immediate practical importance, which he had put one side to be solved at a later time. "Surely," he had said to himself, "in Germany, the cradle of music, there must be something which my system still lacks. So again he travelled in Germany, going first to Leipsic, with no idea of making any public exposition of his system, but simply in order that he might invite criticism and suggestions from the many eminent professors there of any possible improvements in it. But it happened curiously enough that the gentlemen to whom the system was submitted were very much interested in it, and at length Mr. Mason was invited to make a formal exposition of it as a whole, before the general monthly meeting of the Music Teacher's Union, in Leipsie. After some hesitation he consented, and



as "*Chorgesang*" quietly says, "he may well congratulate himself for the step, for it is really the first time that, in his branch of the musical art, a foreigner has achieved such a brilliant success in Leipsic. From the beginning to the end of the series, everything is so gradually imparted that the child hardly perceives that he is taking lessons." As a result of this meeting and the consultations already mentioned, a musical commission of eminent experts was appointed to co-operate with Mr. Mason in preparing a German translation for adoption as standard in the German schools.

Besides the well merited compliment of asking a German translation of the entire system, there came a shower of testimonials from men standing at the very head of the musical world, such as Dr. Carl Reinecke, director of the famous conservatory, Dr. Oscar Paul, Klengel, and several others, with the most eminent of all at the head, A. Becker, director of the famous Dom choir in Berlin, composer of the "Reformation Cantata," and other works. All these agreed in placing the value of Mr. Mason's system above that of any method for school music known to them. They pronounced Mason "a true born pedagogue, in the highest sense of the terms."

Undoubtedly the spectacle of an American author meeting such unquestioned success as a musical educator in Germany, the head center of the musical art, is strange and unexpected. It is explained to some extent, however, by the fact that Mr. Mason in place of beginning with American tunes written to order, having in them only the incidental and happy-go-lucky value of melodies thrown off in a hurry to fill a certain place in the system, looked farther and deeper. What he sought primarily was education for the pupils through the songs. Texts and music he desired to be of the best, having in them those qualities which give a permanent charm and influence. Hence the selection of music had been to him a matter of long experiment and careful consideration. Not only was every song to fill a place in the grade of teaching, but more important it was expected to bring into the life of the pupil a new element of inspiration, incitation, and spiritual influence. Hence the

melodies are largely from the best German sources, where even the folksongs have in them something of that universal cut which gives a song a long life and perennial power to please. In the higher books the selections were from the more advanced composers, whose melodies and harmonies are in sympathy with all the higher music which the pupils if musical will later in life learn to enjoy. This, in place of being merely local and fleeting in their attractive qualities. In fact the selection of the music in Dr. Mason's books has been and still is one of their main excellences.

Even greater in its importance than the selection of the music and the determining the steps of the progress toward musical education, was the development of a method so clear, so systematic, and so perfect that the common school teachers with very little special training can carry it forward. This was the work of his later years. He began it in Cincinnati, carried it much further in Boston; thought over and added perfection here and there during the Japan days; and now, at the very end, it is still the point which he ever seeks to improve. That he has succeeded is evidenced by the testimonies of thousands of teachers who use his system. It is eclectic. He has brought into it the good points from all, and so welded them together in mutual helpfulness that the teacher finds here the precise knowledge and apparatus needed for every emergency. Such, at least, is the testimony of thousands who are using the system.

Luther Whiting Mason is now an honored educator. His name is current in his own country and in many others. High ideals, his good character, his consideration for all those with whom he has been associated, and his insight in musical education have combined to place his name among the highest in his department of work. And the best of it is, that he has reaped only as he has sown. A life of thought, aspiration, practical effort, and highly diversified experiences, has here come to its fullness. And withal, the simple and unaffected personal character remains the same as it was originally, when of the boy the preacher said that one might fancy that he it was who was bearing the banner "Excelsior."

W. S. B. M.

## POSSIBILITIES OF A PURE TONED ORGAN.

The recent attempt to produce organs which shall give pure, that is, mathematically perfect intervals in all keys, can hardly be understood unless one realizes the reasons of the tonal imperfections in our ordinary pianos and organs. We say "the piano is in tune" or "the piano is out of tune," without knowing, or, at least without remembering, that the "tempered system" of tuning in vogue is but a compromise, and that the piano is never in perfect tune; that it would be impossible to put it in perfect tune in more than one key, *i.e.*, tone system, at once. In a recent conversation between two Yale professors, one of them, a trained musician, made the remark that a great reason why our national musical taste must remain inferior to that of the Germans, lay in the common use among us of pianos, which were not kept in such perfect tune as the violins to which the German people had so long been accustomed. The other understood this to be because a violin could be tuned as often as used, whereas the piano necessarily went a long time without retuning, and so by falling of the strings, was much of the time inaccurate. While it is frequently the case that the tuner is not called in often enough, the real causes of the different influences of the two instruments upon accurate musical hearing and thinking are, of course, farther to seek. Even if the piano were tuned as often as the violin, the case would be but little changed, first, because with the latter instrument, the player is never called upon, as in playing the violin, to exercise his creating or choosing power in determining the exact pitch of any required note, and, further, because any instrument having a set of fixed intervals which must do duty in all keys, can never be exactly in tune. Let us now investigate, by means of the simplest possible example, why this is true.

We were taught as children that the distance of an octave

measured in pitch consisted of twelve halfsteps, so arranged that, in ascending the scale of eight notes, the intervals between *mi* (3) and *fa* (4) and between *si* (7) and *do* (8) were each a half step, and that all the other intervals between successive notes were whole steps. That these whole steps were equal to each other we took for granted without further discussion. They all seemed alike, and we supposed that the whole step from *D* to *E* might serve equally well as the interval *do* (1) *re* (2) in the key of *D*, or the interval *re* (2) *mi* (3) in the key of *C*, or the interval *fa* (4) *sol* (5) in the key of *A*. In fact, we saw on the piano or organ that it did serve not only as these, but as still other intervals. This assumption of equality is unfortunately only approximately correct, *do* (1) *re* (2) is a slightly larger interval than *re* (2) *mi* (3), and consequently the *D-E* which gave a perfect *do* (1) *re* (2) interval in one key cannot give a perfect *re* (2) *mi* (3) interval in another key unless the pitch of either the *D* or the *E* be slightly altered. I say unfortunately, for when the beginner has puzzled out the need of the sharps and flats in the various keys, and is just commencing to enjoy knowing why, for instance, two sharps are required in building up the tone system of *D* from the materials used in *C*, it does seem disappointing to have the exactness of the calculations spoiled by the statement of some theorist that the scale of *D* cannot be perfect as long as it uses the same *D-E* interval which helped make a perfect *C* scale. The first realization of this disturbing fact is often just such a disappointing annoyance as the beginner in geometry feels when he is told that his Euclid is not the absolutely impregnable truth which we all say it is, for there is yet a theory of parallels to be demonstrated before we can accept without question even the earlier propositions. But we must not be led astray by the outward appearance of exactness, and believe that two musical intervals are equal, unless it can be proved. For a long time the lines of the Parthenon were supposed to be straight because they so appeared to the eye. Modern architects failed in their imitations till it was discovered that the Greeks knew and used the principle that in a building of so great proportions the lines must have a slight curve in

order to preserve the appearance of straightness. To disregard this principle was to lose in the modern attempts the peculiar beauty of the Greek temple. To disregard in music the slight differences of which we are speaking, as is done in tempered instruments, is to violate the most fundamental principle of tone relationship, and to lose the full beauty of chords.

But how can it be proved that these differences exist, that do (1) re (2) is a larger interval than re (2) mi (3)?

The enjoyment which we derive from hearing a single beautiful tone, or a certain series of tones, depends upon the wonderful power of the ear to compare and accurately to correlate tones of differing pitches. The musical pitch of a tone is dependent upon the physical fact of the rapidity of vibration of the sound waves which carry the tone to the ear. The musical relation of any two or more tones to each other, which is recognized by the ear as it compares them and determines whether they are consonant or dissonant, depends upon the comparative rapidity of their respective vibrations. Though our faculties give us directly no estimate of the absolute number of vibrations producing a note, even the uncultivated ear is extremely keen in recognizing a relation between this note and another, if the vibrations of the two stand in some simple ratio to each other. For instance, although one must go to the apparatus of a physical laboratory to determine how many vibrations the A string of a violin makes per second the ear will tell instantly and with almost perfect accuracy if another string is making twice as many vibrations, that is, sounds an octave higher than the first, or is making  $5/4$  as many vibrations, that is, sounds a large third higher than the first. It is upon this remarkable faculty of appreciating certain of the simpler mathematical relationships of tones that our musical perception depends. This appreciation is not brought to the mind in the form of mathematical knowledge; we do not realize in hearing a tone that we are judging rapidity of vibration, for like all other nerve excitations, it is translated into an apparently original and direct form of sensation.

The most fundamental fact of the modern system of music is the **major diatonic scale**—the

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
do	re	mi	fa	sol	la	si	do

of our first music lesson, and its three important **triads** or chords: The tonic—do (1), mi (3), sol (5); the dominant—sol (5), si (7), re (2); and the subdominant—fa (4), la (6), do (8). These three triads are exactly alike in their structure, *i. e.*, the notes composing one stand in the same relation to each other as do those composing the others. This scale was chosen from the many “church modes” formerly in vogue, **because** it was the one most generally useful, and appealed most **naturally** to the ear. It was not selected by scholars, but its **superiority** was recognized and asserted by the people and its use became **more** and more general with each step in the growth of the **folk-song**. Although this mode, the major diatonic scale, was **chosen** by the test of hearing and without complete scientific analysis, it is most interesting to see that when submitted to the scientific **analysis** by which in this age everything is tested, it is found **to** consist of those tones which stand in closest and simplest **relationship** to each other. If a person starting from a scientific **mathematical** standpoint were to attempt to construct a system of tones which should stand in the simplest and most complete inter-relationship in respect of comparative rapidity of vibration he could not devise any other so simple and complete system as this which was hit upon after much experimenting with other systems, and came into general use as the most natural and satisfying to the human ear. This is a proof that our appreciation of music is based on an unconscious recognition of comparative rapidity of vibration.

When the two rates compared do not stand in quite simple ratio to each other, coincidence of vibration occurs but seldom, and the sensation produced is known musically as a dissonance. On the other hand, musical consonance is the interpretation put by the hearing organs upon a frequent coincidence of vibration in two notes sounded simultaneously. The most perfect consonance is the unison, the simultaneous

sounding of notes **having** the same rate of vibration, and, therefore only coincident vibrations. The next is the octave, in which the vibrations of one note are **twice as rapid** as those of the other. Here the slower vibrations of **the note** of lower pitch coincide with every alternate vibration of **the** higher note. The notes of an octave are recognized by any ear as different, yet nearly related. The next greatest frequency of coincidence of vibration would of course exist where the ratio of rapidity was 2:3 as one vibration of the slower would coincide with one of every three of the quicker vibration. And tones whose vibrations are in this ratio to each other do give us the most perfect consonance after the octave, viz., the interval do (1), sol (5), or the fifth. The next ratio, 3:4, gives the fourth, the distance sol (5), do (8). The next, 4:5, gives do (1), mi (3), the large third.

We have then already determined the notes do (1), mi (3), sol (5) and do (8), the tonic triad of our major scale, and found them all dependent on the simplest conceivable mathematical ratios: 1:2, 2:3, 3:4, 4:5. The remaining notes of the scale—re (2), fa (4), la (6) and si (7)—are found by applying the same proportions in the construction of the dominant and subdominant triads. Of these notes the present discussion concerns only re (2). Re (2) must be in the ratio 3:4, to sol (5), for the interval re (2), sol (5), of the dominant triad must be the same as the corresponding sol (5), do (8) interval of the tonic triad. In other words, re (2) must be exactly a musical fourth below sol (5):

We have now the respective ratios of do (1) and re (2), to sol (5); they are 2:3, the "fifth," and 3:4, the "fourth." We also have the ratio of do (1) to mi (3), which is 4:5, the "large third." That is to say, while do (1) vibrates eight times, re (2) vibrates nine times, and mi (3) vibrates ten times. Therefore the ratio of do (1) to re (2) is 8:9 and of re (2) to mi (3) is 9:10. These ratios are unequal. If they are unequal the musical intervals which they measure must also be unequal; which was the proposition we sought to prove. Therefore, to make the interval D-E right in the



key of D it becomes necessary either to lower the D from the pitch it had as re (2) in the key of C, or raise the E. To accomplish this and the other necessary corrections on the piano or organ would necessitate either a retuning of the whole instrument at every change of key, obviously impossible, or the provision of a lot of extra notes, so that we might have several different D's or E's of slightly differing pitch, which could be used as one or the other was needed. This latter plan is that of the organ invented in 1889 by Tanaka, a Japanese, who had studied in Germany. Eight extra notes are introduced in each octave of the keyboard by separating each of the five black keys into two or three parts and by adding one more small black key between the E and F white keys. With this complexity of the finger board the difficulty of execution is, of course, greatly increased in all keys except the "natural" key of C. In the key of C the extra notes are required only in modulation or to play accidentals. To obviate the great difficulties of execution in other keys the whole fingerboard is made to move along up or down so as to connect with higher or lower reeds. All music written for this organ is transposed into the key of C, and then the organ by means of the movable keyboard is adjusted to the original key of the composition. The player, then, by much the same principle as the horn player in the orchestra, always reads from the key of C and changes the pitch of his whole instrument as often as the key of the composition changes. But the ease of execution gained by the movable keyboard is counterbalanced by the great trouble of preparing a transposed score of everything to be played. To be sure, one skilled in transposing at sight and having also complete theoretical knowledge of the pure system might dispense with a transposed copy, but this would seem only possible in the case of quite simple musical compositions.

Still more recently another organ has been invented by a German professor who sought to accomplish the object of pure intervals in all keys without adding to or changing the mechanism of the keyboard, the slight tonal variations being accomplished by a system of stops which at every change of

key brings a new set of reeds into connection with the finger-board. This latter system is said by those familiar with it to be more practical and less dependent upon the theoretical knowledge possessed by the player. It, however, gives no opportunity for perfect accidental chords or brief modulations as does the system of the Japanese student.

What then can we hope as to the practicability of these pure toned instruments? Are the difficulties of manipulation so great as to prevent their benefiting us? We Americans are to find our musical development in an age of keyed instruments. The piano in the present century has fairly beaten the violin, so long supreme, and become not only the great virtuoso instrument, but also *the* instrument of the amateur and the home circle. But it carries with it a continued use of intervals slightly wrong, so slightly wrong that we usually fail to notice the continued error until it is pointed out to us. It is, however, enough to seriously blunt the natural acuteness of the ear's perception, and accustom the hearer to inaccurate and faulty musical thinking. This inaccuracy does not destroy all enjoyment of music, but it certainly limits its highest enjoyment. But more serious than this, such inaccuracy can never lead to good work in musical composition, for no man can really compose music till he has learned to think correctly. Von Buelow has said with characteristic severity that any composer who has derived his notions of chords from hearing them played on a piano is but a vain, self-deceiving impostor.

Not merely for the sake of our present enjoyment, but far more for our future artistic development, would it be a good thing if every person who wishes to play the piano were first given a good course of training with the violin or in singing, that he might appeal to and discover his own ear's wonderfully accurate recognition of pitch before he began to dull it with a tempered piano.

Probably we cannot expect that these evils which come with the piano will be removed or even mitigated by any such invention. Although it is not safe in these days to say that any mechanical difficulty is so great as to be insurmountable by the skill of the inventor, it seems highly improbable,

in view not only of mechanical difficulty of construction and manipulation which would be much greater in the piano than in the organ, but also in view of the slight realization of the existing evil, that practical, pure interval pianos will be constructed. There is, however, one very important sphere where the pure toned key instrument, in spite of its complexity, may and ought to be useful, and that is in training and directing quartet and chorus singers. The common practice in training choruses, of playing through the voice parts, either "to see how it goes" or because the accompaniment is but a duplicate of voice parts, never brings us quite the best results. But with a perfect instrument at hand to give a perfect starting chord, to now and then rectify an error in a middle voice which has spoiled a whole phrase, yet is so slight in itself as to be indistinguishable when the part is studied alone—in such work, in both accompanied and *a capella* choirs, the use of this organ is most helpful.

Though it is, perhaps, too soon to hope for its general introduction in our public schools, it would certainly find there its greatest usefulness. Of course the children would not need to be burdened with the slightest reference to its complexities, but a great point would be gained if from the first they were always given perfect intervals to sing by.

It is to be hoped that these two organs of Tanaka and Prof. Muller will quicken other experimenters in the same field, and that we may as a result of their efforts be less dependent for our musical knowledge and expression upon tempered instruments.

BERLIN.

JOHN C. GRIGGS.

## AMERICAN COMPOSERS OF THE FRONT RANK.

In one point of view there is an element of contradiction in the title placed at the head of this article. For in order to be entitled to a place in the front rank as composer, his works should be characterized by high ideals, and so worthily carried out as to gain recognition at the hands of his contemporaries, if not of later generations. American composers, as a rule, hold rank in America only. To this there are exceptions in both directions. Our writers of the simpler music, such as Lowell Mason, George F. Root, William B. Bradbury, and the like, have a certain currency in England, as writers of music for the uneducated. Two other American composers have attained an encouraging currency in Europe—namely, L. M. Gottschalk and William Mason. The general status of the American composer and his relation to immortality has lately been very well put by Dr. William Mason in a private letter: "Among your 'American Composers of the First Rank' I cannot see that I have any place. Krehbiel wrote me some time since, saying that he wanted some items for Prof. Paine's book. I replied that up to date America had produced no composer of originality, but that if MacDowell grew up in the way he is at present trending we should have a composer of the first rank. I added that all I had to say about my own works was (in a very American fashion) they had now been published and in circulation for from thirty to forty years. The sale had been very steady and increasing. Certainly it had not fallen off. The royalties were about the same, or slightly increasing. They had all, or nearly all of them, been republished in Germany. Several of them were republished in Belgium, and some in England and France, and all this without my permission. These facts have their legitimate inferences and conclusions, which do not need pointing out."

The work now in progress by Prof. John K. Paine is said to contain, among the great representative composers, five American names—his own, and those of Dudley Buck, Arthur Foote, E. A. MacDowell, and George W. Chadwick. The most noticeable feature of this list is the omission of two names which are better known the world through than any of the five on the list—excepting possibly that of E. A. MacDowell—namely, those of L. M. Gottschalk and William Mason. The ground of the omission was, most likely, that inasmuch as these two composers have exercised themselves very little except for the pianoforte, while all the others have written for orchestra, and in the large forms of composition, there was in this fact ground of distinction. The point is not badly taken, in so far as refers to composers of the same period. But it must be remembered that when Gottschalk and Mason began to compose there was not opportunity for an American to gain a hearing in orchestral works.

The career of Gottschalk has been so recently traced in *MUSIC* as to make it unnecessary to discuss it again at this time. He was highly gifted as a melodist and rhythmist. His music had undoubted elements of originality and charm, and he immediately caught the ear of his generation, and of the whole world, for Gottschalk was the first American composer who attained a clear success in Europe. There was nothing forced in this success; it was spontaneous and unquestioned.

Mason, also, distinguished himself almost equally as composer. All his life he has written for piano alone, excepting a few pieces for voice. It is perhaps unknown to the majority of our readers that he has also written quite a number of part songs, which are beautiful and sing delightfully. In his earlier years the voice and part singing were forms of music which was all about him. His father's choir, the chorus of the Boston Academy, and various small clubs, afforded his ear a training enabling him to put his thoughts into this form of expression without loss through mal-adaptation. The time has come when some of these pieces might well be revived. He has also written a few anthems for

church, in strict and devotional style, which are purely classic in spirit and form, for Mason was a pupil of that consummate theorist, Moritz Hauptmann.

When Dr. Mason went to Weimar, in 1850 or so, he had just composed his "*Amitie pour Amitie*," a charming piece which ought to be better known. It is highly melodic and beautifully done. The four hand arrangement is better for common use than that for two hands, as the voices run in such a way as to be difficult for a single pair of hands. Then the second subject consists of sequences in sixths, which require pretty good fingers to play well. But the contrast of subjects is good, the first being spontaneous and melodic, the second harmonic, sequential and intentionally elaborated. Dr. Mason has not been a rapid composer. Scarcely more than one or two pieces a year proceed from his pen. Nevertheless, his works, when bound together, make two quite stout volumes, and there is not one of them but is worthy of respect, and scarcely one which does not command the admiration of every musician who carefully attends to it. If I were to name those which I thought better than the others, I would name almost every piece in the entire collection. They are all so unlike. Mason is not a composer who repeats himself. Take the ever popular "*Silver Spring*," which he composed in 1851, when under the influence of Haberbier, who seemed to have made a great discovery in piano playing in the interlocking passages, which the cadenzas and accompaniments of "*Silver Spring*" fully illustrate. This was the end. He made a great success with the piece, which has been played far and near; but he never wrote another like it, or even remotely resembling it. Or take his two reveries "*At Morning*" and "*At Evening*." Both are charming, and they are not in the least alike in matter or treatment. All that they have in common is the clear cut form, and clever way in which the harmony is treated. Moreover, everything that Mason writes fits the pianoforte. He knows exactly what will lie well under the fingers, and precisely what can be done by touch. Few readers know the range of Mason's serious pieces, like the "*Monody*," the "*Novellete*," "*Scherzo*," "*Ballade*," etc.

They are as clever in their way as Grieg's pieces—and quite as original. Another piece of his, temporarily shelved on account of its difficulty, is "Reverie Poetique." This is perhaps more like something of Henselt's than any work by another composer. It is a lovely theme, beautifully harmonized and arranged, and after the melody has been heard in its entirety it is treated again in certain variation forms partaking of the nature of a trill—very difficult to play well, and like all of Mason's requiring a good piano to make its best effect. It is elevated and highly poetic in style and matter.

Of course it can be thrown against Dr. Mason that he has never composed symphonies or operas, or even oratorios. He never has. Undoubtedly he might have done so quite as well as any other American writer, for he would be a bold critic who would undertake to say where this pre-eminent American musician ought to draw the line. He has musical fantasy, and such cleverness of counterpoint as to be able to improvise a good fugue upon the piano or upon the organ. A musician capable of this has, as Cherubini says, "everything which a good composer ought to know." If he does not write in the large forms, it is because he does not choose to. There is something admirable in the way in which Dr. Mason, having taken his metier as a composer for the piano-forte, has kept to his line. Had his childhood been spent in Europe, or even the New York of 1860 or 1870, he would undoubtedly have written in the large forms.

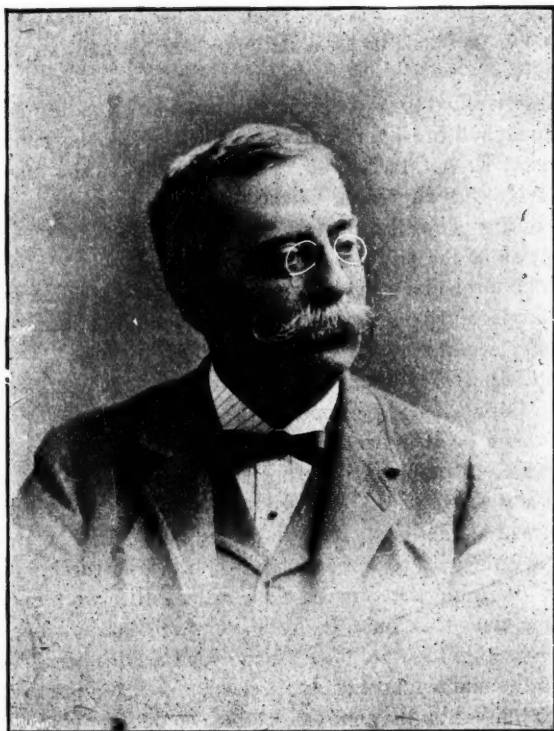
The best feature of the Mason pieces is the elegance of their style. Twenty years ago Dudley Buck remarked, "There is one American writer who always ties up his contrapuntal ends. Every piece of his is finished. It is William Mason. His writing is as elegant as that of any composer I know." We have not seen the last of Mason's pieces. They are destined to have a new life, I am quite sure. They are invaluable as studies for the piano. For this use I could pick out twenty pieces of Mason's which are worthy to stand beside the studies of Chopin or Henselt. They are at the same time new, strong, original, suitable for the piano, and poetic. A student is always better for having been trained



in them. Gottschalk's pieces did not possess this permanent value. They are pastimes, rather than poems. Poetic his melodies often are, and well made, but he never works out a theme. Hence his pieces do not conduce to musicianship in the same sense as those of Mason. They are applicable at an earlier stage of the study, for the purpose of cultivating the sense of melody. Aside from this use in teaching, the works of Gottschalk have only an exceptional value in for study.

Closely allied to Mason in this inner understanding of the pianoforte and in elegant and finished style, is the younger composer, E. A. MacDowell. MacDowell is to the manner born. He has the most finished style of writing for the piano of any American, for in addition to Mason's sensitive perception of the suitable, he has a freer fantasy, and his flights take a wider range. Sometimes, indeed, he is a bit commonplace, as in the second subject of his immensely popular piece the "Witches' Dance" (*Hexentanz*)—I do regret the polyglott tendencies in our American composers. Even Mason has put French titles where plain English would have been more intelligible. But in other places MacDowell is earnest and admirable, as in his first and second suites, which do not need the attribute American to make them attractive. Then there are many smaller pieces which are fully up to some of the best work by foreign composers—meaning the very best. For, whether we like it or not, it is true that only lately have there been American composers able to write fluently and easily, with good style, as if to the manner born. It has been taken for granted in Europe that while they might produce something for which they could be complimented without actual lying, it was never intended to compare their compositions as poetry with the works of the really masterly composers such as Joachim Raff, Liszt, Rubinstein, and the like. MacDowell has the fluency of Raff with more earnestness, and I have no doubt that his works are destined to a long life.

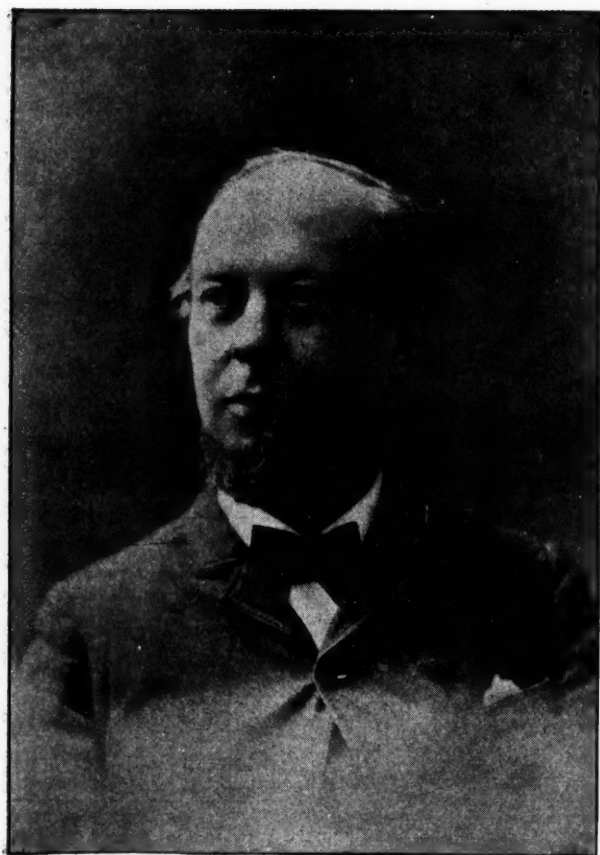
MacDowell also writes for orchestra, and writes extremely well. In fact he is a master of musical expression. His scoring has the same exact knowledge of the effect to be



MR. WILLIAM MASON, Mus. Doc.

expected from the combination, as his presto passages for the pianoforte, where the resulting effect of the passage played fast is almost totally different from the effect of the same passage played slowly—as one thinks it in order to write it. He shows an advance in passage work over Mason, the use of changing notes being more in the style of Chopin or Raff, which was more evasive and poetic, and less direct than Mason's work in this line. But it is not necessary to take up the orchestral works and concertos of this writer, or his chamber music. All that I have heard of it has been very attractive, and if our foreign masters, who control for us our musical diet (by directing all our good concerts) ever get educated to an appreciation of native talent, MacDowell will have as good a chance all over the country as he now has in Boston, where his works are played every winter—almost as freely as if he lived in Europe, or, still better, were dead after having lived in Europe. As Wordsworth says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"—and to American consciousness, heaven and Europe are convertible terms. This memorandum of MacDowell's works would be more complete if one were to give the names of his more important pieces, and those which have been most successful. But existing information is insufficient.

Returning again to our older composers, we may briefly consider the case of Mr. Dudley Buck, who by a curious mischance enjoys a very great reputation which justly belongs to him, while at the same time he almost entirely misses another reputation which also ought to belong to him just as truly. In one line the name of Dudley Buck is beyond question. All leaders of quartette choirs and the finer sort of chorus choirs, have for years been in the habit of turning to him as the best writer for their congregations. There are about seventy of the Episcopal service quartettes, I believe. Then there are two books of Motettes, partly selected and partly original. The original are by far the best. In this respect I happen to remember a curious story. It happened in 1870 that the late Adolph Baumbach and Dudley Buck had each their second book of motettes ready for the press. Both works were turned over to Lyon & Healy for O. Dit-



*Dudley Buck*

son & Co. After some consideration it was agreed that, as Baumbach had great popularity in the west, Lyon & Healy would keep this out, leaving Buck's work, of which little was expected, to Ditson & Co. Buck's writing was thought to be rather too good to sell. The former of these works is substantially done; the Buck Motette collection is still a live book with good selling qualities. I do not think it too much to claim that Dudley Buck has changed the taste of the American church going public in this generation as completely as Lowell Mason did it for his own generation, and the later artist has made quite as great an advance over the status of American church music as he found it. In this line there is no one to dispute the eminence of Mr. Buck.

The following outline of Mr. Buck's history is taken from Mr. George L. Howe's "One Hundred Years of Music in America," with slight changes:

Dudley Buck was born at Hartford, Conn., March 10, 1839. He was not intended for a musician, but at an early age he was put under Mr. J. W. Babcock, of Hartford, where he studied until 1858, when he was sent to Leipzig, where he studied under Plaidy, Julius Reitz, E. F. Richter and Moritz Hauptmann. In 1860 he went to Dresden, there taking organ lessons of Frederick Schneider. In 1861 he went to Paris, giving much time to organ construction and organ improvement. In 1862 he was back in Hartford, where he became organist of one of the churches there. While in this position he published his first Motette Collection, which marked an epoch in American Church music. Following close upon this first motette collection, Mr. Buck began his series of Episcopal church music, of which Mr. Schirmer, of New York, was the publisher. Different series of these have followed, aggregating about seventy works, so that it is safe to say that no other writer is as well known, or has had so much influence in forming public taste. In 1867 Mr. Buck moved to Chicago. He was organist of St. James church, and it was for this choir that he wrote most of the pieces included in his Second Motette Collection. This contains some of Mr. Buck's best work. Ditson & Co. were the publishers of that. In 1871 the great Chicago firm

500 AMERICAN COMPOSERS OF THE FRONT RANK.

burned all of his manuscript and library. He went to Boston, where he was organist in Music Hall, and afterwards to Brooklyn, where he now lives. In 1874 he published his cantata, "Don Munio," for mixed chorus and orchestra.



JOHN KNOWLES PAINE.

Prof. of Music at Harvard University.

The same year he also published his setting of the Forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our Refuge." This was performed for the first time in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society. For the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia in

1876, he wrote "The Centennial Meditation of Columbus." In 1878 he wrote the cantata for mixed chorus and orchestra, "The Nun of Nidaros," and in 1887 the cantata for male chorus, "King Olaf's Christmas." In 1880, his light opera, a comedy, "Deseret"; also the cantata, "The Golden Legend," to words selected from Longfellow. His latest work, "The Light of Asia," founded on Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, was published in 1886.

He has written many songs, two books of organ Studies for Pedal Phrasing, a treatise on "The Art of Choir Accompaniment," and a literary work on "The Influence of the Organ in History."

In addition to this sufficiently honorable list of important works, all the smaller of which have acquired distinguished success, Mr. Buck now has completed a grand opera, upon a national subject. Information on this subject is not yet permitted to be made public, but the writer had the pleasure of hearing extended selections from this work, and greatly admired their strength and beauty. If it ever comes to adequate performance, and repetition, it will undoubtedly place Mr. Buck's reputation as composer in a higher light than it occupies at present. All the works thus far mentioned, it will be noticed, are vocal in character. In this department Mr. Buck embraced the Wagnerian principles long ago, having been one of the first of American admirers and students of that colossal improvisation, Richard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The justness with which his music reflects the spirit of the words is the trait which makes them so permanently attractive. On the other hand, in many of his earlier works, the search for the graphic and emphatic occasionally leads him beyond the boundaries of the musically agreeable. In some of his later church works the same fault occurs again, in consequence of his endearing to avoid traces of some earlier and fortunate treatment of the same text.

Mr. Arthur Foote is one of the younger composers who has established for himself a peculiarly solid position. Born of a good old New England family, in 1853, graduated from Harvard in 1874, he developed his musical talent entirely in Boston, under the teaching of Mr. B. J. Lang and Prof.



John K. Paine. Mr. Foote has been rather a prolific composer, and his writings cover a wide range. For example, there are something more than twenty-five pieces, of various dimensions, for the piano; fifteen or twenty songs; three pieces for 'cello and piano; a string quartette which has been played with marked success; three characteristic pieces for violin and pianoforte; a suite for string orchestra; one or two overtures, of which his "In the Mountains" has often been heard; and certain works for chorus and solos, in cantata style, including two settings of the "Te Deum," and a cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." In another part of this issue of *MUSIC* will be found further notice of certain of Mr. Foote's compositions in a different direction. His piano pieces, without being quite as spontaneous as those of MacDowell, are well made and thoroughly useful for purposes of instruction. In fact, if one charge might be made against Mr. Foote's tone poetry more easily than another, it would be that it is perhaps a trifle too intellectual. But it is always sound music, which any one is better for hearing or playing. Personally Mr. Foote is one of the most charming of men, cultivated, quiet, and capable. He is an able teacher of the pianoforte, and a good organist.

The youngest of the composers on the present list is Mr. George W. Chadwick, one year younger than Mr. Foote, was was educated in music at Leipsic and Munich, whence he returned in 1880. Mr. Chadwick has confined himself rather more to the larger forms of composition than any other of our young composers. His list of works includes at least two if not three symphonies, several string quartettes, one for piano and strings, a trio, and several overtures. Lately he has written a considerable number of songs. His newest work is the cantata or ode, for the inauguration celebration of the Columbian Exposition, to be given October 21, 1892.

I am well aware that it is a sort of injury to a composer to speak about him when one knows so little really about his works as I do about those of Mr. Chadwick. But for this, fate must be my excuse. I have never heard one of them played, nor have I taken the time to read one through.

I merely desire to go on record as one who anticipates great pleasure later in hearing some of these compositions, which have been so generally well received by critical audiences wherever they have been given.

Chadwick seems from all accounts to have plenty of originality, and the point remaining to be demonstrated is as to the range of his poetical qualities. His handling of the large forms is generally well spoken of. He lives in Boston and conducts a musical society in Springfield, Mass., where he accomplishes some excellent work.

There are many other composers native to this country who might well occupy our attention, and will at a later season. The lot of the American composer who ventures upon these large forms is not as yet an easy one. Even if he is so fortunate as to get a publisher it is apt to be rather difficult to get enough performances to permit the beauties of the work to come home to the hearers, for every original work absolutely requires time to be comprehended and appreciated.

---

### SHE PLAYED A PART.

She played. Apart we sat in rapt delight,  
 All chatter hushed and gossip put to flight:  
 What was the piece? I really forget!  
 A fugue perhaps, a nocturne, canzonet—  
 In music-love I am no learned wight.

But this I know, withal my learning's slight:  
 Deft was her execution and aright;  
 And later, in a rollicking duet  
 She played a part.

All done she turned about, and then, despite  
 The distance of my seat—distracting plight,  
 I caught a flash of lace, a gleam of jet:  
 A long-drawn, sweet, deep sigh—our eyes had met;  
 In my life's musicale from that dear night  
 She played a part.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

## MUTUAL RELATIONS OF PARENTS, PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

The music teacher is always anxious to have the pupils learn rapidly and well, and he is constantly doing what he can to bring this about. But if the teacher succeeds in doing his work he must have the co-operation of the parents at all points, and he must be fully sustained by them in the course of study that he plans for the pupil.

If the pupil should happen to take a dislike to any part of his lesson, it is just as necessary that he should learn the disliked part thoroughly and well, as its more pleasing portions, for if the teacher should once make a change to suit the whim or fancy of the pupil, a great and permanent harm is done him, because it would lead him henceforth to spend his time in fault finding and criticism of the lesson, rather than in its true and effective study. Many times a piece is not pleasing until it is correctly played in its true tempo; therefore, the pupil must be required to perfect the piece before allowing himself to consider if it especially pleases him or not.

It should be remembered that the pupil has but a limited knowledge of music, and of course he is not competent to judge about the quality of a piece, for he has heard and learned but little music, and his taste is not cultivated; how then can he pass any but a worthless opinion upon the art-value of a composition?

In pursuing a course in music, the pupil is not capable of selecting the pieces that he should practice, for no point in successful teaching is of more importance than the pieces given for instruction. If the pupil is to make satisfactory progress, he must have pieces especially adapted to his peculiar needs, pieces that will refine his taste and improve his technic as well as please his fancy; but if poor and illy

selected pieces are given him, he not only throws away his time and work, but loses the tuition he pays his teacher. One reason for this is that one student will excel in brilliant pieces, another in grand, powerful and emphatic music, still another in sweet and quiet compositions. In the careful selection of pieces the teacher considers the above mentioned and many other important points, all of which are necessary for the development of taste, technic and musicianship in his pupils.

Again, it is very important to the pupil's advancement and to the teacher's reputation, that the latter shall decide what pieces the pupil shall learn. Parents and pupils should both remember that the teacher has something higher in view than simply to give pretty or ear-tickling pieces. Parents having given the teacher so much confidence as to employ him, should also leave him the selection of the pieces that are to be studied; and furthermore, the parent should see that the pupil does thorough work on them, believing that the teacher has given such music as is well worthy of the pupil's best efforts in learning.

The development and cultivation of taste in the pupil occupies a large share of the teacher's work; because of this the teacher will give much classical music and many pieces of the modern romantic school, and the contents of some of these selections will be more or less obscure; they will not have a transparent melody, but as taste improves the pupil's opinion of such compositions will change from indifference to admiration.

There is very little truth in the commonly held idea of a difference in taste as regards what is good and what is not good in music; on the contrary, cultivated musicians are quite agreed as to what is the best music, therefore, for a pupil to at once condemn a piece that his teacher has given him, is an insult to the teacher's knowledge, taste and honesty. To say the least of such conduct on the part of a pupil, it is to the teacher extremely annoying.

The pupil should be careful not to set himself against liking a piece, for his teacher is giving him the best music the circumstances will allow. If the pupil refuses or neg-

lects to learn what has been selected he loses much valuable time and the cost of a lesson, and, too, he could have learned enough from the piece to have doubly paid him for his work on it, and he would have been able to play it so well as to have liked the selection before the coming of his next lesson hour. The pupil surely can see that it is folly for him to condemn a composition before he has mastered its technic, phrasing and expression, and he can also see that it will be wise for him to trust his teacher's cultivated taste and superior judgement rather than his own crude likes and dislikes.

Popular taste in musical matters is fast improving, so much so that the style of music given by our best teachers is now very much better than that used a generation ago. For this reason it is not economy to waste the pupil's time by practicing on old style dances and marches, or by using old and obsolete instruction books that were strummed over by some member of the family years ago. It is impossible nowadays to get pupils interested in such antiquated music. In this connection, it will be worth while to remark, that a pupil's advancement and interest go hand in hand, and nothing helps more in awakening and sustaining interest than the right kind of music.

That a sufficient quantity of good sheet music should cost such a large amount is one of the unpleasant experiences of teachers as well as of parents. Especially is this annoying to those who are paying all that they can afford for music lessons, and really have little or no money for the extra expense of this part of a musical education. Yet, if his instruction is to be economically effective, the teacher must give a sufficient amount of music to make the study of his pupil fresh and full of interest if he is to attain success. It can be truly said that the pupil's time is too valuable and that tuition costs too much to be thrown away either on a scant allowance of good music or in the use of pieces that are antiquated in style. Let it be remembered that no pupil can become a fine and artistic performer through the study of common and inexpressive music. From the self-evident fact that music is studied for the enjoyment it gives, it seems pass-

ing strange that parents should suggest pieces for the child to study that they would be ashamed to have a friend hear played in their home, especially, now that musical taste is so far in advance of what it was but a few years ago.

It is the physician's place to prescribe remedies for his own patients, and why not as truly the teacher's business to say what piece he desires to have their child learn. They should consult with the teacher and he, if the piece is at all within the capabilities of the pupil, should give it as a lesson, and this he will be pleased to do if such requests do not come too often. Still the fact remains, that with the same quality and amount of practice and teaching on a well chosen piece, the pupil can make more true advancement, and in this can be seen a reason for employing none but superior teachers, for the best teachers make a special study of this part of their work, but the mind of the amateurs is taken up with social and trivial affairs, and indeed, such teachers cannot think out and plan helps and special points for the improvement of their pupils, any more than a person knowing nothing of the properties of medicines or the symptoms of disease could prescribe the correct remedy for a patient. Choice plants and shrubs need skillful and careful culture, but if the gardner knows so little of their nature, habits and wants as to treat them wrongly, and in a way that allows them to wither and die, he might as well have done no cultivating, and so spared his pains and saved his employer the cost of his wages and the loss of the plants.

Good teachers do not solicit pupils or canvass for them, but they depend upon the quality of their work to increase their classes, and this implies that parents and pupils who appreciate their teacher should go to the trouble of speaking well of him to their musical friends, and thus show him their estimate of his talent, skill, and services, by furthering his interests, and meantime be doing their neighbors a good turn by inducing them to employ a superior teacher. The writer will just suggest here that teachers enjoy being paid their tuition fees promptly.

An important suggestion is that parents should never criticise the teacher in the hearing of his pupil, for this would

prevent the teacher from having any further influence over him during the lesson hour, because a word of condemnation by the parent is so influential. A practical carrying out of this idea implies that if the pupil complains of hard lessons, or that his teacher requires too much of him, the parent should fully and promptly sustain the teacher; but if it is thought that the pupil's strength is overtaxed, the teacher should be spoken to about it privately.

It is desirable to occasionally have a confidential talk with your teacher, and learn of him how the pupil is progressing, and get hints as to how you can help your child toward better work.

When the pupil is far enough advanced to play pieces, he should have his best ones well in hand by frequent practice, so that he may always play acceptably whenever called upon. This very important part of the child's course in music necessarily falls upon the parents.

If the pupil is invited to play upon any special occasion outside of his teacher's class, parents should advise with their teacher regarding it as early as possible, so that he may give instruction and help toward perfecting the piece selected.

When a child begins the study of music, he should fully understand that he cannot put off, or miss, either his practice or lessons for any and every trifling excuse; that nothing but illness and the regular vacations shall ever keep him from his music. Nothing is more detrimental to the pupil's advancement than irregular lessons and insufficient practice. By such hinderances all interest is lost, and advancement comes to a standstill, and practice becomes irksome instead of a pleasure. While if he knows that he *must* practice and take his lessons regularly, he will feel obliged to have them learned, and the better he can play his lesson the more pleasure it affords him.

With irregular lessons he not only learns little or nothing but forgets that which he learned before. The lesson hour will have to be given to review work, because the next step in advance depends on the present one being thoroughly learned. Interest and enthusiasm, without which there is



no advancement, require frequent and regular lessons. And let it be clearly understood that these indispensable elements to success are the best secured by a frequent personal intercourse with a good teacher. The longer the time between lessons the poorer they are learned, and from the above facts it may be clearly seen why more than one lesson a week, as well as regular lessons, are a necessity in securing the best results, because a large part of a teacher's work is in keeping the pupil interested and enthusiastic, and these essentials, like all emotional experiences, fade quickly.

Sending word that the pupil will not take a lesson, does not save either the teacher or pupil from its loss. So far as it concerns the teacher, he loses the tuition of the hour, and when making up the lost lesson he is devoting to the pupil two hours for the pay of one hour, and this is not just. When a teacher is engaged it is a bargain in which both the teacher and the parent have a part to fulfil, and such a bargain is as truly a contract, in which both parties have a duty and responsibility, as though it were a mercantile transaction; therefore if for any cause other than illness a lesson is missed, both law and equity say: Pay the teacher the same as if the lesson had been taken. This is just, for we must remember that the teacher lives by his profession, and a missed lesson is as much a loss as if its tuition fee had been picked from his pocket.

Furthermore, if parents decide at the commencement of their child's course in music upon the right course in this matter, there will be but few lessons missed and little practice lost, and encouragement and advancement will go happily on, and when the term is ended there will be so marked a gain in the pupil's musical skill and knowledge that it will be a pleasure to give the teacher the money he has so well earned, while on the other hand, if there have been irregular work and lessons, even if the teacher has generously made up the lessons that were missed, yet they have been so far apart that there has been little or no interest and less advancement, and this will make paying for them like throwing away money, notwithstanding the teacher has worked

hard under discouraging circumstances and at a loss to his professional reputation.

If for any cause the pupil has lost a part of his practice still it is best for him to take his lesson regularly. Want of practice is often an excuse for missing lessons, but the teacher can do much for the pupil, even if the lesson is but poorly learned, by starting anew and giving him a higher ideal to work from; the teacher can also talk upon musical subjects; these will add to his pupil's knowledge and increase his interest in music, for be it remembered that it is in personal contact with the teacher that the pupil gets inspiration for better work. In fact, because the lesson is *not* learned is the best reason why the pupil should take his lesson and be set right in its further study, and be turned from a wrong practice of it, which would be worse than no practice.

No good teacher desires to retain a careless pupil, because he will never make satisfactory progress. The tuition-fee is not a compensation to the teacher for the annoyance he experiences with this class of pupils. No teacher can afford the risk to his professional reputation that comes through negligent pupils, because they are not doing his instruction justice.

First, get a good teacher, and second, see that your child does both a good quantity and quality of practice, especially the latter; and lastly, as far as possible, have every lesson taken regularly; and, as a parting word, remember that a good teacher's best work can only be made available in the pupil's interest when the parents heartily second the teacher's efforts.

CHAS. W. LANDON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

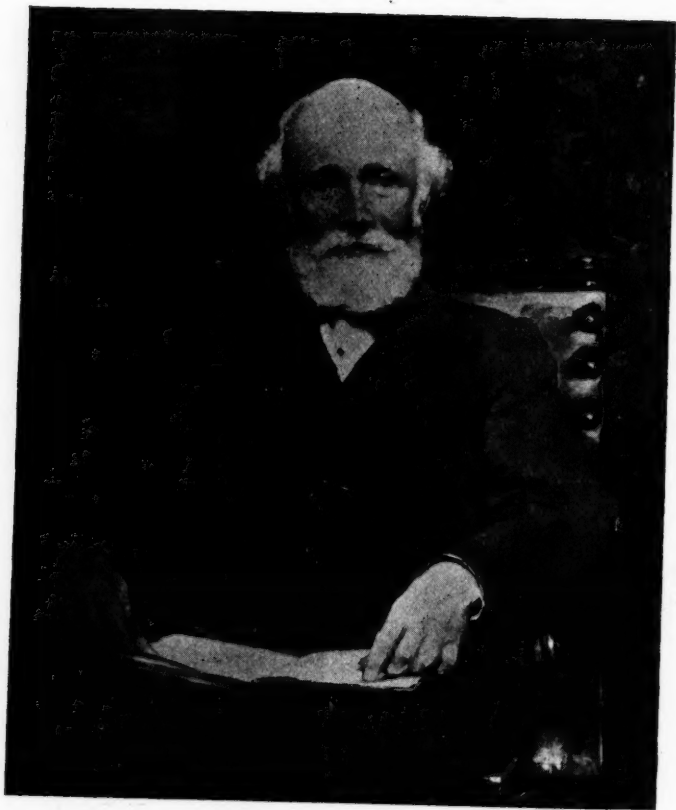
## LETTER FROM MR. JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Yours of the 7th inst. gives me a host of things to think about; a greater weight than I am able well to bear; hence my delay in answering. I have received MUSIC regularly until this last, nor do I find it at the St. Botolph Club.

The portrait of me I hope does not look like me. The book from which you took it I have never seen, but I recognize the source of it. Ten or twelve years ago, I should think, Mr. Louis Golson hurried me away to a photographer to get an "instantaneous" picture for some work which he was preparing in haste, and that was the result. It got copied around without leave or approval of mine, and so, I suppose, floated into Mr. Howe's hands. It is very coarse and grinny. A better one was taken from Miss Caroline A. Cranch's full length oil painting of me (now hanging in this room—the Harvard Musical Association room) made about five or six years ago. A very good photograph was made from that, but I have no copy left. The last one I loaned to an agent of the World's Fair, to be copied for the Massachusetts book thereof, but perhaps I can get some more copies printed.

Your article is in error in some points. The first number of the Journal appeared April 10th, 1852, instead of 1853. You make me a graduate of Harvard about the same time as Mr. Emerson and Dr. Channing. I graduated in 1832, Emerson in 1821 and Dr. Channing in 1798. I occupied a Unitarian pulpit, *i.e.*, I was settled, only a little more than one year, in Northampton, Mass., but I preached here and there about seven years. The Harvard Musical Association did not give musical evenings at all in Cambridge; for "several seasons" of Symphony concerts, say seventeen, etc.

As to coming to the Fair, alas, I feel that my time is past for all such enterprises. I shudder at the thought of



MR. JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.  
(After Miss Cranch's Portrait.)

such a crowd and such excitement. No doubt there will be a splendid array of buildings and the best of everything, the last word of every department of human activity will be presented, and all placed in intelligent relation with everything else, so that it will be a rare opportunity to compare, to study and to learn, but in my enfeebled age and nervousness, it is more than I could bear. Besides, you lay out subjects on such an exhaustive scale; your musical congress, for instance, is so vast, so comprehensive in its sweep, that it looks to me impracticable. Does music progress in that way? Can we begin with mapping out all the categories of musical thought and then come together and consult how we are going to fill them? I am afraid it will be mere words and empty boxes. It is dealing too much with mere abstractions. Anyhow, if I were young I should feel great desire to go into it, but now I am unstrung, I am old, old! The thing wanted for music is some genius,—some Beethovens, Bachs, Mozarts. Theories will not make men, *they* make the theories. Your auxiliary congresses seem like lifting oneself by his own ears; but there is time yet to think of this.

I am sorry to be able to help you so little with regard to the early pianists in Boston. I hardly think we had any of much account so early as 1840. Herz I regard of little consequence, and two or three other "finger-knights" were flitting about here and off again. There was one John Lange, who died here after playing in some chamber concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, who was a sound classical pianist, and played in quartettes, trios of Beethoven, etc. The brothers Rackemann were in New York some time in the '40s with Scharfenberg. The older brother, Louis, came first, a very nervous man of high refinement and culture, who afterwards died in London, I think. His brother Frederich Wilhelm came a little later and staid, a very successful teacher, spending his summers in Lenox, where he married. He was a strong, robust fellow, and a charming companion, intimate with Stephen Heller, Berlioz, and others before he came. These brothers, as far as I know, introduced in this country "the higher art of piano play-

ing," and first taught us to know Thalberg, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Heller and Beethoven. Dresel came to New York for three or four years in their time; he returned to Germany, and in 1852 (the year of my Journal) came over permanently to Boston, where he died two years ago. He was altogether the most of an artist in spirit, genius, and culture that we had, although he never regarded himself *technically* equal to some others. But he exerted the greatest influence, although shy and reserved to a fault. Then there were Leonhardt, Lang, Parker, Alfred Jaell, Perabo, etc., a really distinguished lot.

You will find more about them in the "Memorial History of Boston," Vol. IV, in an article of mine on the History of Music in Boston. I presume you have it in your library. I will also see if I can find an obituary I wrote of Dresel, and send it to you. Perhaps something further will occur to me.

I am a lazy fellow, to be sure, and seem to have lost my mind, but I will yet try to write out my thoughts about Wagner. The trouble is that caring so little about his music I have not studied it as I should. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and the masters, and therefore am really diffident when it comes to talking about him.

So much for the present. I will write you soon again. I may have a plan to revive about collecting some of my old papers in a book. Always glad to hear of your success,  
I am

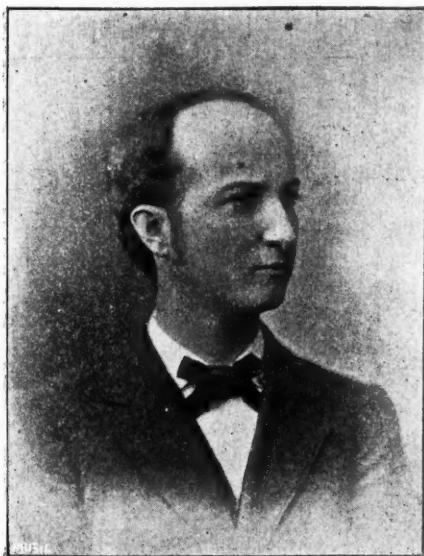
Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

## AN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER MAN.

Among the musical critics of the daily press, last month, one very important name of this city was omitted—namely, that of Mr. Geo. B. Armstrong, of the *Chicago Evening Post*. Mr. Armstrong is the eldest son of the late Geo. B. Armstrong, who established the railway postoffice service, thereby placing the entire country under an important obligation. Mr. Armstrong was born in Baltimore, and entered journalism in 1873, as musical editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, in which position he continued until 1882. He



MR. GEO. B. ARMSTRONG.

then resigned in order to accept an important appointment in Dakota, connected with the land office. Upon the expiration of his term of service in this position he went to Detroit, to accept a position as musical critic and editorial writer upon the *Free Press*. There he remained three years, when upon the establishment of the *Chicago Evening Post*, he was invited to assume an editorial position upon its staff. Six months later, upon the resignation of Mr. Reginald DeKoven, Mr. Armstrong succeeded to his proper sphere. In handling the musical inter-



ests of the city he has shown a disposition to be helpful and appreciative. He is held in very high estimation by all who have occasion to become acquainted with him, excepting perhaps that, on the whole, rather large portion of the public, those who desire to succeed to his place.

In addition to his work as musical critic, Mr. Armstrong writes what is called "The Saunterer's Column," which contains a vast amount of interesting matter—personal and impersonal, local and general. As a writer he is easy, unassuming and agreeable, and at the same time intelligent. But when one thinks what an array of books the ten years' literary work of this versatile writer would have made, one is tempted to inquire, as in many other newspaper cases, whether a better disposition of the "grey matter" might not have left some permanent record in our literature. This, however, is another question.

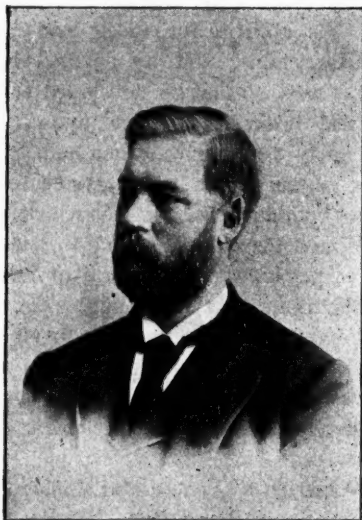
## CHARLES WOOLWORTH LANDON.

The recent removal of Mr. Chas. W. Landon from Philadelphia, where he was lately the editor of the "*Etude*," to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he is dean of the faculty of the Musical Conservatory, makes an introduction to the western readers of *Music* apropos. Mr. Landon was born in Connecticut, in 1846. His appetite for music and his talent for it were alike incontestable, and he devoted his early years to study and practice, so that he developed into a competent instructor and interesting player upon the piano and organ at a very early age. Even then he began to manifest the talent for system which has always characterized his work. He kept commonplace books in which he noted down everything of importance appertaining to every day's work. Into these receptacles went all sorts of facts and suggestions likely to be useful at a later time. Every troublesome pupil's case went upon the record, together with the various devices of treatment, and their success or non-success. And so it was not long before this industrious young man began to command the respect due the work of a close and systematic observer.

After fourteen years experience as successful teacher of the piano at Plainville, Conn., and Penn Yan, N. Y., he was called to the directorship of the musical department in the college at Claverack on the Hudson. This he organized into a conservatory of music, and here he remained for six years or more, with great success. Among the useful works he performed while in this position, aside from the regular duties of his office, was that of organizing the New York State Music Teachers' Association, in which Mr. Landon has always been a prominent figure. As the portrait shows, he is man with a good executive face, of imposing physique, and manners of a gentleman. He would attract attention and carry weight in any body of teachers. He has been

very successful as a lecturer, his repertory in this direction embracing a three years' course in Musical History and Literature. He has also many upon methods and principles of teaching.

In the *Etude* he hardly had a fair opportunity of showing what he might under other circumstances have accomplished as editor, since the *Etude* had a large constituency of correspondents, and a well settled policy of its own, which the proprietor and real editor-in-chief, Mr. Theodore Presser, insisted upon carrying out. Nevertheless, it was generally



PROF. CHAS. W. LANDON.

thought that Mr. Landon's work added materially to the scope and comprehensiveness of the paper, and his resignation of the editorship in June of this year was unexpected.

At Grand Rapids Mr. Landon will have a splendid opportunity of distinguishing himself. The newly organized conservatory there has a very strong faculty, as will appear from the advertisement elsewhere exhibited,

and the city itself is enterprising and wealthy. A man of Mr. Landon's capacity and disposition cannot but be very useful in a field of this kind.

As a writer Mr. Landon has undertaken a number of important works. One of these is a study of musical expression, as to its fundamental principles, upon which subject he has an elaborate work in preparation, which he intends to publish at no distant day. He has also nearly ready for the press a book called "Helpful Hints to Music Teachers and Pupils,"—the same being practical suggestions:

for directing music study at home. He has also written upon the Tonic Sol-Fa, of which he has been an intelligent and influential advocate; and many other subjects of a practical character. All his work shows high aims, intelligence, and good judgement. It is proper to add that among the teachers of Mr. Landon have been Dr. Wm. Mason, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, and others of nearly similar eminence. On the whole, the best characterization that one could give this capable teacher would be that of a level-headed, intelligent man of affairs, with a certain amount of missionary spirit, who believes that music belongs among the world's most precious instrumentalities for good. Such a man, give him time enough, is bound to make a record. M.

## BALLADE.

The bluet and the violet—  
The violet and bleuet,  
They twined in witching interfret,  
'Twas beautiful to view it.  
The cloud of flowers through it  
The meadow made so gay,  
I couldn't help but do it—  
I stole a kiss from May.

"A motif for a triolet—  
'Tis written, if I rue it,"  
"That is," said May, "if I will let  
My name be coupled to it.  
If everybody knew it  
Was make-believe, I'd say—"  
But ere she could pursue it,  
I stole a kiss from May.

"That's twice," she cried, and in a pet  
Her arm from mine she drew it,  
But as she turned to fly, oh let  
Men as they will construe it;  
Let homely maids beshrew it  
I'm not the less au fait,  
I hug the thought and woo it—  
I stole a kiss from May.

## ENVOY.

"A triolet," 'twas true wit,  
And though the wit was gray,  
I stole with that to cue it  
A ballad's worth from May

PHILIP BACKON

## CURRENT TOPICS.

---

### MR. KELSO EXPLAINS.

Several typographical mistakes, in my article entitled "Psychological Technic" in the last (August) issue of "Music" place me in a wrong light. On page 347 the sentence beginning, "The vital element of the psychic being" etc., extending to the sentence reading "The emotional element is passionate" etc., should read as follows "The Vital element of the psychic being is sensitive and instinctive. It manifests itself in the phenomena of life. He tastes, smells, sees and hears.

The mental element of the psychic being is intellectual, and reflective. It manifests itself in the phenomena of mind He thinks, perceives, remembers, imagines and reasons."

On page 352—Fig. 1 of the hand diagrams is upside down.

The three cuts on page 353 should be numbered Fig. 4.

The three cuts on page 354 should be numbered Fig. 3.

In the sentence on 353 the word "gradually" should be omitted in the sentence being "The muscles can move the bones" etc.

On page 352 the sentence beginning "The 'four and five' finger side" etc., should read: "The fourth and fifth etc.

Following the sentence on page 350 which reads "Climaxes and passionate outbursts etc., is omitted a very important statement namely, "It is not always necessary that such broad gestures from the shoulder as are used in oratory should be used in piano playing, as the energy can be brought from the shoulder, the vital center, also the mental or emotional centers or various combinations of the Vital, mental emotion without "tearing passion to tatters."

This knowledge of the psychological divisions of the arm gives clear and exact reasons for the use of the upper, forearm, wrist and fingers in piano playing, a subject which has heretofore been misty, and formulates thoroughly the principles of all varieties of touch.

Yours very Truly,

Chicago, Sept. 5th 1892.

H. A. Kelso, Jr.

---

—APROPPOS to the article on "Psychological Technic" Mr. Kelso has received from the eminent Boston master, Mr. B. J. Lang, the following, interesting from the eminence of the author, the intrinsic importance of the subject, and as an illustration of the fact that once in a while an older musician manifests appreciation of the work of a younger one: Mr. Lang writes:

BOSTON, Aug 27, '92.

Dear Sir:

I desire for one to thank you for your, to me, most satisfactory article in *MUSIC*, entitled "Psychological Technic." You are clear, consistent and firm of tread on a subject that so often baffles the most well meaning. You do not say in one sentence what undoes all that you have expressed in another. Consistent and clear, and quite above reproach I find the whole article, for which I trust you will find your reward.

(Signed)

B J. LANG.

---

---APROPPOS to the discussion of "Jenny Lind and the Old Songs" a program of the time, lately come to hand, shows that at the great farewell concerts of Jenny Lind in Castle Garden, New York, when a vast audience was gathered, she sang the following: "Hear ye, Israel" from "Elijah," "Ah non giunge" from "Sonnambula", "Batti, Batti" from "Don Giovanni," and several lighter selections. This is by no means quite down to the level of the Patti. But then Jenny Lind in 1852 had a voice and could sing. She was also an artist. This makes a difference; Patti used to be a singer, but except in a rather small *genre* she never was an artist.



—ONE of the objects which the Society of Music Extension has much at heart is the promotion of local circles working in some province of music for a specific object—such as the lives and works of certain composers, an epoch in musical history, department in musical literature, a general knowledge of this particular school of music, as to its ideals, its principal works, and the range covered by its leading composers. Regular reading of along a distinct line, assisted by well played and sung recitals of music representing the epoch under consideration, if kept up for a few years, would materially re-create the musical taste of any small town or city. In this connection it is to be remembered that the public taste is not created by the many, but by the few, provided the few have discretion. Of course, there are fads in music as well as in other branches of knowledge, but the preference of the works of the great tone poets to those of ephemeral writers is not a fad, but simply a token of intelligence and musical feeling. To properly appreciate the greatest music does not necessarily imply that the amateur should ignore or undervalue the smaller. We all like Shakespeare, but this does not hinder our liking Longfellow, and many smaller poets, whose works, after all, we mention oftener than we read them. Lectures, recitals, and intelligent study of music are among the principal ends desired to be subserved by the Music Extension. In this spirit it may be mentioned that quite a number have entered their names, and are now at work under the direction of the society. In the next issue of *MUSIC* the subject will receive more attention.

---

—THE array of great musicians promises to be somewhat imposing at the Columbian Exposition. Thus far the greatest of French composers has signified his intention of being present, M. Camille Saint-Saëns, and now comes word from the greatest of living English composers, and it may be added, the greatest composer that England has known in a century, Dr. A. C. MacKenzie, will also be here. These distinguished visitors will conduct programmes of their own works.

THE New York musicians seem to have gone off at half cock, as it were, concerning the prospect of Mr. Thomas inviting them and their societies to appear formally at the Fair. Invitations have already been given the Boston orchestra with Mr. Nickisch, to be heard here, and the invitation has been accepted. Mr. Thomas earnestly desires to have the New York Philharmonic society here, of course with their regular conductor, whoever he may happen to be next year. This year it is Mr. Anton Seidl. Should he be re-elected next year, he will undoubtedly appear here. Mr. Walter Damrosch has been invited with his oratorio society, which is perhaps the leading choral society in New York. The symphony society, while an important organization, could not of course be invited as representative, considering the long and remarkably honorable history of the Philharmonic, which was a candle lighted in a very dark place, more than half a century ago.

---

—THE New York Philharmonic was a great society as far back as 1852, the leading musical organization in the western world. Its president was H. C. Timm, and one of the most honored members was Mr. Wm. Scharfenberg. Timm sometimes played the drum, and Scharfenberg ministered on the cymbals. Both these artists often played the solo piano in concertos at the society concerts. In fact Timm was the first elegant pianist who lived in New York. Scharfenberg also was a very scholarly player.

---

### CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS ON SCHUMANN.

A sort of musical Alfred de Musset, Schumann is the man of exquisite things: he knows how to be great in little things and in small tasks. Incapable of writing such a work as "Elijah," he has completely beaten Mendelssohn in the song and music for piano. For him who knows the "Forest Scenes" and "Kreisleriana" the celebrated "Songs without Words" are but shadows. Where Mendelssohn has painted water colors, Schumann has graven cameos.

*"Harmonie et Melodie"*

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NINE KLAVIER-STUDIEN FÜR DEN MUSICALISCHEN VORTRAG UND ZUR TECHNISCHEN ENTWICKELUNG. Componirt von Arthur Foote. Op. 27. Boston and Leipsig: Arthur P. Schmidt 30 pp. 4 Marks.

Or in plain English:

NINE PIANOFORTE STUDIES, FOR MUSICAL EXPRESSION AND TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT. By Arthur Foote. Op. 27. Boston, 1892.

Here we have something entirely more than a set of exercises. Mr. Foote is one of the best American composers, against whom the only possible criticism is that he thinks perhaps a trifle more than he feels, although his compositions are many of them poetic and extremely well done—not to say successful with the public. Moreover he writes for orchestra and chamber combinations, so that whatever he may choose to offer for the piano alone will still be the result of musical thinking having in it much more than mere exercise or mere piano playing. This work is the first of many others in the same department which we may expect to get from our younger writers, as soon as the utilitarian consideration weans them off from the national hallucination that the first duty of man is to write a grand opera—which under existing circumstances he cannot hope to hear performed.

The best idea that a review can give of the kind of technical and expressive effect aimed at in these studies, will be derived from the themes, and a sample of the treatment in each case. No. 1 begins as follows:



This motive is treated in a variety of ways, and a really enjoyable piece is made out of it. In the second part the left hand has the runs. It belongs in the last part of the 4th grade, or the first part of the fifth.

No. 2 is a romanza upon the following theme:



This, as the reader will see, is an excellent study in legato with the melody fingers, and fingers staccato with the accompaniment. In measure twenty-one the bass begins a quasi contrapuntal figure, staccato, two against one, which adds materially to the interest of the resumed theme. Fourth grade.

No. 3 is an arpeggio study with melody carried by the pedal, on the following theme:



In the second part the left hand has the arpeggio, out of considerations of equity, rather than those of æsthetic.

No. 4 is a very troublesome one, and it is very easy to make a mistake as to the rhythm intended. The theme is this:



The first misleading element is the rhythm, which according to the time signature should be two dotted halves in the measure, whereas the pupil is almost sure to play it three halves to the measure—making a very different effect. Another element in which the pupil may easily go astray is the treatment of the melody. The pedal marking indicates that it is to be substantially legato, each tone connecting with the next following melody tone. The melody tones are to be produced by means of an arm touch. In the second part of this study, that admirable Boston sense of justice leads the author to give the arpeggios to the left hand. Useful fifth grade.

No. 5 is still more difficult, inasmuch as it deals with double thirds and sixths. It is dedicated to Mr. Emil Liebling, who excels in this sort of technic, and the dedication is one of those things which tend to make a prudent student delegate the playing to some one else, unless he is quite sure of his standing. The theme is this:





Fortunately the left hand has been mercifully spared.

Number six is an octave study on a theme which, unfortunately our engraver missed. It is a good theme.

Later the left hand has opportunity, and there are interlocking effects requiring a degree of equality in both hands. The middle part of this study is legato in A major, requiring legato octaves in the right hand and well managed voice playing in the left. The finale, also, is brilliant. Last part of the fifth grade or sixth.

No. 7 is a study with a melody tone and a trill in the same hand, well written and musical. The theme is this:



Later the melody changes to the fifth finger of the right hand, as thus:



No. 8 is designated as a pedal study, though why this emphasis upon an element of technic which has already been essential to more than one of the previous studies it might not be obvious to say. The theme is this:



No. 9 is a study in double touches of all sorts, with emphasis on

the sixths and other intervals larger than thirds. Theme:  
Its grade is 6th:



SUITE ROMANTIQUE. By August Hyllested. Or Sketches from the  
Tomb of Margaret, Queen of Denmark, Sweden and Norway,  
135I-1412.

No. 1. THE TROUBADOR. A flowing, sentimental movement,  
beginning thus:



By no means easy to play, but melodious and richly harmonized.  
Very broad and noble. Requiring a manly touch and deep  
sentiment.

No. 2. HUNTING SCENE. A light and playful movement, in  
which the horn effects are found mainly in the middle parts, while  
the buoyant, mirthful swing of the six-eight movement is empha-  
sized in the treble, as thus:





The second subject is slower, as the if hunt paused for a while, and among the guests smaller circles arranged themselves, in which sentiment rather than the chase occupied their attention.



NO. 3. IN THE ROSE GARDEN. (60 cents.) Here sentiment still more prevails. The scent of the roses, and the occasional bowers of fragrant shade; predispose to the more delicate touches of feeling. As thus:



NO. 4. THE JESTER. (\$1.00.) Here the spirit of joviality prevails, and the music falls into the strain of some antique dance,



perhaps a rigadon, where the couples hurry and skurry through the complicated figures, and fun rules the spirit of the hour.



Occasionally the fun waxes very furious, and brilliant cadenzas fall to the lot of the unwary player. After a time there is a lull, but later again the fun resumes.

**TOUCH AND TECHNIC. VOL. I, THE TWO FINGER EXERCISES; VOL. IV, OCTAVES AND BRAVOURA.** By William Mason, Mus. Doc. Op. 44. Philadelphia, 1892. Theodore Presser. Each volume \$1.00. Sheet music discount.

With these two volumes Dr. Mason has completed an entirely new statement of his system of technics for the pianoforte, the general features of which have been mentioned in former numbers of *MUSIC*. So far as the writer is aware, Mason's "Touch and Technic" is the first system of technics in which the material or mechanism of musical playing has been placed foremost. The first point in the Mason system is the formation of a good touch, by which he means the mechanism of producing a musical and expressive quality of tone, suitable for melody and all those moments of musical compositions in which the expression of soul is the main feature. In contradistinction from this, all other systems relate to the production of what we might call "passage touches," suitable for performing the running passages, the scales, arpeggios and incidental "business" of salon compositions for the pianoforte. A pupil trained in any of the former methods might play the entire collection of material with rapidity and equality, and yet fail in technic in the very first measure of any piece of high character, because the training had left out the most essential and central feature of all—the art of musical touch and expression upon the pianoforte.

The good effects of these new combinations of Dr. Mason's have now become so generally recognized that no system of technic would be regarded as complete if it omitted principles of accentuation in scale and arpeggio forms. The Mason system is by no means new. Dr. Mason began to develop his two finger forms as long ago as when he was at Weimar. In fact one form comes

from Liszt, and its further development by Dr. Mason was due to his experience of its good effect in teaching, as well as in his own practice.

The accented treatment of scales and arpeggios was begun later, at first in the effort to secure a larger number of repetitions and a better quality of attention in careless pupils in a boarding school. The latter part of the system was considered at a sufficient length some months ago, when the second and third volumes of the system were published. The first embodiment of Dr. Mason's principles was made in the Mason and Hoadley Method, in 1867. In 1876 the technics was made into a book, the present writer bearing a part as practical assistant. In spite of many and very influential testimonials as to the radical importance of the Mason system, its currency made way but slowly for many years, so greatly are we still in bondage to European precedents in our musical affairs. In 1878, Dr. Mason published the first volume of the present series, Mr. Theodore Presser having acquired from the Ditson company right to use a part of the material. The present form of volume I is the result of a revision, commenced last January. When the revision of the entire system had reached the point where octave playing had to be treated, it was found that inasmuch as the foundation of octave playing rested upon certain differentiations of touch, equally important in single touches as in octaves, the entire first volume would need to be made over, in order that the arm might be properly recognized and trained. Accordingly, in the first volume will be found many illustrations of the hand positions equally significant in octave playing as in the two finger exercise; and equally far from the usual positions of hand in scholastic playing, as defined in books of technic. In the first volume, therefore, the student will find a lengthy and suggestive discussion of the principles of touch, which any pianist may read with edification and respect. Then follow certain forms of exercise and methods of practice, by which they can be promoted. The second volume treats of scales and methods of scale practice. The third of arpeggios and methods of arpeggio practice. In the latter, Dr. Mason is the originator of a very ingenious and captivating system of permutations upon the diminished chord forms, which in the course of treatment give rise to all the four tone arpeggio forms known to modern music. The fourth volume, again, is wholly new, the part of the octave system published in Mason's *Technics* in 1876, being but a very small part of the present treatise. Dr. Mason's method with octaves is singularly simple and effective. The little volume of thirty-two pages contains not alone the octave school entire, except as the student will naturally supplement it with the many studies mentioned, but also certain highly radical exercises in chord playing, and studies in the pedal, the like of which is nowhere else to be found in one volume. In respect to clearness of statement, both as regards the exercise itself, the hand motions in performing it, and the method of practicing it in order to obtain the best results, the student will find this work

head and shoulders above any other work on pianoforte technic. Moreover, in its practical relation to the qualities of key-board mastery on the part of the pupil, and to the still more intimate and vital qualities of musical perception, the combination of instruction in the Mason system is far and away better than any other method whatever—as any intelligent teacher may easily convince himself by carefully carrying out the directions in these books.

In certain quarters, lately, there has appeared a tendency to object to Dr. Mason's system, on the ground that it proceeds from the external, and regards the hand as an apparatus, ignoring the inner qualities of musical perception, which if they are right, the technic, these objectors tell us, will take care of itself. It is quite true that the four volumes do unite in regarding the playing parts of the human body as forming a mechanical apparatus, which plays as it is moved by the spirit within. The training of the musical spirit is of course the main business of the teacher, but one of his duties is to train the apparatus through which the musical spirit must express itself upon the keyboard. This temporary forgetfulness of the music in preparing its means of becoming expressed, is characteristic of all books of technic, and very properly so. Mason's system differs from all others in having continual regard to preparing elements of artistic expression, and in placing the mechanism of expressive touch at the foundation of the system, and in the foreground of daily practice. Moreover, it is not true that the practice of accented exercises leads in any way to mechanical playing, and to an ignoring of the inner sense of rhythm and structural relation, upon which the entire clearness and intelligibility of the playing depend. On the contrary, this apparatus is fully as effective in the inner and unconscious habits of musical thought which it engenders, as in its influence upon the facility of the playing apparatus itself.

The writer having been conversant with Dr. Mason's ideas since 1867, and personally in intercourse with him since 1870, and having practically tested most of these ideas in his own teaching for more than twenty years, sees no reason for withholding anything from the ample indorsement given above. In fact, it appears to him as the most important and original contribution to the apparatus of piano teaching made anywhere in the world within the past half-century. Moreover, it is capable of being used advantageously and handily in connection with almost every possible hobby relating to the inner nature of musical ideas and of musical education.

At the present time Dr. Mason's system is making most remarkable headway, and there is reason to hope that the distinguished author will live to see his thought recognized at its proper value and helpfulness.

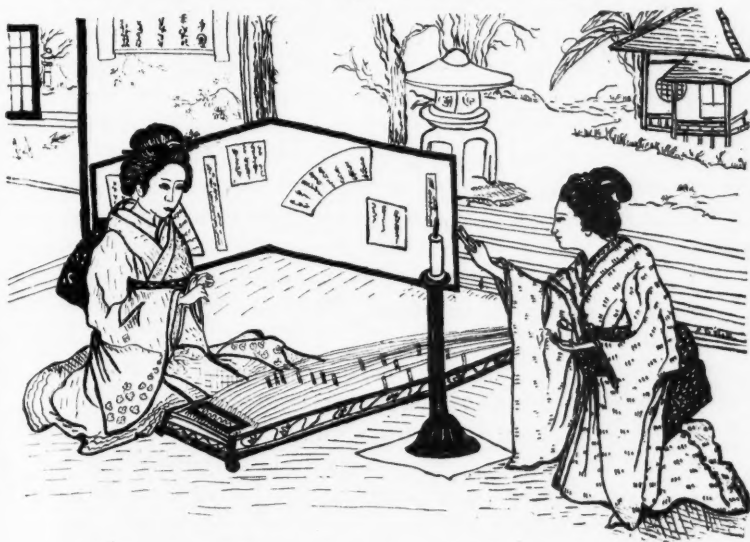
W. S. B. M.

# MUSIC.

OCTOBER, 1892.

## GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND ITS MUSIC.

The Japanese cannot claim any original instruments of music. Of the ones now used in Japan some came from China. The samisen, or banjo, came from Manilla about



Japanese Lady Putting Ivory Tip on her Fingers for Playing the Koto. Her Friend is About to snuff the candle.

the year 1700 A. D. The flute, drum and various sorts of fiddles, followed Buddhism into the land. The koto is the piano of Japan. It has a horizontal sounding board, six feet

or more in length, upon which are stretched twelve strings, supported by ivory bridges. The hands must be prepared with ivory tips on the thumb, first and third fingers; the effect is not unlike that of the harp. The performer sits before the instrument on her knees, the usual Japanese attitude. The motions are very graceful. The koto is found only in wealthy homes, it being expensive, and its size, also, would exclude it from the cottage. The koto, samisen and drum of a peculiar make, are used by the court musicians,—a band attached to the Bureau of Rites. To the stranger the drum will not give back a sound, strike and thump it as you may; it must be struck by a professional.

The Japanese have no written notation of music. Their national music has been handed down for ages, from generation to generation by ear, and is only entrusted to certain families who possess the secret knowledge of all ancient classical music. It is guarded with jealous care, and, should no member of the family possess musical ability, an outsider must be chosen and adopted. To hear Japanese classical ancient music, one must hear the court band; but this is not very easy, as they only perform at certain temples on festival days, or occasionally give a concert for the benefit of the college where Japanese native music is taught. I had the pleasure of attending one of these concerts; it was by invitation. The audience represented the elite of Tokio; the hall was very large and filled to overflowing. It was a novel sight, all sitting on the floor. The court musicians were assisted by several professionals.

Now I might say the concert began at eleven o'clock, but the ancient opera recital commenced at two o'clock. The opera as translated to me was a story of love and war, all from true instances, which happened six hundred years ago—six hundred years to the Japanese being but a day in thought. Their hero-worship is perfect, and always kept fresh in the memory by song.

How can I describe the music? To my ear, uneducated in Japanese music, it was all discordant sounds; although the Japanese voice is soft and sweet in conversation, the singing was harsh and without any melody. They use only common

time and no harmony. Music is almost wholly represented by the women. If you see a man as a musician he is invariably blind. After two hours at the concert, the novelty of watching the groups of pretty ladies, the grandmothers and the children flitting around like so many butterflies, we gladly responded to the suggestion that we should leave at the next intermission, as these came often, for all the Japanese had brought their luncheons, tobacco, Hibachi, ocha (or little stove at which they light their pipes and boil water for their tea,) and were fixed to enjoy the day as a Japanese knows



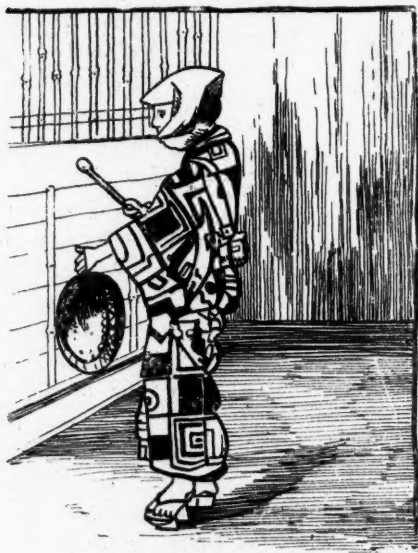
Wandering blind musician. She carries her shamisen over her shoulder.

how. The most enjoyable concert of Japanese ancient music to attend, is the one given at the Temple, as it is a public place and an ordinary mortal maychance to wander there. The concert is silent, all the motions are gone through with but not a sound is heard, for the sanctity of the occasion would be profaned were any sound to fall on unworthy ears. The robes and decorations used are of the most gorgeous and magnificent fabrics, heavy with gold and silver embroideries, and fringes. Some of them, it is said, have been handed down a thousand years in perfect preservation. They are kept at the Mikado's palace, and on this day he sends offerings to the Temple. We saw seven white cedar boxes, tied with cord (which always designates a present). They were garlanded with beautiful flowers, and the contents are a secret.

how. The most enjoyable concert of Japanese ancient music to attend, is the one given at the Temple, as it is a public place and an ordinary mortal maychance to wander there. The concert is silent, all the motions are gone through with but not a sound is heard, for the sanctity of the occasion would be profaned were any sound to fall on unworthy ears. The robes



The Temple drums used by the priests are made from a solid block of wood, carved in the shape of a heart. A handle is cut a few inches from the large part, which is carved exquisitely, and when laid on its cushion before the priest is a very pretty thing. He has in his hand a small wooden drum stick, without padding at the end. He taps the drum, keeping time to the *notre* he is chanting. For all Temple chants there is a notation which is extremely complicated; in some of the Temples the beating of the little *notre* drum never ceases, and the priest who can give the record of chanting the greatest number of *notres* will receive the highest favor from Buddha, and be entitled to a place in "the fair land of the west," which is Japanese for heaven. I The chanting is fascinating, and the one musical performance



Japanese Drummer.

I never tire of. I returned many, many times to a Temple in Kioto, noted for its marvelous beauty and wonderful Alor, for its old bronzes, wood carvings, and many images of Ameda in bronze and gold, rare porcelains, black and gold lacquers, inlaid tables, old cabinets, brocades and cloth of heavy gold drapings, all in perfect harmony, and

the face of Ameda. When you looked at the calm, powerful face, and enhaled the perfume of incense which filled the air, the light so subdued, the chanting so sweet, by some mystic power you wander in thought to an unknown land, and in this land of time you are awakened from the day-dream, and the pealing of a large bell comes thundering



through the Temple, almost rocking it with its powerful one, and awakening echoes of a thousand voices. This bell hangs in a belfry in the yard, and is one of the wonders of Japan; its peal may be heard ten miles or more. I have taken you to the Temple seemingly by the back way, but the front entrance is very imposing, and you pass through immense bronze gates or doors, the frame two stories high and a mass of wood carving. The walk around the court or yard is shaded by flowing trees. January, February and March will be the



Group of Wandering Musicians

camelia heavy with blooms; a little later the cherry in its dress of pink and white. You pass through an avenue of bronze lanterns, the lowest six feet, and others often reaching to ten or twenty. In the court is always found the old woman with the cage of wild birds and dishes of rice for offerings. At the entrance of each

Temple is a gong which is struck by means of a rope. Watch the people. You see them purchase a bird or two for two cents, remove the sandel, bow the head, offer a prayer or petition. Dong, goes the gong, the head is raised, the arms stretched high, the bird freed, and it is a messenger of Ameda, the goddess of love and wisdom, or the Buddha of the Japanese. Should you wish for a petition to some other god or goddess, you may write it on a piece of white paper and enclose some rins or silver and deposit before the image to whom your petition is sent. Or if you are in need of advice or must have a power-

ful emblem, you may consult the priest at the altar. In country places you see a priestess beating a drum, but it is not the same kind used by the priest; more like a modern one. At Mikado the priestess will dance a portion of the sacred No dance, if your offering is large enough. The samisen is the music of the populace. Go where you may in the land, you are never free from its tone. It is heard from the cedar cottage, tea houses, from the house boat as it floats by. The blind samisen women are many, and often three old blind women make the party, one playing the Samisen, one the flute and the other singing. It is a pathetic sight and a



Flute Priest.

picture never to be forgotten. Their dress is always clean, and such wonderful darning. It was a mystery I would like to have penetrated,—whose the magic fingers that did that cobweb net of darns. We would call it art quilting. Another street musician is the flute priest, and he too has only one tone, and that very doleful. He wears a strange basket or mask made of

bamboo; his hands are partly covered with black mittens; the black robe worn over the Kirnonn tells his craft. He has for sale emblems. Another priest travels from door to door with a high frame on his head. He strikes a gong and if you wish for a blessing you quickly donate some money. The musicians at the chief theatres and shows of various sorts (and they are many,) are always women. This time the drum used is a large bass, one and the player pounds it well. The rest of the band are two samisen, a Japanese fiddle and flute. A less expensive music is the beating of time with two blocks of wood. European music is

taught in all the schools in Japan. You hear our familiar songs and hymns being sung in Japanese.

Tokio has, besides the school of Japanese music, a conservatory for teaching European music; some of the teachers are Japanese and are accomplished pianists. That it is but an easy task for the Japanese to read music with their retentive memories, is shown by the fact that a scholar of eight years must know six thousand characters to read his lessons. A student who can read the Japanese newspapers must remember over eight thousand characters; and the educated man and woman, who can converse in court language, must use eleven thousand characters.

Tokio has a band, which plays admirably. I attended a concert given at a church. The performers were all Japanese. The organ was played well; the koko and samisen were used, but the feature of the evening was a young Japanese girl playing the violin. Such a pretty picture. Her pose was graceful. Her costume picturesque, the sleeves falling in artistic folds, revealed a perfectly modelled arm and hand, her rendering was smooth and pleasing. Would it not be strange if the Japanese as a nation were not musical? They are showered with blessings and perfect gifts. They inhabit the Flowery Kingdom of the world. They have the sunniest of skies, artists who excel in every craft, and a ruler who is just and loving, the Empress, Fairy Queen of the Land. Their love for the tone of the bell with its thousand, thousand of voices, the tap of the temple drum, is as sweet to the Japanese as the bagpipe to the Scotchman.

ESTHER CRANE BELL.

CHICAGO.

## THE CONCEPTION OF MUSIC, HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED. •

Art, according to Aristoteles, is the trained ability to produce something definite, according to correct rules governed by reason.

“Ἡ μὲν οὖν τέχνη ἕξ τις μετὰ λόγου  
ἀληθοῦς ποιητικὴ ἐστίν” (Ethic. Nic. 8, C, 4.)

Therefore, only a being endowed with reason, man, can be the creator of an art. There are, however, two classes of arts, known as liberal arts and mechanical arts. An art is called liberal when it appeals chiefly to the intellect of man, mechanical when conditioned chiefly upon physical exertion.

To the latter, for instance, we relegate the art of cooking and baking, etc., whereas the arts of instruction and education belong to the province of the liberal arts (*artes liberales, ingenue, humane*). But the silver line of distinction between the two cannot be clearly traced, inasmuch as the one often merges into the other. For instance, a mechanic may by skill and genius elevate himself to the height of an architect, and *vice versa* an artist may descend to be a sign painter.

The foregoing proves conclusively that architecture, painting, poetry and music belong to the liberal arts; yet it appears at first sight that they assume a prominent position and therefore they are known as “Fine Arts.”

In order to get a clear idea of this conception we will define it in the following manner:

Fine arts are such as have in view products that are of

---

\*Cf. Bossuet (De la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même, Chap 1): Les arts liberaux et mécaniques sont distingués en ce que les premiers travaillent de l'esprit plutot que de la main; et les autres, dont le succès dépend de la routine et de l'usage plutot que de la science, travaillent plus de la main que de l'esprit.

important æsthetical value (truth, sublimity, etc.), and such as possess at the same time the means of creating works of eminent beauty.

Among the seven fine arts, to which æsthetics lays claim, music is to be found.

In the article, "Plato's Position with Reference to Art and Music" (*MUSIC*, February, 1892, II), we have shown that the ancients were accustomed to represent poetry and tonal art in connection with one another, in accordance with which the Roman and Grecian worlds did not apply the word "Music" to instrumental music alone, but to the unity of poetry and tonal art. According to the ancients, music was necessary to poetry; she represents an important, or by far the most desirable factor in supporting poetry in her expression, and in assuring and heightening her effect—music is therefore an integral part of this art.

Of course, poetry may be represented alone; unaccompanied by music she possesses sufficient means of effect to fully arouse intended emotions. But when to these means there is added the direct influence upon the sensibilities; when the poem neither consists of cold type nor is brought to our notice in an elocutionary effort, but is sung in such manner, with such change of tone and time as its contents and intended effect render necessary, than it is that the intended feelings are aroused, not only surer but more intense. Thus says Lassaulx ("Philosophy of the Fine Arts," Munich, 1890): "The text may be ever so poetical, its effect is weak when compared with that produced when enlivened by music adequately composed and sung."

From the above we therefore see that music consists of two intrinsic elements, the one being the work of poetry, namely, the text, the other being the melody or musical air. The word "melody" denotes a succession of tones sung, which are adapted to support or strengthen the impression and effect of a poem.

It needs not to be demonstrated that a succession of tones cannot serve for an object, as above indicated, unless a variation of their duration according to correct rules takes place. Consequently melody without rhythm is inconceivable.

ble. For, first of all, consideration must be given to the varying length of the syllables in the text. But not this alone. The natural manner in which the living, never resting human heart feels, the changing clearness of ideas regarding the objects, the meaning of the objects themselves, and finally the intensity of feelings sought to be aroused—these facts show that the feelings are not of equal duration, but undergo change and manifoldness. The text shows this change, the melody even more. Her elements cannot possibly have the same length, briefer ones mingle with others of longer duration, rapid with slower ones. And this law is not the result of an accident or whim, but is determined by the nature of the feelings sought to be called forth by the coincident effect of text and accompaniment of music or tonal art.

Therefore, in defining the conception of the art of which we are treating, we would say: Music is the art of heightening the effect of poetical thought through the melody.

Her effect is psycho-physiological; for the text gives us the means of seizing the intellect of man, whereas the melody affects the listener's physiological being. Works of pre-eminent beauty arise only when the text of the poem, to which the composer creates the melody, has real, lasting, æsthetical value. True composers will, therefore, keep distant from doggerel.

Since about two hundred years (Scarlatti, Haendel, Bach) instrumental music has been produced independently, in consequence of which the meaning of the word "music" and its conception have changed almost imperceptibly. No longer is the unity of poetry and tonal art thus designated; we are now accustomed to applying the word music to the latter only (*cf.* Hanslick—"The Beautiful in Music," 18).

Fiercely has a war waged between the philosophers of our day, whether the instrumental music appearing independently of the text may be justly classified with the fine arts. To the one, instrumental music is nothing more than a physical means of producing physiological effects, a kind of art that has sunk from inner feelings to exterior actions, and has no other goal than a mist of uncertainty. To the other, she is the modern ideal of art.



Since all results have been unable to lessen the conflict of opinions concerning the æsthetical value of musical works of art, and many therefore exclude instrumental music from the category of fine arts and hold fast to the conception hallowed by centuries, we will, without treating the subject exhaustively, give instrumental music her just deserts, for there are cases in which circumstances replace the text.

In public affairs and social circles there are occasions when it is necessary or desirable that there be among the participants a certain frame of mind. Such occasions from their nature and of themselves give rise in part to such disposition, but the feelings of which such disposition is composed are formed more readily, surely and more intensely, when music co-operates. Thus military science has always found instrumental music indispensable, for when the war trumpet echoes and the drums roll, one's daring and courage are aroused, and the contrary feelings that might be detrimental to the result of the battle are paralyzed. The appreciation of Dame Nature during a midsummer evening, the disposition at a banquet or farewell supper or any meeting at which a public event is to be celebrated, can be perceptibly exalted by the rendition at intervals of appropriate compositions. At such occasions the independent appearance of instrumental music without song is undoubtedly justified and suitable.

And when Plato justifies his verdict against instrumental music ("Laws") from the fact that we cannot understand the melody and do not know what she intends, then he is, according to our premises, in error.

If time and circumstances are favorable, the writer will consider in a later treatise this burning question of musical æsthetics: "Does instrumental music without text belong to the fine arts?"

KARL JULIUS BELLING.

CHICAGO, September, 1892.



## FORM AND SPIRIT IN MUSIC.

Each period of the world's history bequeaths its successors, together with all its more material possessions, an image of its undying soul. This "gift immortal though by mortal given" is Art, whose peculiar graces of form and endowments of spirit so truly portray the higher thought-life, the real soul-character of a people.

In the classification of the arts in the order of their spiritual significance, all philosophers, beginning with those of classic Greece, rank architecture as the lowest, and poetry and music as the highest forms, the most perfect and general expressions of the ideal; and philosophy interprets what history verifies, that the chronological order of their development corresponds faithfully with the order of their spiritual significance. Since in art body and soul are coeval, form and spirit so closely united that only in their perfect accord do we recognize the idea of the beautiful, we shall, in following the development of the one, trace that of the other.

Thus it is that we cannot find in the pre-Christian ages music as we know it. With the beauty-loving Hellenes, from whom so munificent an art legacy has come, its attainment to the position of an independent art was as impossible as with the cultured Chinese, Hindoos or Egyptians; but it is of great interest to the student of music to know in what repute his "divine art," though then in embryo, was held. If here he finds its *practice* veiled in obscurity, its fame is imaged by plastic artist, illumined by myth and tradition, and dignified by philosopher and theorist, for that age, too, had its Marxes and Webers dictating and prescribing.

In common with the traditions of the Orientals, the

\*A study from the development of the art in Germany, to which nation belongs the precedence in emancipating this "purest language of all peoples."

Greeks ascribe to their scale divine origin. They endowed their gods with the gift of music, associating its practice with their temple rites, and reserving sacred the form itself in which it was so used. It became also more democratic; for the study of music in the time of Plato and Aristotle was considered a necessary part of the education of every youth. These philosophers, serious in their convictions, speculate upon its influence over the present and future mental and moral development of their nation; and, what is somewhat surprising to us in our age of realism, deem the matter of the scale to be allowed of sufficient importance to be recommended to the legislature for regulation; for, in the melodies based upon their various scales, the sensitive Greek could discern a power to elevate and ennoble, or to enervate and demoralize. This nation, although having these presentiments of its power, like the "prophets of old" foretelling its future might and rule, were not yet ready for the matured spiritual art. Its "fullness of time" was not in this "moment of youth in the life of humanity." Could adolescence be content to give for the gaze of adoration a subjective survey of surrounding nature—to turn from the worship of the world to the subtle analysis of human feeling? The Greek answers in his sculpture, setting forth the idealized human form, expressing perfect agreement, and even identification, of soul and body, as a sufficient interpretation of his aim, "to ennoble and idealize the real and terrestrial without going beyond physical nature."

With the gift to man of the true religious life, and its conception of God as a pure and infinite spirit, is revealed a new world of art in which are materials and forms in harmony with the utterances of the speaking soul. So we have the perfection of painting, and the birth and development of this transcendent art, music, which asserts its pre-eminence by the very spirituality in the mode of expression, after the rise of Christianity.

Through the generalizations of the ablest writers upon the theme, we view the history of art in three epochs—the Symbolic, the Classic and the Romantic. In the course of its own development music has experienced three similar

periods of growth. A review of its symbolic epoch is a history of the evolution of *scale* and *harmony* and *form*, leading up to the time of Emanuel Bach, who, in the eighteenth century, sketched for the great masters of the classic epoch the limits of the *sonata form*. The study of the laborious process by which the fourteen *ecclesiastical modes* were developed from the complicated system of the Greek canon takes the enthusiastic student over many centuries, ending with the twelfth or thirteenth. The final selection of the modes corresponding to our major and minor was made only after several centuries more of scientific and artistic striving; and not until the time of Sebastian Bach in the first half of the eighteenth century, do we find the scale compromise, the so-called *tempered system*, determined upon, leading to the development of modern harmony and making possible the association of related keys (which is the chief means of attaining unity and proportion in the perfect form). The contrapuntist traces his art from the trick of *descanting* with the ecclesiastical plain-song in the eleventh century, through that whole genus of polyphonic music which developed to such high perfection between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. The devotee at the shrine of the *classic form* follows its growth from the unconsciously created germ, the simple curved line of melody, through the gracefully adjusted square and circle of the *rondo*, at last into the intricate and beautifully designed *first movement*.

Through all this era, the conflict between matter and spirit, that characteristic of the symbolic art of Egypt and the Orient, asserts itself. There is long active the struggle for freedom of speech against the obstacle of vagueness of tonality, resulting at first in the expression of the undefined and mysterious; later on, after a higher conciliation of essence and form is attained, a degree of dignity and repose, with a stronger presentiment of invisible power, is manifested. Like the symbolic arts, music, born of religion, is in this epoch the true interpreter of its feelings, the expounder of its conditions. We hear in the Ecclesiastical Chant the story of reserved religious rights. It is the "ego" of the priest to which the spirit of the people

becomes only an echo. In the *descantus* and subsequently developed polyphonic forms, is the full history of the gradual and difficult assertion of the individuality of the laity; while in the Protestant Choral is proclaimed the independent spirit of a people recognizing and accepting the gift of Christ to all humanity; and in the wonderful development around the *choral* as central theme in the contrapuntal works of the masters of the eighteenth century, is voiced the full acknowledgment of universal love and brotherhood. Study Handel and Bach and know what the Reformation had accomplished.

This art that, in its symbolic era, announced with so much dignity the triumph of religion is that which did afterward in more perfect sensuous form descend to secular life, and with serene and satisfied spirit sing the accepted "Pax tecum" of the age. As if measured by any peace of the world, this short period of content gave a Haydn only time enough to tire of his "prince", a Mozart time enough to perish miserably without one.

From the study of the works of this short Classic Epoch has arisen the error of according to music its rank as an art solely by reason of certain analogies to the others—by virtue of its plastic form—and it is the pleasure of the defenders of its nobility to show the small worth of these external similarities, to expose the illusion of these fancied resemblances. The parallelism with architecture in that it follows a law of numbers and certain rules of proportion is a familiar one. We know its very raw material, the tones of the scale, are those produced by vibrations whose numbers bear certain fixed ratios to those producing their fundamental; and its form, framework, from the simplest *motif* to the most fully developed *first movement*, is sustained by the ideas of proportion and balance of parts. The illusionist, in defence, produces one of those perfected architectural forms, places before us a Haydn sonata. We listen and are impressed with the idea of symmetry; we recognize boundaries in the strongly marked modulations, supporting columns even with decorated capitals in the determined and persistent cadences and their extraneous ornamentations, the

*cadenzas*. The form of each part is determined by its end, even the melody becoming a mere outline—and a hard line, too—to determine the whereabouts. Here there is little more than the expression of agreement and disagreement in consonance and dissonance; sadness and serenity in minor and major; or, parallel with the opposition of gravity and rigidity in the architectural structure, little more than mere contentment to meet the opposition of the will to the idea of infinite time by the demonstrations of the finite. It holds the spirit of satisfaction with the material world. We are not deluded. It is the beautiful Greek temple, but made ready for the future occupant, the worthier spirit.

To continue our defence of music, for every parallelism with the plastic arts, we may trace manifold divergencies. The material of music lies in *time* alone, not in *space*; and only through rhythm does it come in contact with those arts. "Without rhythm music would not be perceptible to us;" and although extending through the shortest *motif*, the bar, the full musical *period*, the groups of periods forming the whole, it is no more than light by the refraction of which we observe objects or recognize gestures. As we must not only *see* but *interpret* the gesture, so we must not only *hear* but *feel* the inner significance of this tone-language. Harmony, based upon a physical law, bringing consonance and dissonance, and making possible the relationship of keys (which is the prime support of its so-called plastic structure), is no more than rhythm. The most profound scientific and philosophical knowledge of either rhythm or harmony will not produce one short melody such as interprets the soul of the musician.

In awakening all the emotions of our inmost nature, music, unlike the other arts, uses no sign of the material world; it permits no intuition of an idea. "It is like the human cry, the most immediate of all utterances of the will, and the most universally intelligible."

We now apprehend the higher mission. This classic *form*, by which alone its worth cannot be measured, must hold the inestimable *spirit*. Until every part has more than external significance, until into each is breathed the "breatq

of life," the thing remains the image of clay, awaiting the life-giving fire from heaven.

We have now only to place beside our Haydn sonata one of those wonderful revelations of the genius, Beethoven, the "emancipator of this purest language of all peoples from the bondage of form and fashion." In it we no longer find simple satisfaction with the perfection of the classic school, that close and harmonious combination of form and spirit, but instead, the higher manifestations of spiritual supremacy. In announcing this, Beethoven did not *revolutionize*, he *reformed*. There is nothing more intensely interesting in the lives of all these divinely inspired great ones of earth who have left us these powers of soulful civilization, works of art, than the study of the elements of character possessed by this man, by which he was able, against every obstacle, to effect what his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, though equally endowed with genius, had failed in doing. He stands as a pure type of that spirit of antagonism against the "corruptions of insolent fashion" which finds its vent, not in revolution, but in reforming the old, in endowing anew with the "spirit of truth" transmitted forms. Could he have come from any other than the German nation? Imagine France, at that time the leader in the mad dance of fashion, producing a Ninth Symphony, that "world redeeming announcement of sublimest innocence!"

But the prophet has spoken; and the inspired believers in this the Romantic Epoch of our art, have much to tell us. What signs of richest imagination do we find! What teeming spirit life, threatening to cover out of sight—if not to annihilate—to so dazzle that we no longer perceive the corporeal form! After the wonderful possibilities disclosed in the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, we cannot marvel at the intoxication following, and at the exaggerations into which it leads the enthusiastic votaries. Yet not the vagaries of much of the so-called programme music, nor any *mesalliance* of accompaniment and recitation, nor any caprice of usurped privilege can mar or destroy the infinite truth of the art, spoken only in its highest form by that "development of spirit, finding



a higher harmony in itself."

In Music, that which has the most significant connection from beginning to end, that which pictures every movement and phase of emotion, is melody. This, as the true language of feeling, must be the most genuine and spontaneous, the freest from artificialities. It cannot be the product of human reflection and conscious intention, but of inspiration. So its very ingenuousness and artlessness select it as the creation of genius. How Beethoven, in his last compositions, glorifies the "nobility of innocence" in melodies "perfectly redeemed from frivolity and fashion"! It was also the intuition of genius that led him, as well as Haydn and Mozart, to select the simple folk-songs and peasants' tunes as fit themes upon which to develop art composition.

In the classic and romantic epochs of the art, melody being thus exalted, we at once apprehend a new significance for vocal music. Indeed, the expanding humanitarianism of the time recognizes, yea, requires the direct human participation in all the expressions of joy and peace and love in secular as well as religious song. Heretofore it was in such sacred works as those of Palestrina, Bach, and Handel that the soul of man could find the satisfying revelation. Now every emotion of daily life, every interest of existence finds its proper expression in the songs of the great interpreters. Who that have sung Schumann or Mendelssohn but can testify?

From this age of the ennoblement of song, we can look back to the earliest history of our art and find the tones of the human voice a mere convenience for the recitation of the poet; later, in subordination to the requirements of the ecclesiastical chant; or, as afterward, as an excuse for the display of the polyphonist, who treated the human voice merely as an instrument—a proceeding fitly expressing the condition of civilization which subjected the will of the individual to that of the ruling power. And then co-existing with this last condition, and outliving it, we find the human voice made the servant of the opera *maestro*, displaying in its ornamented *arias* the tinsel livery bespeaking its servile position. It was the resistance to religious oppres-



sion that brought forth the "people's chorale"; and with the emancipation from the snare of the opera singer's *routades*, came the expression of innocence and true sentiment in the modern ballad.

Shall we offend our dearest sympathies by permitting the idea that this union of poetry and music is entirely illusory, as Richard Wagner has it? The ancient Greeks desired to realize a work in which all the arts should have equal parts, and it seems that this, too, was the dream of the dramatizer of the "Nibelungen Lied." But to solemnize this union may be left to the "music of the future" as high priest. We are content with the sisterhood of the arts in this essence of the consolation of our civilization, our songs, since their companionship has been made close and dear by time; for, according to the earliest traditions, music was the handmaid of poetry, though now the poem in words bears to the "poem in tones" the relationship of helper and inspirer.

We may readily trace their consanguinity; first, in material, for both employ sound, though in poetry the sound has no significance other than as an oral sign—a mere *means*, and not the *end*, as in music; second, in the externals of measure and rhythm and harmony; third, in that both excite the imagination, though with music the picture called up is not definite and fixed, as the imagination of each individual hearer will prove. "Poetry addresses itself to the imagination which creates ideas of visible form;" music expresses no precise thought. Its aim is to excite emotions for the expressions of which there have ever been no definite words.

A perfect union of the two arts would be such as would leave the two independent, neither subordinate, and would find one so perfect a complement of the other that no satisfactory separation could be effected. That this is a rare art work is proved by the frequent "happy adaptations" of other words to a really worthy melody. A disassociation of words and music of one of those earnest productions of genius, in which the spirit of the music has been incited by the intense expression of the poet, is difficult; and another adaptation of text cannot be tolerated, at least after we learn

by familiarity the intrinsic worth and purity of the union. On the other hand, that we are content to hear alone the melody, which is the unspoken and unspeakable expression of sentiment contained in the words, shows subordination of poetry in our art songs. Trivial and unworthy are those vocal compositions the words of which afford the *something to think about*. Positively, *true* music does not excite an idea. Identified with pure emotion or feeling that gave it birth, these by affinity it calls forth from our spiritual being. It cannot appeal to grosser material. It is impossible for music to be degraded, to descend to the expression of any impure sentiment. The text of the *opera bouffe* may be utterly frivolous, even corrupt; between it and the accompanying shallow music there lies ever an impassable gulf.

Music invites to the dance, and yet it holds aloof. By exciting the sentiment of patriotism, it leads to battle; and yet its note is not one of warfare. The inhumanity of the action is not of its instigation. It does awaken the feeling of harmony with all nature; it does awaken the emotion of love for all that is in nature pure and undefiled; it does awaken the spirit of adoration for nature's God, and by this becomes the strongest support of religion, for it seems to hold in itself the combined helpfulness of all the other arts.

Music! No longer the mere gratification of the sensuous loving, the recreation of the voluptuary, the entertainment of the prince. It is not even "art for art's sake." Like the works of the inspired masters of painting, instead of elevating the forms of the real world above mortal condition, it cares to express the joys, trials, sufferings and emotions of the real human heart. Instead of the ideal divinities which exist only for the imagination, it is "God himself become man to pass through all the phases of human life and suffering."

To those who enter the sanctuary of this "new religion," the inmost nature of music unfolds itself not to the reason, but by stirring the deepest emotions of the capable soul. It is as the unsolvable mysteries of life making themselves felt by the moving force within—the power that created them.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

BESSIE M. WHITELEY.

## THE MUSICAL PRIME NUMBERS.

INTEREST OMNIUM.

Five prime numbers *make* all the music which ever has been or ever can be in the human world, they being the smallest primes, 1, 2, 3, 5 and 7—and I may as well thus dogmatize, high and dry, all through an introduction, or even through a whole article.

A prime number, as such rather non-mathematical souls as musicians may happen to know, is one not resulting from the inter-multiplication of any two or more numbers except itself and 1. The number 2, therefore, is easily seen to be the only possible even prime, all others being odd. Of the first hundred numbers 26 are prime; of the second hundred, 21, and of succeeding hundreds, 16, 16, 17, 14, 16, 14, 15 and 14, amounting to 169 primes among the first thousand numbers. But from the second thousand only 135 primes can be sifted; and in the four succeeding thousands there are but 127, 120, 119 and 114, respectively, amounting to 784 prime numbers in all under six thousand. The number of *composite* numbers thus rather gains continually on the primes, in each given number of numbers; and yet the primes would never entirely die out, in the upward advance toward infinity. The highest prime number known, according to a note I have made from some source, is 2,147,483,647; but there is probably as yet no known rule for finding or sifting out the primes, actual experiment or verification being the only means. The irregularity of their occurrence seems complete, though on the whole they slowly decrease in frequency among the regularly ascending numbers.

But we have now gone far from either the art or science of music proper. Some elbow room, however, was necessary even in this very fragmentary numerical treatment of music, and still more such room may be needed.

We are indebted for all music—and the statement will bear the repetition—to the few prime numbers lower than

11, 7 being the highest musical prime. The late venerable scholar, Mr. Ellis, the London translator and annotator of Helmholtz's great acoustical work, teaches, in his last edition, that the prime 17 (!) holds a little place among the musical primes; but I here *anathematize* his error with all the thunders of *truth*! That curiously musical four-toned chord, known as the "diminished seventh," has nothing to do with the number 17, but, like the far more harmonious tetrad, the true dominant or harmonic seventh chord, owes its musical character to the above defined musical primes.

Another notable musical mathematician, Euler, stated that "were we to introduce number 7"—that is, in addition to the lower primes 2, 3 and 5—"the number of the tones in an octave would be increased, and the art of music carried to a higher degree of perfection. But here the mathematician gives up the musician to the direction of his ear!" Now as for 7, it belongs to music—all music, the art as well as the science—in spite of doctors, and did belong to it eternally before Euler, before mathematicians, acousticians and musicians, while 11, 13, 17, etc., are simply *reprobates*, with reference to the vibrational structure of music, and never can enter its pearly gates, much less become the very stones of the temple itself.

But such *Calvinism* is of a scientific cast, not theological; yet it is scarcely less than painful thus to take these two departed worthies to task in any sense. They were both mathematicians of the highest order, and Euler especially was the greatest of his day. Both, moreover, gave some considerable part of their scientific lives to the mathematics of music, in which line they have rendered invaluable service; while neither—I speak foolishly, as another Paul once confessed to have done, but I speak with all the authority of an experience which, *in this particular*, has sounded these two men and many others—neither the Swiss mathematical giant nor the good English F. R. S. arrived by actual experience at such a point of mental vision as to be able to form a clear conception of this numerical phase of music. The above statement of Euler's is in his *Letters to*

a *German Princess*, a very plainly and popularly written work on different subjects in natural philosophy, which was long since translated into English and most languages of Europe; but his great scientific musical work, "*Tentamen Novæ Theoriæ Musicæ*," a quarto volume in Latin, printed in 1739, while he was still a young man of thirty-two, is unknown even to most of the English readers, some quotations from it, however, in English, having found their way into our old and new cyclopedias and other books. There is a good copy of the "*Tentamen*" in the Boston public library; but the volume is presumably somewhat scarce, especially in America.

Euler doubtless developed the mathematics of music more truly and extensively than did his predecessors. Real mathematician as he was, he greatly simplified the subject by choosing the simplest possible of tone intervals as the *unit* of their measurement, namely, the octave interval itself, which vibrates simply as 1 to 2, the other intervals being thus in fractional parts of an octave and, since mathematically pure musical intervals are usually incommensurable quantities, the fractions are expressed decimally, and, the decimals are interminable, yet only three decimal figures, expressing thousandths of an octave, will measure any interval to even more than *acoustic* perfection, while six to twelve figures serve the nicer purposes of science. I was glad, some nine years ago, on finding myself not alone in measuring intervals with the octave unit, and that I was in such illustrious company as that of Euler! Mr. Ellis afterward wrote me that he once adopted the Eulerian unit, but abandoned it for equal semitones, because it gave "no conception to musicians." Fudge! He could, of course, sometimes use those semitones or any other unit for teaching, but for getting at the truth of the whole matter in the simplest and therefore the most truly scientific way, no unit of measurement can compare with that of the octave interval. But, as for Euler's great book, it, according to a writer of long ago, "had no great success, as it contained too much geometry for musicians, and too much music for geometers"—a statement which certainly gives food for reflec-

tion; and I hold the opinion, this not being one of my dogmas, that the great mathematician, after the publication of the *Tentamen*, suffered discouragement as to enlightening even the learned world in the numerical science of music, his own mind also not entirely encompassing his subject; therefore he gave his numerous remaining years to other branches of mathematical and other science, in which his labors could be more appreciated, philosophers being, I suppose, human like others, and therefore relishing the approbation and the good will of their fellow-men, however much they themselves may sometimes pursue a very unpopular object for truth's sake.

As to the line of demarkation between the musical and the unmusical primes, it may now be summarily discussed.

I confess that the history (?) of the intellectual grasp of the vibrational structure of music, that is, as we have it in books, is not to me remarkably interesting; and it is because, as we may believe, there is precious little history of the matter worthy of the name. If, as one writer has put it, "all history is a lie," meaning that it is necessarily more or less discolored by the finite minds and the prejudices of its writers, and that the real history of earthly things and of earthly men is historically omitted to a large extent, then, in this department of history, we are practically cheated. It looks very much as if original and true thought in this line, say from twenty-five thousand years before Pythagoras till the end of the world, had been habitually smothered by musicians. Probably no class of people are more devoted to their idols than they; and woe to him, in all ages, who will not cry with them: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Therefore let us not call any views *new*, which any of us have been able to gain. The alleged discovery, some time after Pythagoras, that 5 is a musical prime, the vibration ratio (4 : 5) thus accounting for the harmony and melody of the major third, was, in more likelihood, made by some one in some country long before, perhaps even five or ten thousand years ago—to speak soberly.

As for the prime 7, its musical office is doubtless of much later discovery; but at what date and by whom it was

*first* recognized, we may as well be content not to know, whatever our poor and scanty human records may say; for if, even now, the reading musician can assert from "good authority," that "higher primes than 5 enter into no harmonic ratios; such combinations, for instance, as 1 : 7, 5:7, or 6 : 7, are altogether discordant," surely any uninfluential musical thinker and experimenter of a few hundred years ago would, of course, have had his *brains* immediately beaten out by *staves*, if not clubs! And any stray results of his investigations would thus have been very likely to die unpublished and perhaps unwritten.

The musical prime 7, however, is in our century recognized to a small extent by Helmholtz and other musical philosophers. He calls the chord or interval vibrationally formed by the ratio (4 : 7) the "subminor seventh," for it is almost exactly a 44th part of an octave less than another minor seventh (9:16, or true double fourth); and it is about a 24th of an octave, or one-half a tempered semitone, less than still another minor seventh (5 : 9); these three sevenths, however, being all represented in our equal-semitone scale by 10-12ths or 5-6ths of an octave, which is very nearly the size of the true double fourth (9:16). This last belongs to the *true* part of the Pythagorean theory of music; since it, like the single fourth (3:4), has no *prime* higher than 3.

But the late Henry Ward Poole, a New Englander, who spent his later years in the city of Mexico, seems to have been the most zealous apostle of the musical prime 7; though his few essays, his once existing "euharmonic organ" built with an ordinary keyboard, and his subsequent novel keyboard for the same purpose of "perfect harmony," are mostly unknown, and Mr. Poole doubtless merited the honor, whatever that is, of being known to a few searching readers as a good, intelligent, cultured, cranky musical reformer. Want of appreciation in any apparently new and really important line of thought and action, will alone make many a man or woman more or less eccentric; and in this case, the special and early life work of a man of genius was apparently run into the ground, because, as I opine, he was not able to place himself on all sides of the specialties—



could not see, for instance, more than one practical side of this *septal* element of music. Therefore he wrote unjustly and slightly against the peculiar musical merits of the equal-semitone scale, thus giving musicians all the more chance to ignore and crush the peculiar good which he did do and teach.

Now, without adopting all of Mr. Poole's notions about the musical prime 7—for, being the largest of them all, it is therefore the most subordinate of all, according to the musical law of these primes—this septal element is far more identified with the legitimate structure of music than is usually seen by the most modern philosophers. It belongs to even our simplest music; not a song—scarcely a lullaby—can *rationally* exist complete without some help from the prime 7.

It is easily found by experiment, especially with such reliable means as cabinet organ reeds, that the four-toned combination vibrating as 4:5:6:7, this being the pure dominant seventh chord, is beautifully harmonious, and much more so than it would be if either of the other two larger minor sevenths were put in the place of this (4:7), these other two, however, (9:16 and 5:9), being really musical in their own places. But the large (5:9) cannot be tolerated at all in the dominant chord; for it changes the very small third (6:7), the “subminor,” into a minor third (5:6), and a real *double* minor third (25:36), although our tempered scale *seems* to give it, would be intolerable in harmony. But we have to be satisfied on our tempered instruments with still a very rough imitation of this whole natural tetrad, in which the fifth (4:6 or 2:3) indeed can be almost exactly pure, while the major third (4:5) and still more the harmonic seventh (4:7) are roughly out of tune; yet both owe *all* their musical virtue in this connection to the fact that they form some sort of approximation to the above true vibration ratios.

It is impossible here to fully illustrate and rightly shape and define the bearings of this truth; and so we now leave it, in order to cast a look over the rather wide gulf which lies between the primes 7 and 11.

Is there any *music* in, or can we tune or recognize by the unaided ear, a chord or interval whose ratio of vibration is 1 : 11, or, as it would appear, with its three octaves dropped (8 : 11)?

Several years ago I tuned the chord 8 : 11 perfectly with common brass reeds, and with the ear unaided except by knowledge. Nor do I thus call it a very difficult task. Mr. Poole mentions his tuning it, and very probably others have done the same thing. I knew very nearly where to *pick it up*, having found by logarithmic measurement the real magnitude of the ratio with reference to that of the octave interval. Its size is 459 (and a ragged fraction) thousandths of an octave. Now this is very nearly half way between a fourth and a sharp fourth (5-12ths and 6-12ths of an octave, as they are tuned in equal semitones). I was also then accurately tuning—by certain slow ‘beats’ in the thirds—the ‘53-scale’ to my keyboard invented for that tonal cycle; and this gave me extraordinary facility for amusing myself with the unmusical (8 : 11) chord. An audibly perfect fourth (3 : 4) is made by 22-53ds of an octave, and 24 make very nearly, that is, within about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a comma, the interval formed by (8 : 11). By carefully and slightly sharpening, therefore, the tone of the proper reed, I soon recognized by ear the peculiar sound of this *undecal* chord. Yes, there is really a little something in it audible and tunable! But there is no *music*, either harmony or melody, as we seriously understand the words, in the vibration ratio (8 : 11). Even our so-called dissonances, the roughest of them, come from no such source, that is, they come from a few rather small but *composite* numbers made of primes smaller than 11, and are thus easily resolvable into chords directly resulting from those little primes themselves.

Chords of higher primes than 11 can also be tuned, 13, 17, etc., but scarcely with accuracy without the aid of special acoustical apparatus; and thus Mr. Ellis has, beyond all doubt, tuned, or heard tuned, a chord of the prime 17. The vibration ratio (1 : 17 is four octaves, or (1 : 16), plus something which sounds much like a semitone, it being (16 : 17); for our real semitones are of various sizes, vibrating

mostly as 14 : 15, 15 : 16, 128 : 135, 20 : 21, and 24 : 25; while our *equal* semitones, or one-twelfth of an octave, vibrates approximately as 17 : 18; the 17, however, having nothing to do with any musical character which the said equal semitone possesses by its rough approximation in size to the above-denoted real semitones, formed by their intimate relation with the really musical primes, which make all our chords, and thus make all our melody.

But it was the interval vibrating as 14 : 17, this being somewhat like a minor third in size, but larger, which Mr. Ellis supposed to be the completion of a rationale of the diminished seventh chord, which, in our duodecimal system, is represented by actually quartering the octave interval. My correspondence with him occurred during the year or more, in which he was preparing his second and last edition of Helmholtz, 1884-85. He took much interest in what I attempted to describe to him concerning my *harmon* keyboard and my methods of tuning its octave division of 53, however poorly he has succeeded in describing them in the book. (The *harmon*, however, is not a matter of *business*, and therefore is thus alluded to here.) He has also barely stated in his book my discovery of the true vibrational nature of the diminished seventh chord, but in such a way as not to easily carry conviction with it; and, in fact, this was not a special subject of our correspondence. But I wish I had been more particular and emphatic, not only in this but in other matters of the correspondence; though my real treatment of the diminished seventh harmony must even now be reserved for a future occasion.

In the general want of any true theory of this curious chord, it is not strange that some far-fetched ideas as to its *rationale* should be met with; but how such a mind as that of Alexander J. Ellis could have slipped into the above just-a-little-amusing slough is perhaps beyond the power of less philosophical minds to understand. While thus admitting or trying to admit the prime 17 into the rationale of the musical system, he excludes the next two lower primes, 13 and 11, as we Americans and Europeans all do, and even gives the really musical 7, as do the rest of the writers most-

ly, far less credit than it deserves. But this is not the only blemish which future musical science will have to smile at, in that invaluable and semi-scientific English book, which may be conveniently called Ellis' Helmholtz (second Eng. ed., Longmans: London, 1885).

The large primes, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, etc., are found by real experiment to be just where writers in the past have, *without experiment*, left the most inferior musical prime 7. But the full recognition of this septal element of music, although the least prominent one, will do away with considerable learned mystification which we by no means cease to find even now in musical writers. Want of space and kindness of feeling forbid me to cite instances.

I have thus merely beaten around the bush in this paper, and am perhaps justified in such a course; for my readers might be equally tormented whether I stay inside or a little outside of my subject! It is evident to me that the subject of the vibrational constitution of music, as well as the measurement of musical ratios, which is the measurement of the tone-intervals formed by them, would better be forever unhandled than treated and disposed of as we have seen it done thus far in the world.

Is this because none but idiots and blockheads have been the exponents of this branch of science? By no means. Did not the most learned men study and teach astronomy and geography long before Copernicus, Galileo and Columbus? Yes, but the conceptions of the ancient philosophers were completely dwarfed by being necessarily founded upon what is now known to be an extremely small matter in the great economy. And so, what we vaguely call *scales*, either "diatonic," "chromatic," or "enharmonic," are as unprofitable a basis for the numerical science of music, as is the earth for a basis of astronomy. But to this our day, we can not find a musician who can conceive of music except on the basis of a scale. Is it a wonder, then, that the present subject is thus dry and uninteresting? It certainly would be so to me, had I not long ago cast scales overboard, as *bases* of the study, and thus found without any trouble where all these ladders come from, and what they are.

Such a branch is not acoustics, but a department of pure mathematics; and although it involves some rather profound principles of numbers, it need not be made, for general teaching, at all abstruse. Acoustics, in the well recognized presence of this kindred and sister science, might then learn to behave itself, and not to arrogate too much as the foundation of musical philosophy

The vibrational ratios 1 : 2, 2 : 3, 4 : 5, and 4 : 7, and I thus give them in their short and convenient form, or within the size of an octave, otherwise their first terms would each be 1, make the four genera of musical chords and intervals, characterized by the primes 2, 3, 5 and 7; and the smaller the primes the more prominent and ruling the interval. By subtracting these intervals, or sometimes adding them, all intervals in musical science and musical art are found; although the latter is, on our instruments, more or less modified by what is called "temperament." And, usually, it is our perception or feeling of these four prime intervals which shapes our intonation, for the smaller or more complex intervals are usually only the differences between, but sometimes the sum of, the more simple and harmonious intervals; and it is well known that we tune instruments almost entirely by these latter, and not by steps of scales as such; for these result from consolidating two or more simple harmonies, and always take care of themselves.

The great *pons asinorum* of this branch of knowledge will doubtless be the principles of really measuring ratios; for to measure these is to measure the tone intervals thus vibrationally formed. Euler certainly understood the principle, and, had he given more of his valuable life to this whole matter, and put it into a more teachable form, he would have deserved still better of posterity. But we have nothing fit to be called text books in this line, nor any other means of at all understanding it, except by devoting a large part of life thereto, which, of course, hardly any one can be expected to do. Thus, almost every one takes for granted that the very numbers which form a vibration ratio express somehow the magnitude of the interval. And even those writers who partly know better, are mortally in the habit of

showing great forgetfulness in this. The numbers 4 and 5, for instance, in the vibration ratio of the major third 4 : 5, give us no correct idea of its magnitude with reference to any other interval of music. It is  $\cdot 321,928+$  of the octave interval, or in perceptibly perfect tune, 322 thousandths of an octave, which is about one-seventh part of an equal semitone less than our rough and tempered third, this being  $\cdot 333\frac{1}{3}$ , for three of them must make a perfect octave. The two numbers in the vibration ratio of the well known comma 80 : 81 do not tell its size, about 55 and four-fifths of them, however, filling an octave, and almost exactly  $9\frac{1}{2}$  amounting to the large scale step 8 : 9.

But, to end this dreadful paper, which does not profess to be interesting, I beg here to record my conviction that if the complete numerical phase of music can even be put wisely and well before the world in some such rational way is that in which I have long delighted to honor it in private, it would become to a greater or less extent not only interesting, but entirely useful to all who really read or understand the science of anything, and that we should then know what is the true numerical function, and what is not, of our invaluable and immortal, but inharmonious, duodecimal scale.

BOSTON.

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

## A SYSTEMATIC FINGERING.

Technique, tone, method and innumerable variations of the same theme have been submitted to the musical journal by professionals, of more or less repute, at various times; so often, in fact, that, seemingly, nothing more is now left than the antagonistic attack upon the one side, and the like ridiculous defence offered by the other, as to the correct means of manipulation upon the keyboard of our present pianoforte. Surprisingly little or no stress has been laid on the present topic, a most important factor pertaining to the technical training necessary for the interpretation of modern pianoforte literature;—whether through oversight, or that little importance is attached to its observance, or whether owing to lack of interest—(perhaps ignorance thereof)—is a question left the reader to decide later. A suggestion is offered by the writer that all three suppositions are probable.

In establishing a system of fingering, one absolute condition must be attentively adhered to, namely, "regularity." Thus, by a systematic fingering, we understand in executing a technical figure which extends outside the limit of an octave, the placing of a certain finger on the same note of each new octave; or, expressed in other words, calling to use a finger or certain fingers at regular intervals in a group or several groups of notes. The mass, to a great degree, contend that the fingers which are "naturally suggestive" in a certain passage group, are the correct and easiest to the performer; and in argument use the defence, that owing to the difference in size of hands, as a rule, a fingering dictated by the editor or reviser is not correct, nor moreover applicable to the player in general. While upholding, *after a certain grade*, the principle of a "natural fingering," it must be said that the principal in the sense here applied is faulty, inasmuch that such freedom in fingering would



tend to prompt but the use of the stronger fingers, whereas by systematic use the weak are strengthened until eventually the five of each hand become equal and alike in independence. At this stage, and not before, is it that the natural fingering will be the easiest and surest to a player.

Thus we see the idea, that fingers which are naturally suggestive in a certain group be the correct and easiest to the performer, is an idea when considered in the sense it is generally understood, too elastic to be applicable as a rule. The argument that fingering noted by a reviser or editor is not applicable to the general player, bears no greater weight than that upholding a freedom of fingering before even an independent action has been attained.

A systematic fingering is applicable to all passage groups and to all grades of players. It tends from the very beginning to create an independent finger action, a firm touch, and eventually leads to a velocity characterized by clear and equal tone production. Considering the result attained through a systematic applying of the fingers, it must be readily acknowledged that in the consideration of this present topic we discuss *a most important factor* pertaining to the mechanical part of pianoforte playing; mechanical in its performance but not in construction, for modern technique is at a stage of advancement when only the systematic finger use will suffice to assure a correct interpretation, technically speaking, of our present literature. From the scale of single intervals into that of double thirds, sixths, octaves, the arpeggio, and the effective broken interval, we yet meet new, more intricate and seemingly impossible passages, constructed to tax to the very utmost, the very height, a pianist's technical ability, until now the school of velocity has developed into passage effects that when performed cannot but forcibly suggest to the listener the not inappropriate name, instead of pianoforte, "condensed orchestra."

No instrument, not excepting any, commands such an extensive and varied literature as the pianoforte, and as a natural consequence the interpretation of this will call for many sides of the technique. From the simple form of a Haydn sonata to the more extensive of Mozart, still further

his brilliant concertos, to the grand, sublime sonatas of Beethoven, which test both the tone and technical powers of a pianist, we reach a modern school, based not altogether upon a school of music, but of velocity, which has developed into a form of "effects" that even challenge the executive more than the musical powers of any present pianist. How necessary is it then that our strictest attention be given to the rule for fingering the most insignificant group, still more a steady adherence thereto when meeting the same in a foreign key. Yet how secondary is this to some players, or, dare we even presume, teachers; thus, in many instances, sacrificing the touch and general tone color, and still worse, encouraging, from necessity, to cover their slovenliness, that contemptible habit of helping out with the pedal. The time has come, however, when a practice of this habit is no longer tolerated, for we have entered a period of advancement which, if continuing as it now promises, will soon rid the "parlor musicale" of any such display of unmusical taste, and, moreover, the profession of that popular professor who will not or cannot acquaint his pupil with the rules of proper fingering,—aye, and so thoroughly, too, that an adherence in further practice will seem but natural. An excellent excuse for this blind teacher is attributing the inability of a scholar to play in public solely to nervousness. There are, of course, players naturally of a nervous temperament, in fact, to such an extent as makes their public performance impossible; or, if not, painful alike to player and listener. But, on the other hand, there is a player who the further advancing in technique, the more nervous he becomes. This, I contend, is in most cases (more than readily believed,) a nervousness prompted by a feeling of insecurity which is undoubtedly only *the outcome of an irregular fingering*, the practice of which results in lack of firmness, a touch which can only be attained through a systematic applying of the fingers on the different figures which form the embellishment.

Having argued at such length in its favor, it will not be amiss to trace briefly the growth of this system of fingering, thereby obtaining a glance at its scanty form in the beginning, and its growth into a system so uniform as will enable

a moderate player to even finger reliably compositions which contain such technical embellishments as render its performance impossible to him.

In the Fourteenth century, owing to the breadth of key, the mode of organ execution was by means of a clenched fist. Later the size of key was reduced, while the keyboard placed at a height so above the seat of the player that the elbows necessarily hung considerably below the level of the fingers. This change brought about a hand position which allowed but the use of the three long fingers, while the thumb and little finger hung below the level of the keyboard.

With this mode we will not delay; it is too primitive to justify the time it will take in tracing its development into the use of the individual finger; but glance into the middle of the Sixteenth century, when we find that the instruments were constructed with a light key leverage, and, moreover, the musicians engaged in forming rules which would assure the possibility of certain velocity to the player. What laws of fingering were adhered to we have no definite knowledge, but the assertion is justifiable inasmuch that the character of the composition of that period was such that an awkward or cramped fingering would not warrant its execution. The earliest rules for fingering are handed down to us through Ammerbach's "Instrument Tablatur," (Leipzig: 1571,) who in substance treats the subject as follows:

1. That the right hand thumb should *never* be used; while that of the left hand *but seldom*.
2. That the little finger of both hands was strictly forbidden.

The following is one example of Ammerbach's *scæl* fingering:

R.H. 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1

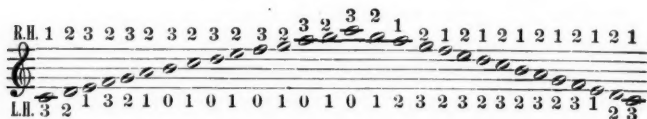
L.H. 3 2 1 0 3 2 1 0 3 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 3

\*

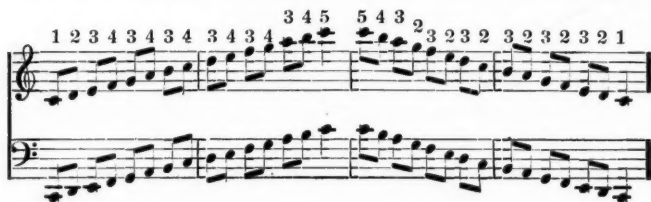
The clumsiness of this fingering cannot but forcibly

\* The 0 is for the thumb.

suggest itself to the modern player. It also confirms to a great degree the tradition that the most skillful players used themselves a different fingering, and furthermore withheld their secret of execution from publication. Whether this assertion be so or not, Ammerbach's example or the method he gave seems to have been more or less the one generally advocated, as we find but little difference in the fingering of later writers, none, in fact, until the method expounded by Daniel Spies, who in his book, "Das Musikalische Kleeblatt" (1697) gives a more liberal use of the fingers and, as will be noticed, uses the left hand thumb more often.



In 1700 we find the use of the thumb encouraged by English publication, for about that year Purcell in his "Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord" advocates its use, although in a very tentative manner. Whether Purcell's book met with general encouragement, we have no special evidence, but in the year 1734 we find another publication, through Walsh, under the title of "The Harpsichord Master," who gives us a fingering for the scale as following:



The noteworthy improvements in this fingering are two-fold; firstly a different thumb notation, while secondly the evident consideration of hand position in that the scale commences and ends with outside fingers of both hands; furthermore, he uses at the turn each neighboring finger. Although the fingering of this scale is identical with that of Purcell

(differing only in thumb notation), we have assurance, inasmuch that it passed through many editions, of its general adoption, therefore it can be safely assumed that this publication represents the method at that period, and, moreover, that in it we obtain the first glimpse of our present system.

Any further tracing of the different attempts to form a practical and methodical fingering is not necessary. Walsh has brought us to a stage of advancement which gives a more liberal use of the fingers than we can meet by so doing, therefore any further memoranda would prove not only uninteresting, but also monotonous. It will suffice to add that each attempt for a better was unsuccessful; some worse, and all resulting in the same awkward, cramped application. Matthesen and Mair were similar in method, even Couperin (to whom some writers claim much is due) shows no noteworthy alterations or advancement over the others already published. The form of keyboard, then, again, a system of tuning which confined composers to writing in certain keys, no doubt strongly influenced against any further advancement of finger system which, perchance, might have prompted itself to these teachers. It was in this condition when John Sebastian Bach, independent and regardless of all previous methods, set to work methodically and formed a system which is the basis of our modern idea, and furthermore, which foundation has practically upheld all subsequent methods. In a word, to his genius can be attributed the credit of not only remodeling the system of fingering then in vogue, but also establishing therefrom a system of fingering which may be truly recognized as the basis of that used till the present day.

Firstly, he adapted the then newly invented tuning system of "equal temperament," which enabled him to write music for the instrument unrestrictedly in every key. This fact alone was sufficient to prompt a new system of fingering, for in that the black key was continually in use, the old system soon proved quite insufficient to warrant an even interpretation of his complexing music.

Secondly, he based a system of fingering on the principle of "equal use and development of *all* fingers"—the hand

position more forward, the wrist raised, and with the long fingers bent.

He fixed a place for the thumb in the scale (twice in every octave) and made free use of both it and the little finger in every possible position. In fact, Bach allowed every possible combination of fingers except putting the thumb on a black key.

This system he never published, but we are in almost direct possession thereof through his son, Carl Phillip Emanuel, who in his book, "Versuch ueber die wahre Art das Klavier zu Spielen," unfolds the greater part thereof. Although not *en detail*, he has quoted all the principles and much else necessary for guidance to a correct execution and understanding of his father's works. He dwells at length on the exercising of taste and refinement in execution, while among the rules a noteworthy alteration is his modification of that absolute restriction of the thumb on a black key, which he writes, "should not be placed on a black key, except in cases of necessity."

These alone do not constitute the work; its value is incalculable. It was not only the first methodical treatise, but also hands down to us the rules laid down by the "incomparable" Bach—rules founded when all was in infancy, and which have remained the principles of our modern method, rules based upon so firm a foundation as to have ever since upheld the weight of so great a height the development of modern technic has attained.

The assertion of some writers, that to Couperin (*L'Art de Toucher le Clavecin*, 1716,) may be attributed the method Bach advocates, is false. Couperin's criticism of other methods, and his suggestions, did not in any particular remedy the cramped, awkward, unnatural and clumsy fingering previously quoted. On the other hand, Bach feeling the exact position,—the restriction directly and indirectly upon the advancement of art, characteristic of the man,—set about independently, and heedless of other methods, to remove the obstacles which he felt hindered to so great a degree the advancement of his art. In the adoption of tuning equal temperament he gained sight of the goal, in the system of

fingering gained access thereto, and through his Godlike composition attained a result commensurate with his genius and breadth.

The basis was now laid; a fingering had been given which was applicable to any technical practice or purpose, and, moreover, a system the practice of which resulted in flexibility and power. This fact Bach himself proved in personal execution, as compared with former contemporaries. With but slight alterations regarding touch, necessary after the invention of the pianoforte, it has been re-edited, more or less, by Clementi, Dussek, and Czerny in their respective "Pianoforte Methods." Except the aforesaid alteration we find the fingering practically the same even unto the restriction of thumb on a black key "except in cases of necessity." Dussek gives the usual fingering of the C major scale.

From such a basis it is not to be wondered that the systematic fingering developed into the importance it exercises over present technical training, for it has grown in like degree as the form of embellishment indulged in at different stages of composition demanded.

Unfortunately, from a musical point of view, the demand has increased until now it is an acknowledged fact that the success of our present school of pianoforte composition is, to a great extent, entirely dependent upon the embellishing figure. This, encouraged by the public, and supported to a great degree by the pianist, has resulted in a consequence that his success as pianist is not always dependent on the depth of "musical reading," but the modulating shade effect. This broad or delicate tone color is but proof of freedom and complete control of finger, while, again, such command of technique can only be acquired through use of systematic fingering in practice.

Such is the requirement from a concert pianist of to-day; indeed, none but of such finished technique can assume to be that. But this influence does not stop at concert pianists; it extends into the studio of instructor, who receives a patronage in accordance with his possible technical display. With like aim does the student of modern time place confidence in



the teacher, and according to the scholar's advance technically, depends the parent's satisfaction.

The present system is equal to this requirement. Built upon a firm basis, Tausig and Liszt's influence, which abolished all rules restricting the free use of thumb or favoritism to either hand, we are now able to govern by rule the fingering from the easiest to the most difficult passages of Chopin, Liszt or Tausig; moreover, enabled by a methodical appliance thereof, in the inexhaustible school of pianoforte studies, to assume a technical training which cannot fail but result in an artistic and musicianlike showing.

What excuse can there be for failure? Twofold.

Firstly, indolence of teacher, his patronage of faulty revised Etude editions, or still worse, the unprincipled applying of pieces to a use of study.

Secondly, to some the opportunity may not have been afforded, while others but begin the acquaintance with the laws of fingering; whether or no, any information gained thereof will be sure to serve in good stead in personal and scholar practice, indeed the ultimate gain from all sides will be realized invaluable, and, furthermore, serve to prove that the secret of velocity is systematic fingering.

W. M. CROSS.

MINNEAPOLIS.

## THE WOMEN OF WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN

Great interest has always been felt in the traits of character embodied by a poet or dramatist in the personages of his creations. The men and women of Shakespeare's plays have been the study of the literary world for two centuries, and humanity has bettered itself by contemplating their im-

aginary  
natures;

In our time another giant has arisen, and has created a new realm with a peculiar race of beings, who speak to us in song, and who stand upon the verge of the supernatural, and beckon to us as if to invite us over into their strangeland. Theirs is a new language, and



"SEIGFRIED."

Evocation of Erda.

all nature seems to murmur along with it a weird accompaniment, as of many souls in ecstasy or woe. With faltering steps the world has drawn near until

it is almost in their power. It longs to know more of them, to see more of them, to hear again their variegated song---perhaps that it may learn it. Let us advance and meet that little group of women standing by the fallen towers of Walhalla; they made and swayed the world in



“THE VALKYRIE.”

Sieglinde and Siegmund.

those old days when woman looked beyond the veil that hides eternity, and whispered to her spouse of the joys and woes to come.

Fricka, the majestic wife of Wotan, stands apart, and looks far out across the blue expanse of heaven. One would think that she awaits her lord return-

ing from some battle field. Behold the flash of her dark eyes as Freia whispers in jest that perhaps he tarries with some fair maiden whom the strife has bereft of her hero—who needs a comforter. During long ages Fricka has suffered from Wotan's waywardness—yet she nearly paid her debt of woe with interest when she compelled poor Siegmund's death. As mistress of the home and marriage

she was outraged when he wedded his fair sister, Hunding's wife. Then no reasoning availed; his death alone could soothe her soul. Sternly she views the world and wonders why her lord remains so much away from her.

Sweet Freia, goddess of love, smiles upon her frowning sister. She keeps the garden where those wondrous golden apples grow, by eating which the gods maintain their endless youth. A mortal guessed they fed upon her lips and longed to taste their sweetness. In that kiss his soul



Brynhilda Valkyrie.

passed from his body; like a gentle perfume still it hovers where it once had dared to press itself. The gods gaze on that glorious form and hasten from the farthest heaven to touch her heaving breast to feel her hot breath on their cheeks as she bestows her happy welcome E'en

the azure melts to gold at her approach, and men cry out for death to open wide the gates and let them rush into her outstretched arms.

Dame Erda, the eternal mother, sits in gloom—perhaps because from darkness one can see best out into the light—and leans her chin upon her hand, her elbow on her knee. As we look long and steadfastly, a mysterious bluish radiance seems to clothe her bending form. She is the

witch, the world's all-wise-one, from whose eyes was nothing hid until her wondrous child, Brynhilda, sank upon the fire-encircled rock, asleep. Then Erda's eyelids drooped; the mists had settled over all that was to be; she could not see the fate of Alberich's ring, or mighty Walhall's fall. She it was who bore the nine Valkyries and the three Norns to Wotan. Now age settles darkly o'er the world's all-wise-

one; silently she sinks to sleep.



“PARSIFAL.”

Evocation of Kundry

love that hurried her with him from Hundling's hut yet burns within her breast, a fiercer fire than when she bade him draw the sword out from the ash tree's stem and make her free. Yet, as he does not come, her bright face saddens, tears gather in her eyes—the human has entered heaven.

A glorious pair stand near; they watch for the return of their two heroes, Siegmund and Sieglinda. Sieglinda and Brynhilda watch and wait. The relationship of souls does not forbid the union, so Sieglinda calls to her brother and husband in one, to Siegmund. The

Brynhilda holds her hand as when she sent her forth to Fafnir's wood to rear her unborn hero. Who can read the thoughts that rush across Brynhilda's mind? Is she thinking of those days when she rode through the heavens upon her tireless steed, the war maiden, the messenger of Wotan to the fields of strife to call the heroes home to Walhall? Does she feel again those thrills of joy, as when with spear in hand, she turned aside a deadly stroke and saved to life some favored one? Does that wild cry again mount to her lips as she in fancy rides across the clouds, bearing upon her Grani a fallen hero, and sees afar her sisters wildly waving from their rock? Or does she seem again to stand by Siegmund as he rests Sieglinda's head upon his knee? Will she again summon him to Walhall? Will she announce to him approaching death? And will she, as of yore, when his mighty soul clings to its only love, forget her mission, forget her master, her father, her God. And will she swear to withstand for him the eternal mandate which now dooms them both?

The joy has faded from her face; perhaps she kneels before the angry god and pleads for pardon—pleads as only she can plead. She awaits his answer, she can see that she did right to favor Siegmund in the strife. She arises, she demands a wall of fire that, fiercely flaming, shall forever shield her from the only thing in all the universe which she has learned to fear—a craven man! The trembling clouds proclaim the godly mandate has gone forth. Her eyelid droop; she sinks into that magic sleep to dream—to dream away her god-hood. See, her glowing cheeks reveal that Wotan yielded to his child; the fire burns fiercely around her rocken couch. \* \* \* Does she awake? Do Siegfried's lips once more by love's pure magic call her back to life? Does she again stand at the door of womanhood, about to enter? Oh what fire burns in her eyes; her arms reach out as if to clasp all nature to her throbbing beast. Siegfried has come! She sees him, she knows him, she welcomes him! \* \* \* Again the dark clouds gather; she is betrayed—she who for him and his gave up her god-hood. Look! What shadow, tinged with red, stands by her?

Is it Hagen? It seems to whisper to her—the whisperings of the devil! She listens, she smiles a fearful smile that stops one's heart. She lays her hand upon his back; the shadow poises high its spear—and vanishes. She stands alone, sunk deep in meditation. By her interrupted breathing we can see she hears those wondrous chords that once proclaimed to all the world the hero's death. She turns—he must have entered, borne by sorrowing hands. She gazes on his face—how wondrous sweet and innocent it is. Does she hear again that voice—not his—that told her of the fatal draught which once entombed his love for her, entombed it until death unlocked his soul? Her hand is raised as if she would issue a command; his pyre and hers will soon again blaze high and light the World's Ash Tree that Wotan piled round Walhall, a torch by which the gods should see their way unto annihilation! Ah! Behold that look! She leaps into the flame.

Whose is that heavy form that lies there in the shadow? It is Guntruna, sister to Gunthur, king of Burgundy, a woman weak of mind, a tool in Hagen's wicked hands. Her love is hardly love, her woe is hardly woe. When overcome by grief, she threw herself beside the dead as if to beg for its burial. Too weak to plan a wrong, she was accomplice to the foulest ever planned. Too weak to die for love, she doomed to death the prince of love. Alive among the dead she finds a fitting end.

Below, in the fabled river Rhine, three maidens dwell, beautiful as the gods could make them, a trifle giddy, too to please both gods and men. Their duty was to guard the golden treasure slumbering beneath the silent waters, but many wanderers heard their song and saw their graceful figures near the shore as they sported there in thoughtless gayety. One morning an ugly dwarf robbed them of their precious treasure; then all their songs were sweet sad prayers for its return. At last these prayers were answered—like many since, not by the one invoked—and they regained their precious gold and the world-controlling ring. Once more they sport and sing their songs.

HOMER MOORE.



## BLIND VICTOR ROBAIR.

There may be some who would not be interested in my simple story, however well it were written. And yet it is said that every man's unwritten history of the heart, however lowly the walk of life, would make a divine comedy which would hold the interest of the ages. Well, few lives have been as mine: so full of glory and of darkness; so full of joy and of disillusion; so full of passion for the right and enthusiasm for the good, yet of silent bowing, like a martyr, to the inevitable in return for so much out-reaching from the things which are Cæsar's, to the things which are God's. I need not try to be wise or startling. It will be quite enough for me to be simple—to be true; to experience again my varied career as it lives in the sunshine and shadow of a deep and reverent memory, and to write as the palm grows, from the heart outward.

With what longing did I listen for her footstep! I, the blind young son of a poor glass etcher, stealing daily from my cellar home through the solid noonday to my favorite seat under the great elms of the square, with fluttering heart awaiting the touch of that childish hand. By what gentle tokens was my Lela now grown dear to me! the soft musical treble of that refined voice, the rustle of her fresh gown, and the faint odor of violets, little heralds of the gladness of heaven to my benighted life. Sweet, indeed, in the measure of her loveliness, were the uses of adversity. In her presence, listening her pretty prattlings as to the oracle; in her absence, dreaming the long, deep dream of the child-lover who knows not love, only feels it, knows himself enveloped, embosomed, nor questions, nor wonders,—ah, was I not all happiness?

Twelve times the finger of God had touched our childish lives, drawing them toward womanhood and manhood; she, just peeping over the brim of the cup of life, full of secret joy upon beholding its untasted but sparkling fullness; I,

living an ideal life in the world of her own beautiful creation, that paradise reflected in the mirror of her own pure heart. I had invested my little sponsor with a peculiar divinity, for I had heard that she came from across the square where there were palatial homes entered by marble steps, instead of descending wooden ones, as my own, and I knew that these great people were even greater and richer and wiser, than my own father, though I conceived not how such were possible. It was she who told me that the streets were like deep valleys between mountains of stone, and that there were always the same long strips of the blue heavens overhead; and that there were sometimes five or six homes, one above another, like the layers on a Christmas cake she once gave me; that all fortunate people lived above ground—only the poor and miserable lived, as did I, in “basements.”

Alas! while enlightening this simple mind, how the innocent pipings went like stabs to the blind boy's heart! Then my father, whom my love had environed with every bounty worthy of that love, was not the richest, most avored of men, and a basement home was but a burrows where misery dwells with misery for a companion.

Like the coming of the disenchanting noon upon the pure starlight of a childish mind, were there grave realities, and, like Thomas, I must be convinced—must needs touch her hair, her dress, her shoes, contrasting the child's refinements with my own mother's poverties, of which, knowing no other, I had remained so ignorant all this time. After all, the drama of life I had conceived with a glass-etcher as its king, proved that my father was merely one of a vast army of unfortunates who fill palaces with things beautiful, from which the rich may eat dainties, and drink rare wines, and fill with flowers of whose beauty I could not conceive. But sad as was the crushing of my infant illusions, there was a growing joy in my little enlightener's presence. Daily she left her group of frolicking mates, and came to devote an hour to the blind boy under the elms, who listened to her oracles as if they were revelations direct from God. She brought me flowers, teaching me their names, and the story of their birth and being. She told strange stories,—true

stories, of the heavens above me; of the floating things of beauty that passed before a great burning ball, and suddenly there were shadows everywhere. Then of the stars that could be seen only at night, and of the big round moon with a laughing face, she imparted the mysteries, and all these fatherly elms about whose trunks I could scarce reach half way, she said, were little once—so small that I could have bent them so, in my fingers, and that all things grew, and grew, and grew; men like the trees, children like the flowers, and that above all and over all was an ever-present God whom I could not see even if I had my sight, and that this God was all love. How beautiful was all this to me! And to be taught by her whose life so closely typified the loveliness of the world she revealed to me, who wonders that I conceived a deep and all-embracing passion for my little enlightener, like the adoration of a child for one unseen, yet beyond all gainsaying a reality.

One warm June day—how well I recall the very moment!—she ran to me in great exultation, and told me that she was going across a great ocean to visit a people who did not speak our language even—who lived under a different sky, and thought strange thoughts, and who were as unknown to her as was her own life to me. My heart was glad in her gladness, though I knew not that it meant a wide and saddening separation. She told me that the ocean was a great round fountain of water like this one on the Square, wherein I listened the spray, only the ocean was larger—so much larger that no one knew really how vast it was. And that, as her little mates sailed paper boats in this fountain, so great ships crossed the great fountain; and on the other side were other Americas, larger than ours, with a thousand cities, and each city with a thousand homes, and my brain whirled with wonder at the immensity of the world which must be beyond human conception, and God indeed very strong and wonderful to put his arms about it and carry it all so easily.

That night was the turning-point of my life. I sat coiled up in my usual nook on the window-sill, my heart tortured with the thought of the morrow's parting. I remembered

an uncle who kissed me and went away never to return; and I feared that it would be thus with Lela. In the ecstasy of her presence, I remembered that kiss, and shuddered. But these hauntings of fear were dispelled by the coming of an old friend of my father's, a violinist whom he had not seen since his boyhood days, and I heard my first music, or, I may say, for the first time realized its spiritual meaning. I listened to the old man's strains like one revealed to a new deity. At last, an avenue seemed open to me into the realms of beauty—of love, and God had found for me an interpreter which made my own yearning prayers and outpourings of heart intelligible to me, and I was compensated in a measure for the great parting on the morrow.

When the old man laid by his violin and repaired with my father and mother to supper, I crept from my place of dreams, groping down till I touched with my own hands that wonderful thing which had spoken a language of God, and bent over, pressing my childish lips to it in a sort of devotional out-pouring of faith. The old man must have heard my mutterings, or seen my movements from the room beyond, for he shuffled in, evidently touched, and not a little flattered by this blind boy's act of reverence. Then, though my father chided him for the folly, he laid the violin tenderly in my embrace, with the gentle words: "I perceive that you are a musician. Here, my child, I will show you how to hold it. Take the bow! so! Now draw it softly, tenderly over the strings, thus. . . . bravo! The greatest violinist I ever heard, was blind. Perhaps you—" "Bah!" muttered my father, cutting short that prophetic voice. I reached up, and touched the dear old man's silken beard with a trembling caress of gratitude—a strange faith in a stranger. He seemed to have read my heart, and I loved him for it.

Then, leaving me alone to court my new-found love, I waved away all hesitancy, and, with my new interpreter, passed into the land of dreams. Music!—at last, at last! I had found my revealer, the exponent of all my childish dreams, my tender longings, the proof of the existence of that unseen yet all-present God, whom my little child sweetheart had taught me to trust. At last was I brought into a

seeing of the truth, that in the depth of every human heart there is a somewhat which reaches out to the things which are unseen, to the things which are in heaven. How beautiful, this new revelation! The flowers and the trees, the clouds and the stars, the great ocean, and more than all, the rich and beautiful life of my child-teacher, all, at last, had a meaning: they were created for love, and music was its language.

Suddenly, in the midst of my wild dream-building, the old musician burst into the room. "Bravo!" he cried in exultation; "bravo! my little Victor. . . . Listen, man!" turning to my father. "I tell you, it is so; your child is a master born. Such a touch, such feeling—my God! you unrealizing monster, your son shall yet make you famous. . . . I shall bring you a violin, my Victor, even if I go without my pipe for it. I shall teach you the little I know, and have a hand in your development. Your future is fixed, trust me!"

A hundred expressions of like sentiment escaped him as the evening wore on, and I lived in a higher atmosphere as on a pinnacle. I could have clasped my arms about the dear old man's neck, my heart so boundless with gratitude. That night marked the epoch of an eventful life; the new soul sprang into the old trunk, and ruled.

Thus the sorrow at parting with the little queen of the heaven I had built of beautiful dreams, appointing her whom I loved its queen, was mitigated by the tidings which came as from another world. "I shall become a great musician," I whispered to her, exultingly, as we met under the elms on that clear early summer morning, "and I shall play for you, only for you, my sweet friend." Then I told her of the dear old man, of my discovery, and assured her that now I was no longer blind; but with music revealing all things to me, I perceived all creations of beauty just as she had taught me. "Was he not good, my new-found friend, to offer even a cherished comfort in sacrifice that I might have my instrument. Was not that a noble generosity!"

But the dear little listener did not answer—seemed absorbed in a strange reverie. Then I heard a faint rustle of

silk, and with a warm breath of violets gone, I realized that I sat alone.

My heart was sick with strange self-reproach. What had I said to so offend her? I bowed my head, a hot tear fell upon my hand.

But soon the dear footstep touched my heart to gladness again, and my child-love had returned, sinking down beside me, closer than before. "Oh, I am so thankful that you did not leave me without a parting word. Did I offend you, my Lela?"

"Yes," she said, softly. "You will love the dear old man too much, if he gives you so much joy. Here, here is a purse. There is money in it—plenty for your violin, and for a master, if you choose. There; tell the old man who is so good to you, that he need not go without his pipe now!"

I was speechless, trembling. "But, but whose money is this, my good friend?" I demanded.

"It was mine: it is now yours!"

The thought staggered me, and yet I believed her. Money? Her father gave her money then, all to herself? How wonderful! I reached forward, my two hands clasping her own. "You, you say there is a God," I whispered; "and that even you who have eyes, cannot see him. It must be because he lives in the depth of your own pure heart, my Lela!"

She sat perfectly motionless for a single instant, then leaned forward, and I felt her silken hair tremble upon my temple. "And—and I love you, too!" she murmured as if God in her own warm soul had spoken; then she leaped up and ran away, leaving me trembling and faint, the prey of emotions and wonder that were not a child's.

With the treasure burning upon my bosom, I staggered home, giddy with a strange exultation. "See!" said I, approaching my father's work-table filled with fragile crystals. "My little lady from across the square, gave it to me. I told her of my love to music, and of our dear old friend who will not have to go without his pipe now. Is she not very good?"

The purse was snatched from my hand as if it had been a



serpent. There was a whispered consultation, and I heard the jingle of coins, like the money-changer's when had I stood before his door in summer. "Gold!—all gold," I heard my mother exclaim.

"Sh—h—h!"—and a heart-sickening silence.

Alas, two things broke upon my heart the brutal truth: the dear old man did go without his pipe to enrich the measure of my days, and for full a month the belts were thrown off the little wheels over my father's bench, and his coming and going were only marked by thick and hoarse words, and a trail of odors like that which floats up through the gratings of those underground haunts of sadness below us.

And so my life-work began. How rapidly and fruitfully the young heart develops under the influence of a great joy and a great purpose! Lela, the touch of her soft hand, the tremulous outpourings of her tender heart, the soft odor of violets and those precious words of love, so strong even in their childishness—all lived, lived and spoke again in the low sighings of my loved instrument, and I lay embosomed under the warm, life-giving assurances of a great promise, making my tasks so easy, my father's harsh words and cruel deceit forgivable, my mother's tears at my misfortune, every one of which I should repay with a great deed so divine!

And the good old man, how he labored, encouraging me at every hand, brightening my life with a great faith in his child-pupil's genius! And what, too, was the measure of my gratitude to him?

And winter came; and another summer; but, alas, no Lela. Should I ever see her again, with that spiritual sight I had known in her presence? I feared that the great ocean was greater than even my wild and limitless dream, that she had passed into another world, another being, and even if she did return to me, that she would not know me more. The thought haunted and oppressed me.

But one day, musing in the sunlight under the broad elms, a little stranger, accompanied by two huge dogs, approached me.

"Are you Lela's friend—the blind violinist?" she asked. That word of gentleness shot joy into my heart, "Yes,"



I murmured, putting forth my hand which fell forthwith upon the silken head of one of her huge guardians whom I fell to petting violently.

"I received a letter from Lela yesterday," she continued. "She told me that I would find you here always on bright mornings. Here is a message for you. Shall I read it?"

I nodded, daring not to answer lest my voice betray the emotion that then subdued me.

"She says, 'tell him that I think of him every day. That I am very happy, and that I shall come home soon.' Then further on she says again, 'Do not forget to find my dear little blind friend; and tell him that I love him very much.'"

I reached forward in silence, touching the sacred missive. Oh, could I have borne it to my lips — just once! "God bless her!" I whispered, "and you, you too!" I followed, hesitating; then, lest my sweet enlightener remark my choking with the utterance, I fell to petting her huge dogs, asking a thousand questions about them, and pressing their massive heads against me in a sort of ecstasy.

For days after this precious respite from my long season of waiting and of faltering hope, I was beside myself with joy. My surroundings seemed suddenly enchanted with the things of beauty and loveliness, with which I had peopled the dream of my loved one's home abroad; and my labors, so gallantly renewed with a firmer faith and an enduring vigor, seemed suddenly to have grown lighter. I did not wish her back, knowing her present joy; and until I could fulfill my dream of greatness, even in the smallest measure, I did not deem myself worthy of so much happiness as her return would bring to me.

And so passed the months into years, and my seventeenth birth-day marked an epoch in the career of a dreamer. My old teacher had brought a friend who occupied a place of honor in the world of music upon whose threshold I stood awaiting the bidding of favor, and for him I played the grand fugue of Brahms, with all the fire and intensity of one seized of a great theme. I think I realized the importance of the occasion, for, by that spiritual perception by which we receive impressions akin to prophecy, I read the future

and all it held out to me; and when, at the *finale*, I drew the long bow down to the extreme tip, like one who lingers lovingly over the parting drop in a precious cup of love, the stranger leaped forward, speechless, infinitely tender, and clasped me in his arms. I knew, then, that I was great.

I stood still in the intense silence as on the apex of a mountain peak, trembling lest I fall from the awful eminence. For the first time, the sun, so reluctant to his advent, burst upon the horizon. My greatness dawned at last. I stood almost in awe of it, even my humble self—in awe yet in fear deep and commanding lest its effulgence dim, and its noon belie the splendor of its morn. From that moment I was another's; I was Art's—I was Love's—Lela's!

The next evening found me dressed in softest velvet, to my touch almost as rich as the soft laces of my Lela, and was whirled away in a carriage. My questions went unanswered, perhaps from a fear, that, did I know what was before me, I might be unnerved; but when in a strange room whose reverberations proved it very large to me, we met the good stranger of yesterday, and I heard the roar of a hundred instruments in the distance, I knew that I was to play before the world for the first time. I tried to be brave, but a strange lump gathered in my bosom, oppressing, crushing me. When my violin—blest comforter to all my trials!—was laid in my arms, however, and I was told to go with the great stranger and play for him the fugue just as I had played it yesterday, a brave impulse recovered me. With a secret resolve to outdo my most sanguine achievement, I was led into an open area which, from the intense redness upon my closed eyelids, I perceived was ablaze with light, and arm in arm with my benefactor, passed, as it seemed, down a hill till he halted me and left me standing alone before a deep pit whence rose a rustle like the elms in autumn, and a thousand whisperings of the wind. Perceiving my movement of fear as he drew away from me, my good friend returned, touching my arms. "Do not fear," he whispered. "I will stand here beside you. Now, the fugue—the fugue!"

At the soldierly command I raised my bow, and with the first sweep of music, stood suddenly as if in space illimitable,

fearless, breathless, though all was void and silence. I forgot my good friend, forgot where I was, forgot all, all, save her for whom only I touched my instrument to sweetness in my most inspired moments; and once again, as upon all these precious and vivid occasions, saw her dear face as I had pictured it from the touch of my finger-tips, drank the odor of violets, listening to her fervent voicings of love, and pouring into the solemn stillness my renewed and renewing dream of hope, of love, and of thankfulness infinite. Ah, how wonderful are these visitations of God to the blind and ever-reaching spirit of mortal, proving how close are the inspired moments of earth to the realities of heaven!

With the dying note of the great fugue, long drawn, intense, awful, like a farewell call up through the glooms of hell, there arose a great sigh, a deep murmur, which swelled and seemed to circle about me, reinforced by the flapping of ten thousand wings and the distant roar of thunders. Suddenly torn from the heaven of my dreams, and realizing where and how I stood, an awful fever seized me, loosening my flesh from my bones, chilling my heart. I would have cried out, had my bosom yielded the breath which seemed to have left me, leaving a strange sickness. I put forth my hands and staggered back. Some one caught me and led me away. "He would have fainted!" I heard a whisper in alarm. Then I slept, and when I woke, the birds were singing in the great elms, and I knew it was morning, and I was great.

So began the career of a blind marvel. The whole world seemed swerved out of its orbit, and a new and fifth season had been added to the solar year. My mother sang while at her work, sang as I had heard her once when I was recovering from a fever long ago; sang for very joy; and the busy little wheels above my father's work-bench ceased their whistle and whirl, and the singing of the blow-pipes ceased. New favors daily were showered upon me, and I was taken to strange places where things of beauty were described to me with rare eloquence; and strangers pressed about me to give me joy. And my father! how changed toward me was the parent of the past! Ere this I had been but a misfortune

whom God had inflicted upon his heavy days without reason or warning—the living retribution of some dead and buried crime; now I was the great musician, and he who ignored, must now needs be very proud of me. From place to place he led me nightly; from stone court to great banquet halls, where soft carpets yielded under my feet, and sweet flowers oppressed me with their luxury, and murmurous applause, so refined, so gentle, rewarded my efforts. And with a voice I dreamt not hidden in the recess of my father's bosom, whispered cheer into my heart, and there was gratitude in the voicings. What wonder that there was but one touch of God to render all this happiness complete—the presence of her of whom I dreamt daily, who walked with me, of me, and for whom was all my outpouring of ecstasy, of thankfulness, of love.

One morning I wandered, as was my custom, across the square to my favorite throne of dreams in the softening shadows of the elms, when I heard a footstep, a strangely familiar tripping, a tender footfall that startled the hot blood to my temples, and a sweet and sacred name to my lips. Then—then the faint breath of violets, and I leaped up, my heart aflame, my two hands outstretched. *Lela!*

The footfalls ceased suddenly, and half fearing that I had blundered, I shrank; but she must have read my silent agony, for a quick, girlish laugh broke from the dear lips, her two hands melted into my own, and she drew me down beside her. "What! You have not even yet forgotten me? Then noting my moment of supreme and speechless happiness, she followed, "Ah, it is so sweet to be remembered, my Victor!"

So for an hour we sat, she, rehearsing all the happiness of her life, so at variance with mine; I, drinking in her voice as a shipwrecked sailor laps the raindrops, silent for all my courage, voiceless in my mood of thankfulness. How mellowed now was that childish voice, softened with the refinements of life, matured with the experience of budding womanhood, yet over and embracing all was that same gladness which inspired me to high purpose; that same faith-giving regard for all my promise of future; that same affection intensified by absence.

"Ah, and to be so loved by one who has now the plaudits of masters! It is I who should the more rejoice. To-night, to-night I shall send my carriage for you, and you shall come and play for me—for *me*, my Victor!"

"You are so good," I ventured. "If I have in your absence accomplished anything, it is alone because of your sweet words, the touch of your hand—"; but she reached orward, and with her finger tips, almost tremblidg, sealed to silence my words of gratitude and joy. Then we parted, and the sun crept unawares upon the noon, so unguarding of time is love.

That evening found us side by side in the windowed nook of her father's vast library. After an ovation following my efforts to give her and the assembled company pleasure, I had escaped from the throng that had pressed upon me their plaudits—escaped that I might hear only hers, to whose image on my heart I had long played in her absence, and now how more perfectly in her presence!

"You did not say that my effort pleased you, my Lela!" I ventured in a half whisper of appeal.

"Ah, why should I speak that which you already know as by magic intuition, my brave Victor? To be the object of music so perfect, so wonderful, how could I be else than flattered, than made happy! But, listen; I have been solving a great problem for you. My father has had a consultation with a great physician, a friend of his. He says—are you listening?—he says that your blindness is not permanent—that it can be cured—that he will cure it. Come, what say you to that?"

I know not what happened for the moment following, for the bursting of some new luminary into the heavens of my sensitive soul was like the sudden gift of bounty far beyond the merit of mortal. My heart seemed to leap up with an exultation that benumbed me. The God that had been so good, so gracious throughout all—surely was he now to suffer a miracle to be performed, that my cup, already full, overflow with blessings?

She touched my hand as if to wake me from a new delirium. "Speak, my Victor!"

"I—I shall—see?—" I know the words were not audible, but answering the quiver at my lips, she said, "Then you are pleased?"

"Pleased! pleased! I shall see you! Your face! Your eyes! Your own dear lips that breathe this miracle!" But her own warm finger tip touched them to silence. Could it be possible? All the bright world, the stars, the ocean, the faces of all mankind, and, dearer than all, the countenance divine of my beloved interpreter—all this, of which at best I had received a child's conception, a poor man's dream of riches. How wonderful! Alas, what had I done to merit this bounty of God—this favor of mankind?

With what exultation then did I leap from the carriage an hour later, and grope my way down into my little home, crying aloud, "Father! father! I shall see! I shall see! You, and mother, and the great, wide world—all, all!"

But a strange silence fell between us; a silence followed by a hundred strange questions and a childlike unbosoming of my open secret, and I realized that a great cloud had fallen between the dutiful child and the objects of his love, and I was afraid. Skeptical was my father, my mother silent, as if not daring to speak her heart in the face of so great an obstacle, and a cold sweat stood upon my forehead. I walked as through a sudden cloud—chilled, dazed. What! was there then no joy in their hearts, no leaping to the precious gift for one they loved? Then I groped my way to my chamber in silence—more than ever blind. I stood by my bedside a moment, then sank upon my knees and prayed, sobbing. A terrible anger, through all my grief, could not be repressed. Was it possible, then, that they—they, my own father and mother, wished me blind, forever blind? My God!

Thrice I heard the birds carolling in the elms, beckoning me to their joy; but I lay silent and prayerful upon my pillow, resting for the great conflict with the demon, darkness, and solving the problem of a father's perversity and of a loyal son's forbearance. At last a dear face bent over and kissed me, and as a tear fell upon my cheek, the tragic whisper came as if a woman's will had opened the gates to heaven:



"You may go; he is willing at last!" I could not answer. "Ah," thought I, "the tiger at last permits its cub to lick and heal its wound. Indeed!"

Like all great struggles, the regaining of my sight was one of peril and infinite sacrifice. I doubted whether, indeed, the good God would grant the frail body the strength to bear the ordeal; but with a reward so great, what will not mortal brave? For days after that great miracle of science I lay exhausted in the cell-like chamber of the hospital, far from the noises of the great world so dear to me, a ball of fire in each socket, a great, burning faith in the soldier's bosom. Soon they admitted into the room a sort of faint twilight, and for the first my loved ones were permitted to come to me, one at a time, at long intervals, though I was permitted only to speak to, not to see, them. Every day an added drop of sunshine into my den of gloom illumined still with a giant hope, and then at last my deliverance into the great world, into which I was thrust with sightless eyes, as if blinded by the great eternity whence I came, was accomplished. *I saw!* Who can measure the depth of meaning in those simple words. I saw! . . . Thank God! I saw my own thin hands clasped above my face, then the outlines and bleak walls of my silent prison house, and then I saw—a human face! God! how it shocked—stunned me!

At last my mother came, and I saw her in the full light of morning. Whatever else was my trial ere this, this was my first great sorrow. Oh, she was so beautiful in my dreams—always so fresh, young and full of tenderness; and there she stood—she, the object of my early adorations, my present awe—there, bowed with her hardships, with sorrow-lines drawn deep and ghastly upon a face hard and repulsive, with eyes sad—oh, so sad! I turned my face to the wall and shuddered. God! had I suffered all this—all this—to this end?

That night my mother sat by my bedside. There was a soft light in the room, and from time to time like an ever burnt moth, I parted my lids to feast upon it. She told me of the hundreds who called in my absence, and of the keenness with which my return to life was watched at every



hand. In the sweetness of that dear voice I almost forgot her repulsive features,—prayed that I might soon see its beauties, and urged my heart to the task. As I opened my eyes there was a shape yonder against the dull background—a vision of horror that silenced every sweet wish, every prompting of filial love—a dark, mal-shapen, hideous trunk, more like to beast than man, with long arms crossed upon his hollow bosom, and the head of a Caliban, with the smile of a satyr. I uttered an exclamation of wonder, of fear, even, when my mother, perceiving my recoiling, bent over me and whispered. I reached up clutching her rough hands. “That!” I cried, “that! my father?” Then I turned away, half fainting, my heart going down, down, till it seemed to sound the uttermost depths of hell. Oh, and I had thought him so beautiful; so manly and brave! Alas, if blindness be hell, what, then, is sight?

And thus day after day a great truth was forced deeper and deeper upon me. In my blindness, God had given me a sixth and purely spiritual sense, wherein alone was happiness, and within whose bosom lay the truth. The interpreter of that sixth sense was Love. I should have been content with it, since I had even tasted joy therein.

With all the sadness of a betrayed soul, I perceived the fact that the beautiful images wrought by the most common, place incidents of human lives, came from sources utterly unworthy them; and that a great, sad bewildering darkness enveloped the world—a great cloud of bitterness, of folly, of wrong, which this sixth sense had interpreted into things worthy. I had indeed brought a diviner sense to the surface, believing in it, living in it, faithful to it ever. Why should I now have renounced that which alone is the supreme consolation of the sightless—the inner sight, the gift of prophecy?

Only one joy was in the reality all that it had been in my dreams—my Lela’s face. Ah, how far short of the divine truth had all my dreams fallen! That noble contour of feature, bespeaking the richest sentiment; that distinction of an empress who rules behind a throne; that skin of warmest golden lustre, and the eye which has the undoing of all

mortal reason with a single glance—beautiful beyond my most sentient dream was she, and with that consolation only was I full of thanks. All else was changed, and such a change! It was as if a healthy mortal had strayed into the midst of a strange people, who said with pitying sighs, “Ah, poor wretch, he is blind.” And as is the stranger replied, “But I see even as you.” And he should then be told that with his eyes he saw but the surface of things, and all those about him were blest with a third organ of vision, which penetrated the interior of all things looked upon; and he, believing himself indeed blind, suffers the third eye, in the middle of his forehead, to be opened, wherewith he perceives the broad illusions of life that erstwhile were beautiful to him. That the objects of his veneration and love, who wore, to him, ere this, the halo of sainthood, he now penetrated to the heart and found deceitful and full of guile, selfish and cold. And the beautiful hills were no longer such, but the charnel houses of the dead and forgotten; and the fair face of the sea no more a thing of joy, for with the third organ of sight is revealed the rotten hulks of once beautiful creations swallowed up in the maw of the great unknown. Who would be gifted with this third power of its bounty destroyed all the loveliness and half illusions that alone had given peace ere this?

And yet, I bore my disillusioning well, despite the truth that at last dawned upon me in all its sombre fulness: that all the world regarded me through the softening lens of pity, and my pride was touched as with a brand of fire. I perceived that they who loved blind Victor and joyed in his restoration to sight, now grew cold and indifferent, and even my mother’s caress less frequent, her curses more. I saw also, that as a bird that had been caged since its birth and given pleasure as it had received it, was now granted its freedom—a mistaken bounty with whose acceptance I was thrust out upon a world to compete with men who had the experience of men, to which my own compared as a babe’s.

One morning I went below to my father’s workshop, and to my amazement, the little wheels were all in motion again, and the whizzing blowpipe all aflame. As I approached

him he made room for me at his side. "Come, brat!" he thundered, "you shall learn my trade, and pay your own bread now!"

I was struck to the heart with the cruel word; but little did I realize the sentence to follow. "Come, fool! to work. You still do not dream yourself the great musician! Ha! let me tell you something, brat! It was as I feared. Your patron saint who brought you before the world, no longer cries for you. Your playing last night at that great concert was the death warrant of your music—of your genius. You *were* a musician—aye, a great musician; now—now you are but a darned fiddler, do you hear? As Victor Robair, the blind virtuoso, you were the joy of thousands, the pride of your parents, the mainstay of your home; as Victor Robair, fiddler, you'r a nobody. Your hand has lost its cunning; your playing is hissed. Come, to your trade—to your trade!"

I staggered away, my brain on fire. At last! at last! I was washed in the pool of Siloam, and cursed with sight. I was scourged with a blessing—cast headlong like a fallen god from the heaven of my dreams, and plunged into the world of common place and of sin—into the very broil of hell where the ten million, all abler equipped than I, like spiders imprisoned in a caldron, crush their way to the brim for more light, more joy, more place all that which ere this I had known, and felt, and loved.

Need I reveal more of these bleedings of a rebellious soul? Nay, the handwriting on the wall which I had prayed to be interpreted proved but a judgment; and bandaging my eyes to save them from so fierce a glare, I walked out into the noon and stood face to face with the struggle for love and all its attendant realism. These maddening streets with their mammoth walls, these limited spheres of thought and action, these crushed and huddled nests of human vipers, believing their little burrows the confines of very eternity, and the good God indeed invisible, as if, himself ashamed of his faulty handiwork, he had hidden himself where he could not only see not, but be unseen of all! Ah, how had turned now my prayer of thanks to a cry of reproach, my faith to

doubt, my bravery to the coward's shrinking, my loyalty to rebellion!

How long I wandered in my frenzy of shame, through this midnight of the mind, I know not; but hours afterward I found myself before my loved one's door, pleading an interview; surely *she* could solve all this mystery for me. And so, crouched down upon the very window couch where some weeks before in the fullness of her love she had offered me my sight, believing it a blessing, I awaited her.

At last she came. Ah, she was beautiful, so beautiful, and although her manner quite chilled my sentiment of tenderness, her very present nerved me. I beckoned to her, and with a strange reluctance she sat beside me. "Have I offended you, my Lela?" I broke forth at last, suffocated with this cloud which seemed suddenly swept between us.

"No," she replied with a forbidding earnestness, "You have not offended: you have frightened me!"

"Frightened? with what?—how?"

"With your falling from grace in the eyes of the world. Frightened me with the fear that my bounty was your undoing. Last night your playing was atrocious. You should see the papers. My friend, you are ruined. Your hand has lost its art; your instrument its sweetness; your soul its fire; your life its purpose. Your heart is dead, my friend; and but a day and your fame will follow after!"

"My heart.....dead? God! what are you saying, my Lela?"

"No; you must not call me Lela now; it might be misunderstood!"

I drew back and clenched my two hands upon my temples. How they throbbed! I sat perfectly dazed for moments. The mind does not regain consciousness for a time after such blows; and as yet I did not even suffer. Then one by one the poison drops fell upon my sick heart, and I moaned. So! with my coming to the light I had lost the peace and beauty of my own soul, the gentle ministrations of the world, and my power to repay them with a great talent all this, but now, oh, deepest, bitterest sacrifice of all, I had lost her, her whose pity had lifted me into a sort of

gentle apotheosis, but stripped of my genius, fallen to the ranks of her hundred admirers with a most inauspicious chance of favor. What a mystery, and yet so plain, so cruelly transparent, all!

Thus, taking my penance like a flagellant unflinching to the lash, I crept away, bandaging my eyes again, and plunging down into the great world that had lost all its dream of beauty and of joy to me, like a magnificent ball-room when the brutal sun rises upon the jaded faces and gilded splendors which under the soft, suffusing mists of evening lamps were so beautiful!

Under the dear elms once more I sank upon my favorite settee, bowing my head in a half fainting delirium of wonder. The whole wild flame-written pageant of the past rushed by; the dear little Lela of my childhood's wonder and awe, who shrank not then to caress me; who told me of the flowers and their pretty names and odors; who interpreted to me the carols of song-birds, with a voice more musical and sweet than theirs; who revealed to my blind eyes and throbbing heart one by one the glories of this great wide world, withholding from me even that mote of its ignominy and shame which her innocent heart might have read and understood. And then I thought of the Lela for whom alone I had learned the sweet language of sounds, and how, by force of so great a love, so exalted a hope, I had become famous with but the wish and will to please her. And to-day, ah, to-day my heart seemed to touch the extreme depths of hell with the crushing thought. So the blind boy's genius was sunken, his hand had lost its cunning, his soul came no more to the surface like a beautiful revelation of the deep sea, nor the heart unfolded like a passion rose. Gone! the godlike had passed away; only the husk remained!

I think I should have then and there lost all reason had I not been supported in this extremity of despair by one resolving hope, that with the return of darkness all would be restored to me. I struggled to my feet and with uncovered head, turned my face full into the blaze of noon. "Out! out thou torch of hell! Ah! was it a fool's deed?

a coward's deed? Say not so! I tore the bandage from my eyes, and turned their naked, gaping sockets full into the eye of heaven!

There was a throe of anguish unspeakable, and like a doe with the poisoned arrow struck to its bosom, I sank back quivering, yet defiant, maddened with the loss of all I held dear of earth. Death would have been sweeter than sight. The throbbing torture seemed sweet, like the antidote of heaven to the mental ills of hell, and I sank my nails into my naked bosom till the blood flowed, that I might not lose my mind. Soon, soon, ah, thanks to God, the awful faintness left me, and breath returned to my panting frame, the sweat and tears dried upon my cheeks, for the cloud descended, deeper, darker, like the finger-touch of God sealing my eyes forever, and the lamp of the soul left itself retrimmed, and joy took up throne again upon a heroic heart!

Long months have come between. My father's words are no longer harsh and cruel, and the blow-pipes have ceased their moanings forever. My mother's indifference no longer reproaches me, for prosperity has followed the reign of want, and all goes well with them. That sweet ministration of God, lighting the inner life with purest rainbows, illuminating it like the inner shell of the pearl-oysters in the slime of the sea, has returned; and I commune again with the things which are unseen of men, yet in the light of love, plain, ah, so plain! With all the skill and tenderness of touch restored to him, aye, by suffering ten-fold intensified, the blind boy plays before great audiences, and gives them happiness, taking their thanks and blessings. He has passed through the valley of darkness called "light," and come upon the other side with God at his right and a great joy within; for only last night as he sat in that same tall window-nook of his loved one's home, *she* came and touched his forehead with her finger-tip, and followed with a kiss.

"You tremble, my Lela!" he whispered.

"It is because I love you so!" she breathes, like an exaltation of heaven.

CHARLES EDWARD BARNES.



## M. MARSICK, THE FRENCH VIOLINIST.

To a former pupil and enthusiastic admirer of M. Marsick's talents, no opportunity could afford greater pleasure than that of introducing this courteous gentleman and eminent master to the readers of *MUSIC*, and of giving them a few facts concerning his life work and the high position which he occupies in the Parisian musical world. M. Marsick, when asked to himself provide some information of his early education and the chief events of his musical career, suggested the use of some critiques published among the "*Silhouettes Artistiques*" by prominent journals of Paris and of that most exacting of French publics—Marseilles, modestly preferring to be judged rather by those who have watched his career from its beginning to the present moment when he could so well defy criticism. The translation reads as follows:

"No epoch of the captivating art of violin playing has counted more remarkable representatives than that of to-day.

"To the pleiad of admirable virtuosi, Viotti, Billot, Kreutzer, Rode, Lafont, Vieuxtemps and De Beriot, we can, without fearing comparison, oppose those kings of the bow, Sivori, Ysaye, Sarasate, Wilhelmj, Joachim and Marsick—the youngest of them all. It is of this last that I wish to speak, since he is the violinist unceasingly in request during each season in Paris, who, at the height of his art is heard in the most fashionable salons and in the most elegant and artistic of Parisian clubs and concerts.

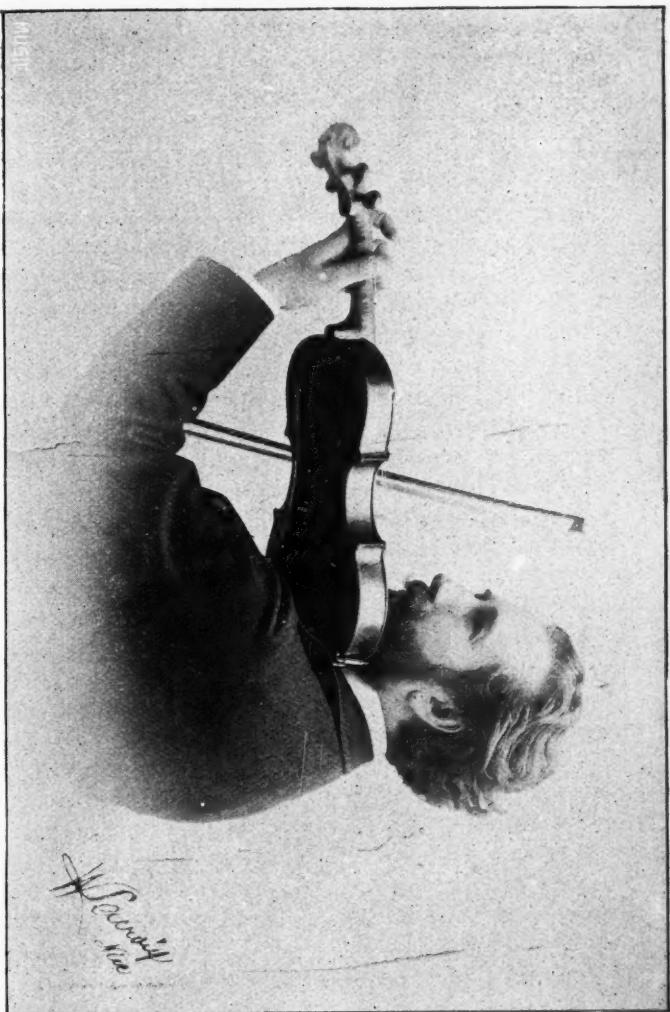
"Born at Liege in 1850, Marsick belongs to that great school of violinists from the Conservatoire of Liege, which has created so many masters in that art; become a Parisian of the Parisians, he has here one of the most active and thoroughly occupied of artistic careers. Having shown from a tender age the most marked musical talent, at ten years he captured a prize for solfege; at twelve he was organist of the cathedral at Liege, and soprano soloist in the



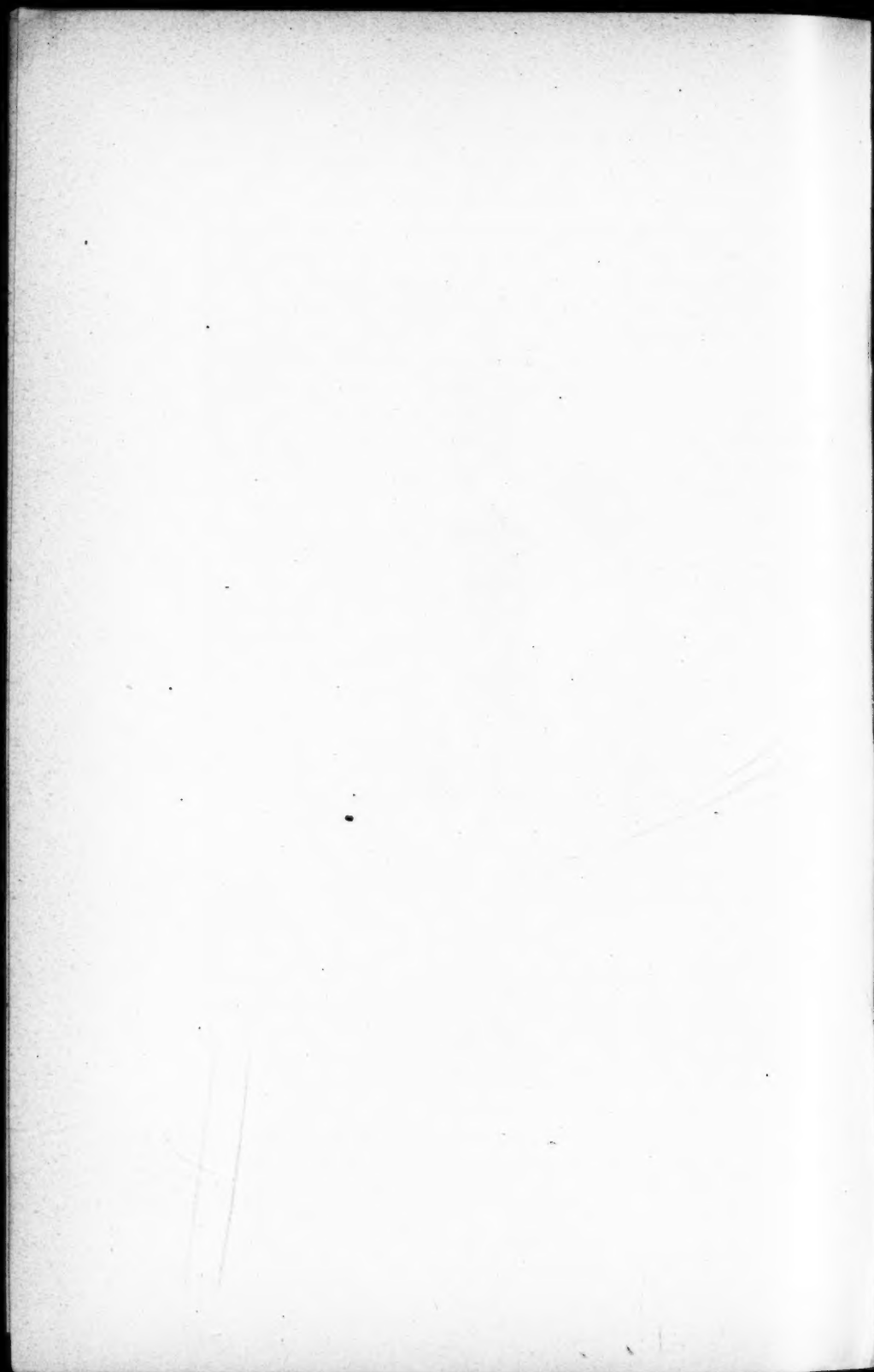
chief religious fetes. His marvelous childish voice—he still sings charmingly—attracted crowds to the church. At fifteen years he terminated his studies, winning prizes for violin, organ, piano and composition. Not content with this brilliant *premier prix*, which would largely have sufficed many another, Marsick after quitting the Brussels Conservatoire in 1866 on account of a flagrant injustice, contended for the further honor of being laureate of our National Conservatoire. In 1868 our violinist, upon whom Paris exercised her usual fascination, left Belgium for France. He arrived filled with ardor, having for sole fortune his violin case, which did not then enclose his now favorite instrument, an admirable Amati equal in power and sweetness to the most marvelous Strad. In a trial at the Opera for the concertmastership Marsick carried away the honor from thirty-five candidates—not chance comers, by any means.

The first masters of the day had remarked his virtuosity and the solidity of his musical education. Vieuxtemps and Leonard honored him with an invitation to be the second violin in their quartette concerts, a charge of which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of these great artists.

He entered the Conservatoire in June, 1868, leaving the following year with the *premier prix*, although when he presented himself for admission the jury refused him pointedly, being unwilling to allow a stranger possessing a similar talent, a high place on the benches of the national school, to the certain prejudice of the French pupils. But Auber, who was then directing our great musical institute, judged that there would be a great advantage in attaching to it a renown whose future he clearly foresaw; so the Belgian candidate was admitted. At the yearly competitive trial there was yet another conflict. Marsick won a brilliant reception and the applause of the entire audience. The jury still attempted to consider him ineligible for the prize; but the president said, "I will not take it upon myself to announce to that over-excited audience such a decision, neither will I answer for the order if its favorite candidate does not receive the first



M. Marsick Violinist.



recompense." The opinion of Pere Auber, as he was called, prevailed. It was in this manner that Marsick became laureate of two Conservatoires and made his *entree* in a career where he has since advanced from success to success.

After the war and a short sojourn in Belgium, where he continued to work with ardor, Paris was naturally the city chosen by the young virtuoso as his future arena, and he made his debut with eclat at the Concerts Populaires, then in all their splendor. He executed the fourth concerto by Vieuxtemps with such amplitude of tone and bowing, a brio so surprising that the master himself, being present, embraced him and declared that he had never heard his work so well interpreted. He also appeared at different times as soloist at the Conservatoire, and at the Colonne and Lamoureux concerts, where he has interpreted, with his characteristic breadth of style and a brilliant success, the concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Vieuxtemps, Lalo Saint-Saens. The latter two have dedicated to him their *chefs-d'œuvres* for violin. Since then this artist has traveled in Switzerland, Holland, England, Russia and Germany. His visit to Germany equaled in success that of his Russian tour in 1866.

No one suspects the German press of benevolence toward our Parisian celebrities; thus the interest in the following article from the Cologne *Gazette* is greatly enhanced.

"The Mendelssohn concerto is one of the best known and most frequently played of concertos, in spite of which one always hears it with the same pleasure and attention. We do not know how many times this concerto has been performed in our concert rooms, but it is incontestable that the last production was one of the best that we have ever registered. The interpretation, vaporous, full of soul, the purity of tone, the agility free from all difficulties, designated an artist of the first order, and as such we salute M. Marsick, of Paris. It would be difficult to decide to what part of the concerto one would give the relative preference in the virtuoso's interpretation, be it to that of the Allegro, so warm, that of the melodious Andante or to that of the last movement, which in each note reveals the composer of a Midsum-

mer Night's Dream. Each was equally perfect, and the public showed its recognition by its applause as sincere as warm."

At Coblenz, it was said: "Marsick possesses a technic so unimpeachable that the best among the masters could do no more than equal it. The sounds which he draws from his instrument are full of nobility, his interpretation that of a delicate and finished musician." Then follows an account of the enthusiasm with which the artist was treated by the German public. M. Marsick has traveled comparatively little of late years, for the demands upon his time are so unremitting as to leave him little thought save for his Parisian audiences. But the coming season promises a tour of Austria and Hungary the triumph of which may easily be anticipated. At last, in 1878, M. Marsick founded his own quartette which has so largely contributed to the development of musical taste in France by the production of new compositions, as well as of the standard classics, for Marsick is at once an accomplished virtuoso and, what is more rare, a master interpreter of that chamber music which we owe to Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann and Brahms.

To fully appreciate the vigorous and elevated talent of M. Marsick, one should hear him in a Beethoven quartette at one of the series of annual concerts which he gives at the Salle Pleyel with the assistance of MM. Loys, Laforge and Brun, all artists of talent whose perfection of execution delights the connoisseur and makes him find insufficient other societies which, though not lacking in merit, are yet unable to obtain, aside from the incomparable accentuation given by the first violin, that melting of tones, that ideal ensemble, in short, which characterizes the Marsick quartette, without contest the finest which we possess in all France. From the first notes which he draws with his supple and powerful bow, Marsick compels the attention of the auditor by the firm clearness of his style. The violin high, the head with its fine features thrown slightly back, the bow gliding up and down in a movement full of harmony, all unite to increase the nobility of the executant's attitude. Respecting scrupulously the thought of the master he interprets, M. Marsick rightly maintains in the prominent place the first violin, of

which the voice, though sharper, is less voluminous than those of its partners, and which should not cease, but, meanwhile melting into the ensemble, put in relief the song which it is charged to convey to the auditor's ear. The dominant quality in Marsick's playing is its virility, that force by which, possessing to the utmost the technic of his instrument, he executes the most perilous difficulties with that supreme ease which leaves intact and without anxiety the pleasure of the hearer—something rare enough in the concert goer's experience. His has a magnificent sonority of tone vibrating to a degree equaling the timbre of one of those beautiful voices which touch the heart. At the same time excelling in maintaining the supremacy of the first violin, Marsick, as faithful interpreter of the composer's thought, never hesitates to efface himself and to remain in a half light when it is wished to make prominent the 'cello or alto. I can but add that Marsick, whose compositions are to-day in the repertoire of every violinist, is much sought as a professor. His instruction, which has produced numerous and excellent pupils is worthy to continue at the Conservatoire the magnificent traditions of Biollot Rode and Kreutzer.

America has as yet sent few students of the violin to France, compared with the numbers who yearly flock to Germany; and Miss Leonora Van Storsch, of Washington, who, after a *premier prix* at the Brussels Conservatoire, terminated last year her studies under his instruction, is perhaps our chief representative of M. Marsick's schooling. However, his interest in the American public as it has been described to him is very keen, and he assured me that he was looking eagerly forward to a season when his engagements should permit him to make its acquaintance other than through the accounts of his pupils.

Although more famed as composer than executant, one of M. Marsick's best known pupils is Mademoiselle Chaminnade, whose charming songs are familiar to audiences on both sides of the Atlantic. This gifted artist was born in Paris in 1861. Her childish talents were of such remarkable promise that Bizet predicted for her a brilliant future—which she has more than realized, standing, as she does,

among the first of the younger generation of French composers. When eight years of age she composed sacred music which was heard at the church of Vesinet. Among the larger works from her pen is a ballet entitled "Callirhoe" produced at Marseilles in 1888, subsequently given at Lyons; and recently a remarkable concert piece was performed with great success at the Lamoureux concerts. Her chief renown, however, has been obtained in song writing, and her exquisite compositions find a place on any programme alike for salon and concert. Mademoiselle Chaminade is often heard as an interpreter, and is deservedly a favorite pianist, possessing a brilliancy of touch and the thorough technic which her own work require. She furnishes at least one programme entire during the season for the series of concerts given by the society for the production of new compositions by French writers. This year Mademoiselle Chaminade has met with a most cordial welcome from the London public, and the enthusiasm displayed at St. James during her recital, where the programme consisted entirely of her works, only confirmed the verdict of Parisian auditors concerning the value of her many-sided talent. For masters, Mademoiselle Chaminade has had Le Couppey, Savart, Marsick and Godard. From these sources she has but drawn the best inspiration, and stamped it with the grace and charm of her own originality.

This notice of the interpretative character of M. Marsick's playing would leave an insufficient impression without more definite knowledge of his manner of associating and combining compositions of the very highest class for the pleasure of a Parisian public, which is commonly supposed to be incapable of sustained seriousness. The best evidence at hand is furnished by the programmes of the four chamber concerts given at the Salle Pleyel-Wolff during the spring of the present year. The first concert (Feb. 24) had the following:

1. String Quartette, No 12, in E flat. Beethoven.
2. Suite, for piano, two violins and violoncello. Luzzato.
3. Quartette in G minor. For piano, alto, violin and violoncello. Brahms.



At the second concert the works were these :

1. Quartette in C minor, piano and strings, G Faure.
2. Serenata, piano and violoncello. Saint-Saens.
3. Quartette for strings. Mendelssohn.

The third concert, March 23:

1. Quartette, in C minor for strings. Brahms.
2. Trio in D minor, piano, violin and violoncello. Schumann.
3. Septuor of the Trumpet, for piano, trumpet, string quartette and contrabass. Saint-Saens.

At fourth concert, April 6:

1. Quintette in C minor, strings. Beethoven.
2. Sonata in A minor, piano and violin. Rubinstein.
3. Carnival of the Animals (unpublished). Saint-Saens
1. Introduction of royal March of the Lion. Style Persian. 2. Cocks and Hens 3. Hemiones (swift animals) 4. Tortoises. 5. Elephant. 6. Kangaroos. 7. Aquarium. 8. Personages of long ears. 9. The Cuckoo in the Woods. 10. Volere. 11. Pianists. 12. Fossils. 13. Swan. 14. Finale.

MARIAN E. WALES.

COLORADO.

## PHILOSOPHY IN PIANO PLAYING.

### I.

#### TECHNIC.

The opinion has been gaining ground among thinking teachers, that piano students waste too much time and energy with studies of all grades and kinds from the prolific Carl Czerny down to the present day; the conviction seems to be fairly established that a careful selection among the whole host of exercises and study-books would condemn most of them as superfluous, if not useless. The whole system of exercises which to the present day predominates in pianoforte instruction is certainly based upon the theory that piano playing is essentially a mechanical art. This inference to a limited extent is true, since piano playing to a period not far distant is almost solely mechanical, and progress in the early stages is made too often by only sticking at it.

The greater part of all these exercises brings long strings of figures and rhythms, in never varying combinations and repetitions, which are supposed to give a lasting impression to the student's mind and fingers. Truly their success in impressing the average student's mind cannot be doubted; after wrangling and struggling in the ordinary way of "established methods," the student is so firmly imbued with the mechanical side of piano playing, that his reproductions of the very gems of our piano literature, old or new, fail to reveal often the faintest trace of ideal meaning or feeling. Yet is it to be wondered at that such results are usually obtained? A child which has been drilled—though to perfection almost—only in the spelling book, whose highest attainment might prove the victory over words like "procrastination," would fail just as truly in an attempt at reading a small sentence with proper emphasis, as a result of thought; yet the child enters the school with the already formed power of speech.

The careful gradation of exercises accomplishes the student's progress almost imperceptibly; they have been manufactured mostly for the purpose of furnishing an easy grade to the mediocre student. Musical thought and feeling receive little or no consideration; commonplace matter mostly is what they contain, at all times injurious to the intellectual and emotional qualifications the student originally brings to his task. Their object is to produce in the diligent worker a certain mechanical skill; and technic being the most coveted of all the prerequisites of a good pianist, the number of their admirers and worshipers is indeed legion.

Technic! What is technic? It is the sum and substance of all that is required to produce or reproduce a work of art, therefore the product of the student's work, and as such it will represent all that the student acquires by thorough systematic training.

In pianoforte playing the term technic is generally applied to the merely mechanical treatment of the instrument and the skill and rapidity in execution. As a means of musical reproduction, which must be the student's final aim, there are several other things which fall under this head. Besides digital skill this includes tone-development in all its various grades and shades, a thorough and correct understanding and rendition of time and rhythm, and lastly an increased musical appreciation of the meaning, character and emotional tendency of a composition.

A great amount of digital skill is required, and in the exclusive attention to this indeed most essential factor in piano playing students and teachers too often forget that much theoretical advice may and must go hand in hand with finger training. Musical education should prepare also the intellectual appreciation of the student, and much can be accomplished by giving the pupil, even at an early stage, an insight into the particular means required to bring a performance in close relationship with the character of the composition and so make it truly enjoyable. A modicum of intellect and feeling can be early developed in the average piano student, which, when carefully fostered, will in course of time in a great measure overcome the mechanical

tendency of piano playing, will lead to a more elevated enjoyment, to a better defined outline of character and to a healthy glow of artistic individuality.

It should always be borne in mind that, as music is the language of emotion, the musical education must strive to arouse the dormant energy of feeling, as well as to sharpen the intellectual faculties. This craves a greater attention in the piano student, from the fact that the modus of acquiring skill in playing will always remain more or less a mechanical process. Touch, time and correct motion are the elementary prerequisites; musical notation and rhythm, according to grade, follow immediately, and the pupil's first step in musical parlance, little pieces, can be selected so as to appeal more or less strongly to his intelligence and feeling.

When the student in the first stages of instruction has acquired a reposeful position of the forearm, the fingers may be more or less pliable, according to the physical development, but attention should be given most carefully to the mode and manner of touch. The finger must press only (*not* strike) with as little effort as possible, and complete restfulness must be obtained at the moment of touch. A merely mechanical process this, certainly! The student, however, should be made to feel that this touch implies an impressive treatment, and his mind must be impressed before you can get this expression.

Awaken the ideas of different ways of touching; the allusion to ideas natural or latent in the student will greatly facilitate the teacher's effort. If you compare this pressure touch to the loving caress of a dear friend, you will give the student a distinct idea, and in all likelihood he will establish a more intimate feeling with the mechanical motion. Such a touch, close and clinging, varied in intensity according to the nature of the student, will in course of time shape itself into the most perfect means for tone production, will be delicate or powerful, singing or crisp as occasion requires, when the player's musical progress is sufficiently advanced to adapt the touch to the vital elements and characterization in music.

Two-finger exercises are the most thriving means for the development of a good touch, digital facility and correct time. Has the student's mind grasped the idea of an equal division of time, two-finger exercises in half, quarter and eighth notes will soon establish these values as time measures—and some patience will see them correctly applied. Two-finger exercises should be practiced daily for their three-fold value in regard to touch, time and execution, first on white keys only, later alternating with black keys. Care should be taken, more especially where black keys are employed, that there be perfect equality in tone production, that there is no discrimination in the length of tone—induce the student early to a little self-criticism; necessary also is a good position of the hand and a uniform finger movement.

When the student first comes to the keyboard it is sometimes difficult to obtain a correct and reposeful position. It is in this as well as in later stages of piano playing that the thumb plays an all-important part. The thumb moves from the first joint—near the wrist—and should touch the key with the side between the third joint and the tip. If this is strictly adhered to, so that the thumb is allowed to strike near the tip only in figures of a wider pattern, the wrist and forearm will fall into position naturally, provided the player sit neither too high nor too low. If this is considered inconvenient by students who desire a high seat, a short trial will generally be convincing to them.

The development of touch, time and execution are at first closely connected, and, though in the next stages these factors still go hand in hand, each requires a more distinct and separate treatment. The touch will continue to improve best in the two-finger exercises, and a more momentary rise and fall of the fingers without jerking should be cultivated with the utmost repose at the moment of touch, so as to obtain a genuine legato. The training of the students in notation meanwhile has progressed so that little pieces with easy rhythms can be taken into consideration. The easier the pieces the more should the student be left to find his way, as the teacher at this period is only responsible

for a correct reading, good position of the hands, proper fingering and time. Variety in shading had best not be attempted too soon, but the striving for correct time must include all; even the last notes must be given their full value, and rests should not give occasion for hurrying. Many otherwise good piano players indulge in liberties of this kind, where fault could not easily be found with a musician or one whose musical education has been of a high order. Everything at an early stage of progress should be done as thoroughly and correctly by the student as possible, but as every pupil differs from another, there will be occasionally a wide margin left.

When the student begins to find more pleasure in any piece, take more pains with it, play it to give a simple shading and expression, and so arouse more interest in the pupil; let him memorize and finish with at least a noticeable change in piano and forte. Always insist on slow practice and playing, and constantly keep some of the pieces that have been memorized in view, for "*repetitio est. mater studiorum.*"

To more properly advance the execution, scales and broken chords have soon to be employed along with the two-finger exercises. All material of this kind should be thoroughly studied, the rules for each pattern pointed out and made familiar and the fingering should be intrinsically a part of each new evolution. Let the student's mind be active in all mechanical work, make small use of books and the student will be better able to classify and systematize.

It seems not amiss to state here that, when more varied rhythms are introduced in the pieces, the labor bestowed on a single rhythmical figure, which remains for a time obdurate, will for the future be a great gain musically; no pains should be spared to obtain at an early stage a rhythmical precision which will leave a lasting impression on the student's mind.

The use of pieces exclusively at an early stage of the student's progress as an educational means to obtain a proper knowledge of musical characteristics, cannot be too highly recommended, provided that they are selected in regard to



their efficiency as a means of musical expression as well as to their pleasing effect on the student. Their use should be continued regularly along with the labor requisite for the mechanical mastery of the keyboard; as the latter progresses it will even be advisable to bring the pieces (and musical characteristics) more to the foreground. The mechanical resources will continue to grow after they have been thoroughly understood, and a comparatively small amount of attention will be sufficient to keep the student on the right road, and to prevent bad habits or faults of any kind.

The pieces should be selected with some care, mainly for their musical value and pleasing character, and a certain gradation should be observed, in such a way that the student proceeds from something familiar to what is new to him. The interest will thus be kept wide awake, so that, even if marked transitions occur in the mechanical skill necessary for a correct rendition, the labor required for these acquisitions will give small trouble.

When wrist studies are introduced the wrist should be slightly lower than the knuckles, and the fingers strictly curved. The practice of octaves with hand extended, by simple movement of the first and fifth finger is sometimes advisable; the great tension required to reach the two points of the octave will make this mode of practice, with a quiet hand and wrist, particularly valuable for players with small hands.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that much attention should be given to rouse in the student both the intellectual and emotional qualities, which will prove that the ideal purpose of a composition is sincerely appreciated. Vocal students experience much less difficulty in determining the poetical meaning of a composition. The living word gives them a more definite idea, and the tendency is generally so plain that little comment is necessary. In instrumental music much is indefinite and, unaccompanied by a text that familiarizes the meaning, this must necessarily be more or less clouded, and the difficulty to find the right shade of expression is naturally increased. Violinists and performers on all instruments, where the tone is produced directly by



the player, have from the very nature of this process an advantage even in this over the pianist, whose tone is ready and produced by indirect means. A student of average ability will, however, hardly fail to discriminate at first between widely different characteristics of emotion, and he will soon learn to give a reading that is more than merely intellectual to such selections as carry the conviction of a very definite meaning on the face of them.

Students should all be taught alike; whether they study for pleasure, to make home life enjoyable, or with an artistic purpose, their training ought to be the same, and the difference should only be found in the value of their individual performances. Artistic training is only a higher grade of general musical education, which is attainable to all, and it seems unwarranted to exclude a student from the advantage of a better musical education, which may enable him to find the right field for his talent. Would it not be fully as unreasonable as to train every student to be an artist and composer?

Music of a higher order should therefore be selected, such as will constantly appeal to every student's intellect and feeling. It is not at all necessary or even desirable to feed pupils on classical literature only. Much has been written of a lighter character, which is well worth the learning, and truly enjoyable. The greater the variety of composers and compositions that come within reach of the student's aim, the greater will be the benefit to his musical development, provided every composition is thoroughly studied and appreciated. The great object of the teacher must be to elevate the pupil's taste, to strengthen the intellectual faculties and arouse the feeling; to gain this object and at the same time the pupil's appreciation of his efforts, he must put himself on a level with the pupil, and if a good selection strikes at all a congenial spirit in the pupil, the interest in good music is bound to grow if the student's inclination to certain characteristics is not altogether disregarded.

As the student's intellectual faculties increase and his ability to reproduce certain well defined characteristic qualities progresses, give ample illustrations in the matter of

phrasing and the different grades and qualities of touch. As a child can be taught to speak a piece of poetry with some natural grace and meaning, so the average music student can be led to distinctly articulate musical phrases and rhythms. Little may be accomplished at the outset, still the attention should be aroused and kept on the alert. A theoretical knowledge at this stage of the student's progress of the construction and symmetrical build of the composition will be of great advantage in determining the general outline for simple and rudimentary phrasing. As the rhythmic, melodic and harmonic motives begin to display more clearness, the student will attempt to give them more definite meaning and shading, and will perhaps develop a spark of artistic temperament.

Phrasing, even artistic phrasing, is something that can be taught thoroughly; as long as the phrases are more congruent with the metrical and rhythmical constituents of a composition, as is generally the case in classic works, no serious difficulty will be encountered. In compositions of a romantic order, metrical and rhythmical construction are much interlaced with musical phrases, characteristic accents are heaped together, sometimes seemingly foreign to the even flow of thought. Beethoven, in his later works, and Schubert open this new field for expression, and with Schumann it is one of the chief characteristics; for this reason, probably, the latter composer has spared no pains to make his phrasing as plain as musical notation would permit in his time.

Phrasing in classic compositions, where greater perfection of form enhances the beauty, is more a matter of refined intelligence, inasmuch as in these works emotional qualities are certainly latent, but do not for expression appeal to any definite chord in the human soul. In compositions which appeal more directly to the imagination, as is the case with works of the romantic order, phrasing seems more an outgrowth of a distinct feeling, and depends largely upon the temperament, the emotional qualifications and the discriminating abilities of the student.

Touch, as a means of tone production, and the interpreter's most valuable medium for expression, requires much

thought and study. To become a master of all the various grades and shades of touch is a laborious task; for the strong to produce a tone that is replete with delicate refinement, to instill power and vigor into delicate hands, to bring repose to the restless and awaken energy in a lethargic temperament, is all-important. Is the physical power at last brought under control—and the long line of pianists that have succeeded in this should give encouragement in untiring efforts—the pianist's temperament and intellect are called upon for each shade of tone. Good examples, that furnish in musical characteristics solid food for the student's intellectual training, will in time give a versatility in touch, which is essential in an artistic reproduction. The pianist's last achievement is to put life into his touch; in the sympathetic intercourse of his inner life with his hearers he must strive to make convincing to them through his touch what is alive in his artistic conception.

The touch in itself should always be spontaneous, that is, proceeding from natural feeling, temperament or disposition, or from an internal tendency without either compulsion or constraint. Has the student acquired a proper insight into the intellectual and emotional qualities of the composer's work, the special mode of touch will be regulated by his natural feeling, guided by the artistic taste which has been developed. Touch, in a higher sense, is the natural consequence of the musical growth in feeling and intellect; an inexhaustible variety is at the player's command, and experience will by and by become a valuable and reliable guide.

In all the varieties of touch there must be several uniform elements. Whether fingers or arm use a high elevation or touch almost resting on the keys, the movement itself should be quick as thought, sincere in purpose and full of repose. As in execution the least exertion insures the best effect, so in touch the concentration of the effort to a minimum will increase the beauty of tone. If the word "touch" signifies not only the attack but includes throughout the connection of finger and key to the relieve, it should be borne in mind that the finger continues the pressure in complete repose and

that the reliefment should be accomplished in a perfectly unaffected manner, that is, without changing to that end the position of either hand or wrist. Who is not aware that many of our amateur pianists in relieving the key contrive to "gracefully" pull up the fingers by the wrist, a sort of conventional inclination for saying "Good-bye!"

If the elementary parts of technic have been correctly understood and thoroughly practiced, time, rhythm and execution will improve in good order, if the teacher quickly notices what needs special care and takes the proper steps to correct what is wrong and to improve what is amiss. There will always be students more or less subject to weakness in one or another of the essential elements of technic, for the model student is still to be found, whose exceptional qualities would enable him to reach a high grade in every branch of the art without encountering greater or lesser obstacles in one or another direction. Experience proves that to go to the root of the evil and remedy what is wanting, fundamentally, gives always the quickest and best cure, but it generally requires patience and perseverance of a higher order, both in the student and teacher. Where a fundamental cure is not admissible, recourse to other means must be had, and it is in such emergency that the studies, which have been written to assist the diligent student in his efforts to overcome special defects, must be employed to remedy the evil. The selection must be made with the particular object in view, and the practice continued until this result has been fairly well accomplished. Even where the fundamental cure is employed, such exercises may be used sparingly as a diet to prevent a relapse.

Reading at sight is an accomplishment which is not always a natural gift, and little can be done at first to acquire it, since the defect is not alone one of the eye; the cause in most cases seems to be an unsatisfactory co-operation of eye, intellect and fingers. After a fair amount of skill in the management of the keyboard has been acquired, some time daily should be devoted to reading, beginning with the simplest little pieces, the easiest arrangements of popular songs, such as are found to any number in our

instruction books of later date for children; little by little some readiness will be gained in reading if every next trial brings something new. Easy sonatinas, and everything that presents little difficulty in rhythm, may thus be read until some satisfactory result is obtained; it is, however, essential that the reading matter should always be of a simple kind, in gradation very much below the general ability of the player, and that no attempt be made to soon increase the harmonic or rhythmical difficulties of the matter.

Mention has been made repeatedly that in the early part of the student's training, material of sound musical quality should be substituted altogether for exercises, since the deteriorating tendency of the latter in all that constitutes musical characteristics can scarcely be denied in the abstract. No mechanical exercises, save what may be termed the elements of execution, should be employed; these, however, should be studied and matured, as a means to musical reproduction, until a high grade of perfection is attained. The *multum in parvo* should be the ruling principle, and a thoroughly correct application of all that pertains to piano technic must be considered as essential. Physical development, and the intellectual capacity of the individual will largely determine the successful issue; yet more depends on thorough, systematic work. Every step prepares the way for the next, but firm foothold must be gained before the new step is attempted. After the elements of piano technic have been firmly established, the student will be able to successfully develop greater variety in execution, provided that in each new acquisition he adheres to the principle of the utmost exactness.

Necessarily, what will insure the greatest versatility in execution, on the soundest musical principles, will be the best means to the end, and the greatest exponent of music pure and simple. J. S. Bach, furnishes the student with the greatest variety in technical figures. The student will find in him every assistance in his efforts for greater variety and superior neatness in execution, while the sound musical character of his works will greatly mature the healthy musical

instincts. If it is conceded that musical qualifications should be combined with technical efficiency, the student, whose selections of a more technical tendency are largely interspersed with Bach, from the little preludes to his "Well Tempered Clavecin," will find an endless variety of musical and technical material, which with proper application will not only greatly enlarge his executive ability, but will give him intellectually the ordinary complements, the first principles, which establish sound musical convictions that will be a safeguard for his musical conscience.

Piano music and piano technic have been developed and broadened since Bach's time to an astonishing degree, and though Bach may justly claim the foremost consideration in the student's curriculum, there would be no gain in a totally one-sided devotion to his musical genius. As life's intercourse develops character and brings out the qualities in man, which distinguish one being from another, so musical characteristics can only be developed in constant interchange with the ideal characters in the great works of our art. The greater the variety of composers and compositions of sterling value, that come within the range of the student's efforts, the more thoroughly each is studied and appreciated in its musical character, the more chance will the pianist have to acquire that subtle intelligence, that broadness of character, and intensity of feeling in musical reproduction, which is the chief charm of piano playing.

ADOLPH CARPE.

CHICAGO.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

---

### CHAPTER XXIX.

It requires great courage to undertake the unusual in this very free republic. In most cases substantial financial success will justify one in time, but in the interim, his neighbors, if he live in the country, his set, if he live in a city, will give the man who dares the unusual a lively notion of the sufferings endured by the immortal John Rogers, if he be of a sensitive temper, and will make him uncomfortable, if he be a very pachyderm. So, though David March had as much courage as a man of his cloth usually needs, he was at times beset by misgivings about his wife's profession. He did not, to be sure, call it a profession; but the money she received for her work, and the marked consideration accorded her, gave a dignity in his eyes she had not at first had, before he understood so fully her position.

Chester was his first parish. He had come there full of dreams from the theological seminary, and had learned some very practical lessons while accomplishing a good deal for the church. Moreover, he had attracted the attention of the orthodox body at large, and had come to be spoken of as a "live man," and a "rising man," by the heads of the various "Boards," men who had only to dip their pens in ink to do him a good or ill turn. He was constitutionally averse to martyrdom, and to have trouble in his first parish would be martyrdom to him.

On the other hand, his empty pocket-book appealed to him with unanswerable arguments. In his bachelor days he had followed the Scriptural injunction, and taken "no



thought for the morrow. The result was, he had a large and well-assorted library, and not a penny saved unless he could so count the sum expressively named by Mr. Barnes, "back salary." Mrs. Tompkin's select boarding house had, since his marriage, become daily more oppressive to him. He found himself in a sort of subjection to conditions which were, at times, almost insupportable. With more space about him, he fancied marriage would be less of a constraint upon the intellectual life. Huldah also longed for a home of her own. A good house with two acres of land about it was for sale at a bargain, but it was as unattainable as the "roc's egg." To pay five thousand dollars out of fifteen hundred a year, was not to be thought of. To rent a house large enough for their easy accommodation, would compel close frugality in the expenses of living, and how was such a house to be furnished?

It was plain that Mrs. March's services as organist were considered by the church trustees, in Mr. Podd's phrase, "grat-tuous." Yet it was also clear, if she escaped grinding economies and soul-famishing deprivations, she must add something to the family income. And in no way could that addition be made, save by following the path her gifts had made for her. It might be unusual for a preacher's wife to go about giving piano-forte recitals, and to appear with famous orchestras, but, he reasoned, it was also unusual for a preacher's wife to be able to do so. It had not yet dawned upon him that without full liberty his wife would not reach the fullest development of her powers, nor was it possible for him to consider her rights in the abstract, or save in subordination to himself, and in her impatience of social restraints and details he saw a flaw of character instead of devotion to high ideals, but the arguments made by that yawning pocket-book were unconvulsive. Marriage, at last, disclosed itself to him, as it is, a complicated state supporting innumerable industries. Bread and broad-cloth for one had been a much more simple problem.

Mrs. March's appearance in St. Lonis led to an imme-

diate engagement for four piano recitals, and there was much kindly and appreciative criticism in the best journals. But an obscure sheet which tried to be funny, and which only succeeded in being vulgar, contained the following in large type:

"A new sensation! A preacher's wife in the show business! This is the sort of popular Christianity that pays! Yankees always have a sharp eye for the main chance, and Parson March is to be congratulated. But the reporter, in listening to the fair Madam's rendering of Beethoven's Sonate, op. 2, No. 3, and to the Chopin numbers (Valse Ab, op. 42, Nocturne, Db, op. 27, No. 2, and Polonaise, op. 53), could not help thinking it a pity that such a velvet-fingered creature should be a parsoness. Her marvelous smoothness of touch never varies, and is as marked in the most rapid and fiery presto's, as in the exquisite tenderness of a Chopin Nocturne. She took the Chopin Valse in a most poetic manner, varying the most lovely rubatos with sparkling accelerando's. The Polonaise was simply wonderful, and it is not surprising that the first violin, despite his age (he looks ninety), should be sweet upon the fair pianist; and that the harpist drank her health till no end of o'clock in the morning. It may be of interest to those of our lady readers who did not attend the concert, to state that the Rev. Madam wore a peach-bloom colored brocade, with a good deal of lace at the neck and wrists. She looked very handsome. Hurrah for the parsoness!"

This bill of "reportorial work" would have done no harm, had not the editor of the Mound City Trumpet, who cherished a fierce jealousy of Chester's prosperity, copied the whole thing into his paper between double leads, and directed attention to it with sugary compliments to Mrs. March, in the editorial columns. It proved, as he had foreseen, a great stroke of spite and business. A huge bundle of the papers were ordered by the Chester news dealers, and that city was thrown into a fearful temper. Mrs. Podd needed very little help in her undertakings. Especially was this true, if a person at all in her power,

was in her opinion, deserving of her rebuke. Moreover, it was ingrained in her to exact from those to whom she gave it, the full worth of her money. It had been a great source of irritation to her that Mrs. March had not taken upon herself all the duties usually rendered by ladies in her position. Mr. March was, she admitted, a bargain. "We'll look a long time before we get another pastor as smart as he is for the money we give him," she confessed to Mr. Podd, with a sigh; but for the pastor's wife she had only reprobation, in private as well as when the two were up for dissection, an entertainment a tea-party of "the workers" always enjoyed.

She had long meditated administering heroic treatment to the offender, and Mrs. March's demonstration at the sewing society had put the last touch to her determination. When the article, before referred to, appeared in the Mound City Trumpet, Mrs. March was in Danvers, so it was impossible to make her sense the full edge of the public feeling, which after the first moment had been in part deflected toward the officious editor. Even Mr. Dulcimer said, "He needed booting." But Mrs. Podd had no such consideration. "It was time," she said, "that the minister's wife was told what was what."

### CHAPTER XXX.

The little parlor was dusty. Newspapers were heaped in careless confusion upon the tables and on the chairs. The stove was decorated with tiny drifts of ashes. An industrious spider had crept out of her winter seclusion to spin a long web across the engraving over the mantel. Its dusty line crossed just over the cheek of the Puritan maiden, looking so wistfully after the receding Mayflower. Mrs. March had been from home two weeks, and had arrived at midnight. Though the town clock had told the rest of the world it was two o'clock, she was just out of bed. At her last recital in Danvers, a catastrophe had happened. She had mastered several new pieces in scraps of time, and had gone before her audience hurried and anxious. The dainty serenade by

Moszkowski and the selections from Dvorak and Scharwenka, went off perfectly, but when she began the third movement of the *Etudes Symphoniques*, she knew that the rest of that wonderful series was gone from her memory, in which she had supposed it as firmly fixed as the very alphabet. Full of the nerve shock of this experience, she had no thought for anything save her music.

It was bitter cold, February being bent on making it as disagreeable as possible before he gave way to spring. The windows were sheeted with ice. Mr. March was at Fort Ann, at a Sunday-school meeting of some sort. It was Thursday, and counting upon an uninterrupted afternoon, she had just seated herself at the piano, when Mrs. Podd entered, announcing her coming as would a careless maid-servant, by tapping and opening the door at the same moment.

A deep wave of color dyed Mrs. March's cheeks, and her brown eyes certainly snapped as much as was in their power. Mrs. Podd noted these signs, and, despite her self-confidence and the upbracing sense that she was about to do her duty, she faltered: "I—ah—suppose I ought to have sent up word," she half apologized, "but I always feel at home at my pastor's. I am very glad you are in." The sound of her own voice gave her courage. "I felt that I must see you at once. After what has happened, I saw delay was dangerous."

"I am very glad to be at home," said Mrs. March quietly. "I did not know that anything had happened. Mrs. Tompkins said that my husband was quite well when he set out for Fort Ann." Outside of David, she did not feel that anything in Chester could touch her vitally.

"Ah—glad to be home? Why, I supposed that all public persons liked excitement—and that sort of thing."

"I am not at all a public person," Mrs. March had recovered her temper and could smile now even to showing her dimples. 'Mrs. Podd was such an utter Philistine,' she had once told David, 'her vulgarity reached grotesqueness.'

"Well, I should call playing with a band, public, and you played with a band at St. Louis. I never liked a band myself. The last one that was here, called together all the riff-raff of the town."

To do Mrs. Podd justice, she was absolutely ignorant of the difference between the performances of the dullest blockheads who ever blew dreary compositions out of dreadful brass-horns, and the most perfect rendering of master-pieces by artists. A band was simply a band to her. One that traveled, was a shade less respectable than one made of musically inclined butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers, whom she knew to be in other respects good citizens.

"Oh, I played with an orchestra, one of the best," said Mrs. March, still smiling.

"It don't make any difference what you call it. I for one think you have gone just as far as you can. After what was published in the Mound City Trumpet, it seems to me you ought to see it. Your husband, poor man, preached a splendid sermon last Sunday. I wondered how he could under the circumstances. I asked myself, then, if you realize your privilege in being the wife of such a man."

Perfectly aware that Mrs. Podd was by intention impudent, Mrs. March had no clue to her allusions. Praise of David was always sweet. His absence made her tenderness doubly sensitive. "Perhaps I do not," she said, humbly. "But I try to. I am glad you like his sermons."

"Why, then you really repect his profession!" Mrs. Podd was quite baffled. "Well—"

"I married him. I could do no more to express my opinion of him, and his work."

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Podd, and casting about for a new start. "I like to hear your husband preach. He isn't sensational." Mrs. Podd did not know exactly what she meant by sensational. That it was praise not to be sensational, she had gathered from Mr. Baxter. "But the best and greatest of men, especially preachers

need the help of a wife. Now, our late pastor, Dr. Grannis, would have been nothing if it had not been for his wife. She really built this church up, though at the time we didn't see it."

Mrs. March bowed assent to Mrs. Grannis' virtues, but as she had heard the number, cost and quality of the garments made by the sewing society for that much tried, and always tired lady often carpingly commented upon, she could not help a derisive smile. And as attention often wanders even from torture, and one may note the buzzing of flies while under the hands of the dentist, she observed the wide arches made by her visitor's brows and listened for a peculiar tone in her voice which sounded strangely familiar.

"Then if you really, as you say you do, respect your husband's work, why do you not do your duty by us?" said Mrs. Podd with growing asperity. "Yes, do your duty by *us*, instead of going off to play with bands, to be talked about, as you have been, in the papers."

"I do not know what you mean. I do not know what you call duty to my husband's church. I play the organ. I received seven hundred dollars a year for playing the organ in Chicago before my marriage. I receive nothing here.

"It is no more for you to give your playing, as you are placed, than for me to give my flowers," cried Mrs. Podd, angrily. "It is your duty to go about in the parish, and—to—er—build *us* up socially."

"But my profession is as engrossing as my husband's, even more so. I have not time for miscellaneous visiting which in any case seems to me a sad waste of the hours." Mrs. March's voice sounded like the low cry of a creature in pain, but Mrs. Podd's dull ears ignored nice distinctions.

"Your profession, as you call it, is just a swindle. You will cover yourself and your husband with disgrace if you keep on. And there isn't a church in the country that'd stand it to be so cheated."

"I think," said Mrs. March, putting her hand to her lips to hide their trembling, and rising, "that you must

be crazy. I do for the church the thing I can do best. I am, as before my marriage, a pianist by profession. My husband's salary is not sufficient for our necessities. I *must* earn money."

She wore a lace-trimmed house dress, one of her mother's expensive gifts, quite out of harmony with her husband's narrow income, or the ugly comfort of Mrs. Tompkins' boarding house. It was one of her fancies that delicate textures and beautiful tints put her in a studious mood. She had put on that gown to study Schubert Songs and Chopin Ballades.

Mrs. Podd glanced expressively from the dainty gown to the dusty room. "You'll find I am remarkably sane," she said with a dry laugh. Then with a change of tone that did her self-control credit, she added, "Dr. Chubb is coming back with your husband, and we shall expect you to bring him up to our house to tea to-morrow night. Do you like your boarding place?"

"It answers," replied Mrs. March, flushing, and feeling an almost irresistible desire to sob.

"Ah, Mrs. Tompkins is a most excellent woman, and I have always heard her called a neat housekeeper. I suppose you take care of your own rooms?"

"No."

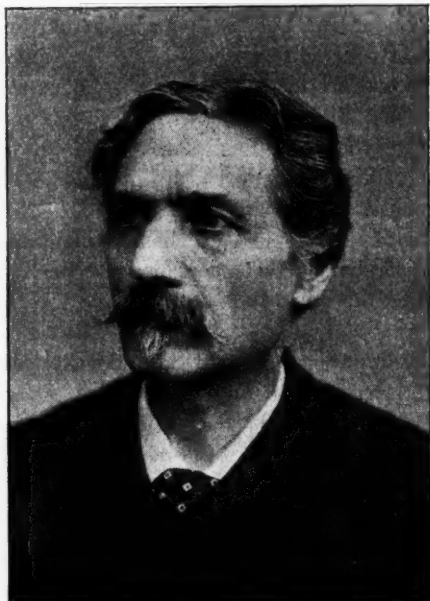
"Ah, I should suppose you would need the exercise. To-morrow night, remember," and Mrs. Podd glided down stairs smiling and stately, but with black eyes flashing ominously behind her gold-bespangled veil

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## A MUSICAL FAMILY.

In music-loving Thuringia, near the close of the first quarter of this century, were born three brothers, whose names have since been held in high honor wherever the art of violin playing is cultivated. The family name was Mollenhauer. It was an old stock, bearing a crest dating back to the fifteenth century. Many of the marriages, for it was a



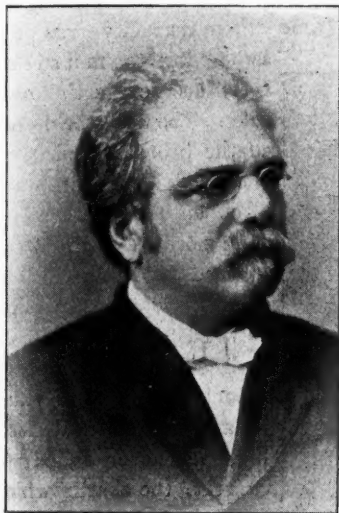
EDWARD MOLLENHAUER.

fruitful stock full of virility as well as beauty, had been introduced into still higher circles, and so by the natural process of individuality and heredity the stock became more and more artistic in its tendencies. There were writers of history, and poetry as well, before the generations were born, of which we

are now treating. And at last came these three brothers, Frederick, Henry and Edward Mollenhauer, who drew the line higher than it had been before drawn in the family annals. Frederick was born in 1813, and died in New York in 1890. Henry was born in 1825 and died in New York in 1890. Edward was born in 1825 is still a strong man, even

now engaged in a brilliant concert tour in South America.

The family implement of music has always been the bow, and the instrument predominantly the violin; but naturally, in order to carry all the parts in the family concerts, it is necessary now and then for one member to play the larger viols, whereby the brother Henry became celebrated as a 'cellist, although also a good violinist, and a



HENRY MOLLENHAUER.

creditable performer upon many other instruments. The first we hear of their celebrity is from a letter of Mendelssohn, who says:

"There are two brothers lately come to Leipsic, who play violin duos in a marvelous manner. The younger, Edward, has the romantic beauty of an Italian improvisatore; the elder, of a less rugged type, already composes admirably. I have had them in my house frequently, and if the ear were deaf to their playing, the eye would be more than sat-

isfied by the picture they make standing side by side in their dark beauty. And all this from Thuringia."

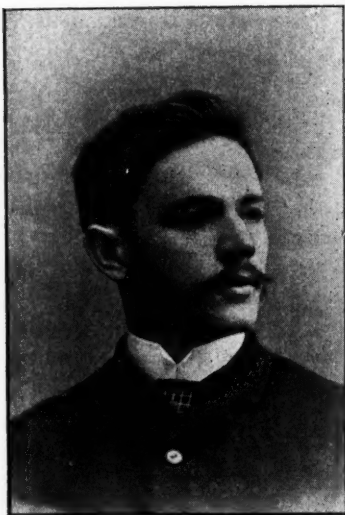
Already it is seen, they were no mere tyros; they were artist pupils of Spohr, Ernst and other masters. Henry does not appear in this account. Perhaps he had already gone on to Hamburg, where the brothers sojourned for a time. Edward was already married, and in Hamburg was born his eldest son, Bernhard Mollenhauer, of whom there is more to say later. After about a year in Hamburg the brothers went to London. Here the world used them well.

No doubt the name of Mendelssohn was a good passport, for this was in 1850, when the noble severity of that

god-like brow appeared still crowned by the fadeless laurel of immortality. The famous leader Julien engaged the brothers in his orchestra. The work was to their liking, as their work was to his. Among their incidental engagements in London was one as violinists in the orchestra which poor Berlioz collected in order to introduce his works to the Londoners.

In the Julien party they came to America, landing in New York in 1851—the time when that city was just

awakening to musical activities for art's own sake. The new world suited the brothers and they remained in this country. Then ensued many years of honorable and distinguished service in the art of music. For many years Edward Mollenhauer held a place almost undisputed as an artist. Full of vitality and true musical feeling, he never failed to exercise the charm which his playing still has, although the old man has now nearly reached the term of threescore years and ten.



LOUIS MOLLENHAUER.

Frederick became blind many years ago, but he continued to travel and play until a very few years before his death. He left two sons, both of whom are musical. Fred Mollenhauer, lately one of the first violins with Thomas, lives in Jersey City. Emil Mollenhauer lives in Boston, where he leads a Germania society.

Henry appears to have been more domestic in his turn, and he settled in Brooklyn, where he brought up a large and phenomenally musical family. He established a musical conservatory, which is carried on by his sons and daughters

All his children were musical, playing the violin more or less. but two of the girls, Ida and Johanna, play the piano extremely well. There is also a vein of originality in the family, and there are many new compositions in print or in MSS. from this source. Of the boys, Louis is a fine violinist, and Adolph is a superior 'cellist.

That the sons of Edward Mollenhauer have made on the



MISS JOHANNA MOLLENHAUER.

whole more noise in the world, is due perhaps to the start they got as children. One of them, Charles Mollenhauer, is a 'cellist and a good leader. William Mollenhauer, the youngest, is now in Chicago. He is a good composer, having written several extremely brilliant pieces for his instrument. among them two concertos which are very original and effective, and at the same time novel in treatment. Best known as composer, however, of all these children, is the son who is now with his father in South America.

He is a brilliant player, and a very original composer. If statistics were more easy to come by one would like to give here particulars of his works—but unfortunately life is too short to wait until the encyclopedia men get them gathered up. Moreover, what would be the good? In the case of a young man of this kind of stock, new works follow each other so rapidly, and the standard of excellence so continually elevates itself, as the composer more and more completely realizes his ideal, that what is true for one month becomes stale and insufficient by another. Moreover these younger brothers have yet to demonstrate that they will surpass their older brother, whose career has been so individual as

to merit more particular notice, especially as he is just about starting upon a grand concert tour extending through the Pacific circuit, into Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and very likely to South America as well.

To judge from the record of the early parts of the tour, he will make a triumph.



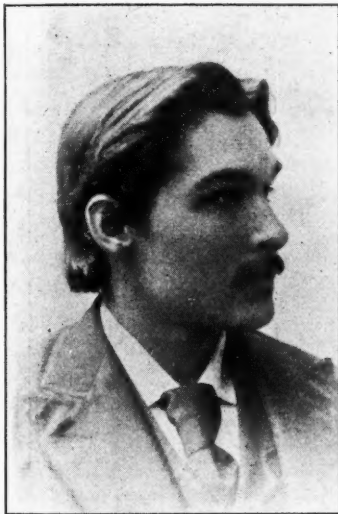
MISS IDA MOLLENHAUER.

Bernhard Mollenhauer has fully maintained the traditions of the family. He was born in the old free city of Hamburg in 1850. While he was yet an infant his parents removed to London, where, as already mentioned, his father was engaged in the orchestra of Julien, and with him they came to America in 1851. When the boy was five years old the traditional family instrument was placed in his hands, his father having procured a little violin from London.

Under his father's painstaking instruction the boy made such progress that by the time he was eight years of age his teacher considered him well enough advanced to appear in public as a "wonder-child." From that time to the present, Bernhard Mollenhauer has been before the public. When he was about twelve years old he traveled for several seasons with his younger brother Richard, who was an extremely talented cornettist. And lest the family name should be impaired in its value by the work of these two children, the brothers travelled under a stage name. They got the very best of notices in all parts of the country, and had the younger brother retained his embouchure perhaps the higher art of music would have been the loser, through the absorption of the young Bernhard in popular concert playing.

Every season found a new engagement for this talented

boy. When he was about fourteen he traveled as concert violinist with the pianist Willie Pape. In 1865, when he was still only fifteen, he accompanied the lamented Gottschalk in his last American tour. This seems to have been one of the most interesting experiences of his life. Gottschalk was a most fascinating companion, full of spirit, quick insight and a very ready wit, and generous to a degree. He was very fond of the young violinist, and in his letters gives expression to many sentiments of good-will and affection, highly interesting now that the hand that penned them is among the immortals.



Those who suppose that the career of a young artist is a bed of roses would be undeceived were they to take account of the hard work which fell to the lot of Mollenhauer. During the season there was of course little regular study, beyond the daily practice upon the concert pieces in order to keep his hand in. But no sooner was the company again in New York than the father instituted a most rigid system of training. The elder Mollenhauers were thorough musicians,

as might be expected of pupils of Spohr and friends of Mendelssohn and Schumann. So the young Bernhard was put to the most severe theoretical studies, score reading and everything which appertains to the knowledge of a good musician and a sound conductor. In 1876 he traveled with the celebrated prima donna, Mme. Anna Bishop; but his greatest triumphs were attained as violinist with Gilmore's orchestra in the season of 1779--80. During this tour he made a great effect with the concerto of Max Bruch, which was then new.

Finally the young artist grew tired of traveling, and he therefore accepted an engagement as orchestral leader in New York. Here he gained distinction and found a pleasant occupation for several seasons. Mr. A. J. Goodrich



BERNHARD MOLLENHAUER.

relates that during the season 1873--74 he used to make occasional concert excursions with the uncle, Frederick Mollenhauer, who was then entirely blind. The veteran



artist was never tired of praising the extraordinary talent of his nephew Bernhard, his fire, his musical insight, and the remarkably deep and powerful tone which then as now distinguished his playing. Of the personal appearance of the artist it would not be easy to speak more fortunately than Mr. A. J. Goodrich did in *Brainard's Musical World*. He said:

“Of powerful and athletic build, full of vigor and elasticity, dark bright eyes, ruddy complexion, commanding forehead, and handsome, expressive face, he would claim the attention of a Reynolds, a Munkacsz or a Healy. His imagination is almost constantly aflame. His mind and feelings act as by electricity, being easily kindled and fanned into a flame by the highly wrought mobile temperament. To hear him describe an event or narrate the experience of an orchestral rehearsal is equivalent to a complete picture of the scene, or, better still, to a delineation of the main characters by a professional actor. And all this reproduction comes before you like the work of the camera or the flash of light. To such a person the process of thought is reduced to almost instantaneous accomplishment, and at a rehearsal of a concert if anything should go amiss he would indicate the remedy as soon as the fault appeared. Indeed, we cannot conceive of Mr. Mollenhauer sitting on a fence, or in doubt as to what course to pursue in any emergency. He is prompt in thought, feeling and action, because every contingency or novel possibility becomes at once an actuality, which his imagination clothes with all the semblance and form of reality.”

## END OF THE FIRST YEAR.

The present number concludes the first year of *MUSIC*, and completes its second volume. The two volumes now completed contain many very valuable and interesting essays, and are in fact among the most important contributions illustrating movement in musical thought in America, within the period covered by them. *MUSIC* does not undertake to publish news. This is impossible in a monthly periodical. What it intends is the production of a sort of musical repository, filled with musical matter of many different kinds, calculated to interest the student, the professor, the amateur, and frequently the general reader. In earnestness and in sound literary quality, *MUSIC* intends to conform to a standard of intelligence and culture, corresponding with that of the leading magazines and reviews. In respect to scope, it intends to be more varied in range than any one of the periodicals already mentioned, since the apprehension of music upon the intellectual side has not yet reached a point encouraging a multiplying of periodicals and a complete differentiation of functions. At present *MUSIC* will partake, as it has in the past, somewhat of the character of a *review*, a *popular magazine*, and a *help to teachers, and students*.

In certain quarters criticisms have been made upon it at both extremes of its activity. Individuals of one class have advised the omission of the story feature. Others have regretted the presence of articles beyond their apprehension. Some have complained of mysticism in certain contributions; others have regretted the preponderance of commonplace aspects of an intensely spiritual art. On the whole these various strictures assume the mathematical form of like quantities on opposite sides of the equation. They mutually balance each other, and amount to confessions that the range of matter here offered has been in excess of the demands of the individuals making the suggestions.

The editor is well aware of certain other imperfections, which he hopes in time to entirely remove. One of these latterly has been in the important department of proof-reading, in which certain very serious difficulties have been encountered, incident to mingling the work of several printing offices. Music has now its own composing room, and its own trained proof readers, and it is hoped that the taste of readers fastidious in matters of spelling and punctuation will not be unnecessarily offended in later numbers. Other imperfections there have been, due to lack of material, and of editorial time. But on the whole it is believed that the reader will agree in the general conclusion that, whatever its imperfections have been, the first year of MUSIC has given an interesting and valuable lot of matter, and that not to put too fine a point upon it MUSIC is the most attractive and for the home the most satisfactory musical periodical published anywhere.

The influence of the magazine in stimulating the production of readable and thoughtful matter has been noticeable. The contributors relied upon at the outset, as the main-stays of the enterprise, were Messrs. John S. Van Cleve, John C. Fillmore, C. B. Cady, Emil Liebling, and Elizabeth Cummings. All these are still with us, excepting Mr. Cady, whose time will be largely devoted to his *Musical Review*, which he now entirely controls. Therefore nothing can be expected from him in these columns. Mr. Liebling writes regularly for Brainard's *Musical World*, and for various other publications, where satisfactory ends are to be subserved. But he will be heard in MUSIC occasionally, and it is hoped often, and always, of course, with the interest attaching to the work of a brilliant and clever writer who thoroughly knows not alone his subject, but also the world in which his subject forms, it may be, a subordinate part.

Several writers not previously heard in these columns will be represented by articles, some of which are already in the office. One of the most famous of these accessions is the accomplished vocal teacher, Mr. Clement Tetedoux, who will be represented by an extended and able essay upon "Wagner and the Voice," which will be included in the

November number, and afterwards published in book form. This article, although apparently upon the same ground as the brilliant one of Prof. Van Cleve, lately published, takes different direction and presents a vast amount of interesting matter. The discussion of musical intonation and the mathematical relations of music, so ably forwarded in this issue by Mr. James Paul White, will be continued by him and others. It is one of the most important of the higher musical subjects, and Mr. White is perhaps the most competent person to treat it intelligibly and exhaustively of all American writers.

Another new writer of great ability, who makes his first appearance in *MUSIC* this month, is Mr. Adolph Carpe. His essay upon "Philosophy in Piano Playing," of which the first installment appears herewith, will extend through four numbers, and perhaps more, and later will be published in book form. The salient traits of Mr. Carpe's thinking are breadth and good sense. Several articles are promised upon phases of music teaching in the common schools. Another contributor, whom *MUSIC* is glad to welcome to its columns, is the late editor of the *Etude*, Mr. Charles W. Landon, who will be represented by several practical articles upon points for teachers.

With the opening of the World's Fair, next May, there will be presented a vast store of interesting musical material, of every sort, from the highly finished performances of great works by the orchestras and festival choruses of the Exposition, and the personal appearances of leading European composers conducting programmes of their own works, all along to the varied illustrations of musical instruments, inventions and merchandise of every description. *MUSIC* intends to carry to its readers as much as possible of all this great world-store of suggestion and achievement. Illustrations will be freely used.

The success of *MUSIC* during its first year has been extraordinary. But our plans require the use of greater means than have been available, and to that end the reader's co-operation is invited. Please show *MUSIC* to some musical friend. On another page will be found special offers to new

subscribers in connection with renewals. If every subscriber would send us one more, the future of this magazine would be immediately assured. We expect to get these subscribers in any case, but the sooner we realize, the sooner will the editor be able to carry out his plans for additional attractions in these columns.

In this connection the editor begs to return thanks to the members of the press throughout the country, who have been singularly kind and encouraging from the first until now. Their good will is highly appreciated, and *MUSIC* will endeavor to continue to deserve it. Whatever of good this magazine may have contained in its first year will be far exceeded in its second.

*MUSIC* also returns thanks to its advertisers, many of whom took space at the start, in order to encourage a worthy enterprise. *MUSIC* believes that they have had the worth of their money, and trusts also that they are experiencing the satisfaction belonging to the assurance that in joining a procession which had not as yet started, they made no mistake. To these, and to the many who have come in later, *MUSIC* extends assurances of its distinguished consideration. It intends to aid them in every way it can. New advertisers will remember that a magazine of this class is carefully preserved, bound, and reread many times. It is, therefore, a peculiarly valuable medium for those desiring to reach the better class of the musical public and general readers interested in music. In this respect it partakes of the mediumistic merits now generally recognized as characterizing the leading magazines.

And, if the reader will pardon him, the editor closes the year with a feeling that upon the whole he has accomplished in good part that which he intended—namely, the establishment of a musical magazine of a different and more desirable character than there was any where in the world one year ago.

THE EDITOR OF *MUSIC*.

## THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

### EXACT RULES FOR PHRASING.

The following letter represents so vividly the confusion awakened in the minds of conscientious teachers, by the many precise directions given for phrasing, that it deserves a reply even more careful than is convenient at the present time. The letter is as follows:

TO THE EDITOR: On account of the great diversity of opinions among masters, I (no doubt with hundreds of other humble workers in the art divine), find myself all at sea on several points that I have heretofore felt sure of. The thing that is going to make me gray headed, if you don't explain it, is phrasing. Notwithstanding the closest study of your three grand books of phrasing, I am at a loss how "to take and leave a phrase." You tell so plainly how to make all the different touches (in your "Twenty Lessons to a Beginner," ) that "the wayfaring man though a fool," can certainly make and teach them all correctly. But you do not say anywhere "this touch is to be used for so and so always." You give instructions for the things in hand, but no infallible rules to guide us on something else. Now, I have taken lessons from men so great in the musical world that I shall not tell you their names, for fear you will think I certainly am at large, to the detriment of an unsuspecting public, and really belong in the asylum for the mentally infirm, or else I could not help knowing all this. The fact is, nobody ever taught me this. Mason says in his preface to his "two finger touch and technic" book, everything necessary to correct phrasing is taught in it, but does not say what the particular thing is. Doerner and Petersilea say that phrasing is not seen by the eye, but heard, so the lifting of the hand at the end of a phrase is unnecessary. Other teachers, equally as great, say lift the hand at the end of a phrase. Some eminent men say you must take and leave phrases with the "arm touch," (meaning the touch described in your "Lessons to Beginners.") Others, equally in authority, say some phrases are taken from the elbow (arm touch) and others from the wrist (hand touch), and the same, of course, in leaving the phrases.

Virgil is the only man who comes right out and gives poor, insignificant, small teachers an infallible guide, and we poor little creatures down here are afraid that Virgil is not great enough to make a law that is infallible. A. H. Virgil says, on page twenty-eight of his "Foundation Exercises": "This movement is used at the beginning and end of phrases, after and before rests, and in chord and octave playing," and then goes on to give a most beautiful and exhaustive direction for the "arm touch" as you give it.

N. E. C. pupils come back to Texas phrasing altogether with 'arm touch,' ignoring "hand touch" for anything at all, and having learned this from the N. E. C. great men, too. I tell you, more in sorrow than in anger, that in Boston and New York I have been taught that one way was right, and the other way was right, and that neither way was right, and now I am in despair of getting right at all, or of teaching children correctly. I am actually "addled."

Ah, me! if you refuse to answer this letter, I believe I will never try any more. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Well certainly not a little, "one horse" Texas music teacher. You great men can be "a law unto yourselves," and make and take liberties with technic, that you have deliberately taught us were wrong in the foundation. Why, I have seen Louis Maas do awful things at the piano. For instance, while using two fingers with finger touch, his thumb would hang down below the keyboard, in a way that would have been distressing for one of my children, and he would play whole passages with his wrist sunk way down below the level of "playing position." Of course, he knew what he was doing—but I didn't. Sherwood "does things," too; Madam King, too, and so also do all the big people I have heard, "do things" that they would say (if they would do the drudgery of teaching beginners) were wrong.

Can you agree with A. H. Virgil and let me have something tangible to hold to? I haven't sense enough to make my own laws, and I do want to teach children something that they can hold to after they go away from me to study with "great people." Shall I teach them to use arm touch "at the beginning and end of phrases, after and before rests, and in chord and octave playing" now as the regular rule, and then allow them to get their liberties from an artist? Can you tell me plainly enough for me to never mistake when the hand touch may be used? How about octaves under a slur? Shall I take the first one with arm touch, and connect all the others with the fourth and fifth fingers? or take each one with arm touch, and what Robert Goldbeck calls removal legato? Or as Petersilea says, take the accent with arm touch, and all the others with hand touch? Do please give me answers that I can understand and hold to as authority. I shall thank you all my life for the kindness if you will take enough time to answer me. If I can come to Chicago would you be willing to take me and do a little, or a great deal, perhaps, of "drudgery," and set me right on everything technical, not assuming that I know anything. Take me as an A B C pupil, and give me something to "hold fast" to! In Chopin's "A Flat Polonaise," op. 53, how shall a very small hand take those rapid octaves, with the arm touch each one? or the accented one with arm touch, and the others with hand touch? or all with hand touch? And is this polonaise to be played rapidly, or in moderate tempo? Please, make the how to take and leave phrases, plain to me. I am in musical things very much the same as in things religious. I want always the chapter and verse, and



"Thus saith the Lord," before I feel strong enough to argue with folks of different faith. Enclosed find stamped envelope for reply, and that I shall thank you, does not half express what I will feel, if you will answer fully. Let me hear, if you please, as early as you can. I want to be sure before my Sept. teaching begins.

With much respect I am yours,

H. G.

Let it be understood once for all, there are no hard and fast rules for hand motions in phrasing. By phrasing is meant the expression of musical ideas. The problem of phrasing is to define the ideas, that is to say, to show the sense of the music in its smallest group motives, its larger phases, sections, periods, and paragraphs, and to bring out these complicated relations in due proportion whereby the listener takes in the entire paragraph as a unity. Feeling its beginning, middle and end, and, at the same time, perceiving within this large unity the smaller component unities of periods which make up the paragraphs, phrases and clauses which make up the period, and motives which make up phrases. There are those who hold that these collocation of relations should be manifested also to the eye in some manner, by the hand motions in playing. This, however, is entirely untrue. The fundamental necessity of good playing is that the player understand the music. By which I mean primarily, feels the music, and appreciates the manner in which the composer proposes an idea, develops it and carries it through to the end of the paragraph in such a way that the whole paragraph makes a one, and each step on the way to it, has the sense of bringing us so much nearer a desired conclusion. The foundation of good phrasing is for the player to have in his mind the conclusion which he wishes to reach. This is latent in the expression of the very first phrase of the paragraph, and is not lost sight of at any point within the paragraph. In just the same way, as a well ordered discourse starts with an end in view. The earlier parts of the score inform the hearers of the direction to be taken, and everything that happens in the course of the discourse, is supposed to bring us that much nearer the end or the point, which it was desired to make. In appreciating a discourse it is of very little service to be able to distinguish the parts of speech, and to parse the verbs, adverbs and things which occur in the course of it. One might do this accurately, and still miss the essential point of the discourse. It is the same thing in music. To be able to define the motives, phrases, sections, etc., is a useful accomplishment because it proves that the possessor of it has a certain kind of musical intelligence; but this is not the kind of musical intelligence, which leads to phrasing in the sense I have here described. Or rather, it is one form of the intelligence, but only the elementary form of it. Everything in music has reference to feeling, and unless the music itself goes in to the inner intelligence of the player, and is felt, he will never reproduce it to the hearer in an effective manner. Hence, all the common concepts of phrasing as a separation of parts, are wrong. The great art of

phrasing is to define unities, and the most important unity of all to be defined in a musical discourse, is the great unity of the entire discourse. Unless this is defined, the discourse is a series of detached remarks. The movement of feeling in the hearer, instead of progressing more and more towards the point aimed at by the composer, ceases at each interruption of the playing, so that the discourse is wholly without cumulative effect.

This conception of phrasing is that of every good musician, but it has not always been clearly brought out by those who have written on the subject. One of the most fortunate in this respect is Mr. C. B. Cady, who has in various places expressed himself with much fervor and interest.

While the art of phrasing thus rests upon an inner intelligence which can exist in the young player only in a rudimentary degree, and which must be cultivated to include larger and larger unities, this part of the process is too large for discussion at this time. To properly treat it would be to treat the entire subject of music teaching, because to teach music is to educate the pupil into the apprehension of the largest and deepest unities which the art contains. This is the final end sought, and every step along the way ought to conduct us so much nearer to it.

While the art of phrasing is thus a musical art, it does not follow that it is improper to discuss the mechanical means by means of which particular effects are obtained. But, I doubt whether there is any artistic pianist who would venture to lay down a rule that a phrase would begin with such and such, touch and end with such and such touch. So much would depend upon the nature of the phrase itself, and its relation to other parts of the discourse, that no rule could be laid down which would not be subject to immediate and numerous exceptions. In fact, the great tendency of this supposedly clear teaching about phrasing is to leave the teacher to trust in muscular motions, rather than in musical sense.

M.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

**THE ILLUSTRATED WORLD'S FAIR.** A monthly magazine. John S. McGovern, editor; J. N. Halligan, publisher. Chicago. McVicker's Theater building.

Every reader of *MUSIC*, and every intelligent American family, ought to subscribe for and keep that magnificent chronicle of the Columbian Exposition in all its aspects, "*The Illustrated World's Fair*. It is an illustrated folio, the pages being somewhat larger than those of *Harper's Weekly*, beautifully printed, and richly illustrated with portraits, groups of the buildings, the actual state of principal buildings from month to month, and a variety of interesting matter by some of the best writers of the country—the whole having some kind of reference to the great Exposition. The publication is in no way a catch penny affair, but broadly conceived, and carried out at great expense. It furnishes the best possible permanent record of the steps through which the Fair came to its full proportions, and of the ideas back of it, as represented by the greatest thinkers connected with it. Mr. McGovern is an admirable editor, and, if possible, a still better writer. Well furnished with information of multiform kinds, clear headed, an economist, and yet, at the same time, a bit of a poet, he is one of the clearest writers we have, and the success of several subscription books of his indicate that he has the knack of popularity. He seems to be supported, upon the business side, with equal talent, and the publication is an honor to Chicago, and of permanent value to every citizen of the entire United States. There is absolutely no other that will supply this place. Therefore, again, the reader is invited to subscribe for the "*Illustrated World's Fair*," or if still doubtful of its application to the idiosyncracies of an individual case, send twenty-five cents for a sample copy. Address above.

**CATECHISM OF MUSICAL HISTORY.** Part II. History of Musical Forms, with biographical notices of the most illustrious composers. By Dr. Hugo Riemann. (Translated). Augener, London. New York, Schirmer. 16mo., red cloth, pp. 186. \$1.00.

In this masterly little book, Dr. Riemann has brought the story of musical history into a very compact form, and at the same time, in the earlier parts especially, has, in the main, preserved the perspective, as between the claims of the lesser and greater names and events, and has also given us, on the whole, a readable narrative. The paragraphs are numbered, and each is prefaced by a question, printed in italics. The question is merely a way of directing the student's attention to the subject of the paragraph. It interrupts the narrative little or none at all. In the very difficult matter of telling the story of the great composers within such narrow limits, (Beethoven, for instance, occupying less than eight hundred words,) Dr. Riemann has contrived to preserve unusual fullness of precise information, as to date of works, etc. There are traces, however, of the undue influence of outward circumstances upon the space available for different composers. Bach

and Handel have eighteen or twenty pages each, whereas Mozart has about twelve pages, while Beethoven has only two. The reason is, undoubtedly, that the author found himself at the end of his space sooner than was anticipated, and, the earlier parts of the work being already in type, nothing remained but to cut down the later composers to a mere mention. The extent of the shortening may be judged from the fact that the entire history of music since the beginning of the eighteenth century (including Beethoven) is compressed within thirty pages. Thus the total work of Beethoven, Schubert, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, and all the instrumental and operatic composers of the modern schools, occupies no more space than once and a half that of Handel.

This accident of construction is one which seems regularly to befall writers of musical history, who, as a rule, either die when the book is half done, or else cut short the most important and interesting part of the whole story in this manner. The same condition presented itself once upon a time to the present writer who, at the corresponding portion of his *History*, found himself confronted with the necessity of conforming to the custom of his predecessors or else of materially enlarging his work. He chose the latter alternative, and in place of the 350 pages originally intended extended the narrative to 512 pages, of which the later part of the development (from Beethoven) occupies about 200 pages. If Dr. Riemann's book could have been carried out in the spirit of the first half of it, it would have been an invaluable condensation of information, and it still is a highly meritorious compend, such as every student would like to have at hand.

## TRADE DEPARTMENT.

---

### CAN THE PIANO TRADE BE CONDUCTED HONESTLY?

This is the great question before the house to-day. Is it possible to conduct the piano trade upon honest principles, without disguises, fictitious prices, or other tokens that things are very far from being exactly what they seem? There was a time when the salesman in a dry goods house had a cost mark to guide him; whatever he got above cost was profit, and it was his rather delicate task to steer between the demands of the dealer for a large profit, and his customer's natural desire to get all he could for his money, in so clever a way as to please both parties. That day has passed. In any first-class store there is a selling price, and the salesman who should take it upon himself to vary from it, or to give the customer a few yards extra, would find himself out of a job, in short order. In the long run, honesty is the best policy.

This is true in the matter of quality, as well. The customer is entitled to ask whether such a piece of goods is of the best, or the second or third best quality; and if he buys it for one thing when it later proves to be another, there is no solid house but would make good to the customer what he had over-paid. Moreover, in the dry goods store there is no such custom as that of paying commission to the friend who brings in a customer. If the friend has bought there and got a bargain, and chooses to pass along the information to his friend, it is his matter.

In the piano trade there are two very important questions. The first is that of fictitious prices; and the other that of selling exactly what one pretends to sell, in other words, the stencil.

Now the "one-price system" is being tried in the piano trade upon quite an extensive scale. At the warerooms of the Manufacturers' Piano Company, in this city, they make it the rule; and after several months of it they find that it pleases the customers and gives much more complete satisfaction than the old way, and that this increased satisfaction, moreover, leads to increased sales.

As an illustration of the working of the system, mention may be made of a Weber parlor grand, of very fine finish and tone, which is marked at \$850, instead of about \$1,200, which would be its "list price" on the old system. All the pianos in the house are marked according to this plain and common sense system.

The stencil question is too important to discuss in a paragraph. Among the strongest defenses of the practices, in one of its aspects at least, was the article by that clear-headed and strong business man, Mr. I. N. Camp, which appeared in *Music* lately. The following, from Mr. C. C. Curtiss, President of the Manufacturers' Piano Company, presents another view of the question, which is commended to the attention of the readers of *Music*.

---

#### THE STENCIL AGAIN. ANOTHER VIEW.

What are my views on the stencil question?

Well, concisely, I think the stencil has had its day. There is, of course, something to be said on both sides of the question; but after all has been said that can be said in defense of the stencil, it must, I think, be admitted, even by its defenders, that the impression left is distinctly that of apology. While much may be urged in extenuation of the practice, it is yet, it seems to me, not above reproach.

In the first place, I should say that a very broad distinction should at once be established between the dealer who has an instrument made "to order" *from his own scales* and in other details of construction according to his own design, and peculiar to pianos *bearing his name only*, and the dealer who simply has his name put on a piano not so specially constructed, but sold by a dozen or more different dealer

under as many different names. The first I will assume is not in any true sense a stencil piano at all. As to the amount of reprobation incurred in the second instance, a good deal, of course, depends upon the administration under which the perpetration is conducted, but in a general sense it may, perhaps, be fairly stated that the practice entails responsibilities to which the present imperfect constitution of society is somewhat inadequate.

Generally speaking, it may be asserted that of the cheaper grades of pianos the best are not stenciled, for if he makes a good instrument, the manufacturer wants the credit of it, and, *ergo*, the assumption is logically found that the stenciled piano is an inferior instrument, and, generally speaking, again the facts support the logic. Even the guarantee of the dealer, financially strong though he be, is to some extent illusory; for the accountability attaching thereunder is largely a matter of conscience, and a dealer who has sold a piano at a cheap price may easily find the purchaser over-exacting, in spite of the fact that the salesman in his zeal has (as is in nine cases out of ten the fact) represented the instrument as fully equal to any one of the recognized standard makes.

These are, it seems to me, pertinent objections to the system; but beyond these is the fact which the stencil system ignores, that *the buyer is entitled to know what piano he gets for his money*, and the maker's name is the means of identification. Herein lies, in my opinion, the real gist of the question. It is not honest (enough), either, to sell the same piano under a dozen different names, or a dozen different pianos under the same name. If my neighbor has bought ten years ago (when better pianos were stenciled than now) a Brown or Jones piano that has recommended the name to me, why should that firm offer me under the same name, and purporting to be the same, a totally different and inferior make, or even a different one that is not inferior?

So much for the ethics of the case. Looking at it from the standpoint of pure expediency, it seems to me equally questionable. There are not wanting signs that we of the piano trade are entering upon a new era, in which broader



and more enlightened methods will exert a more just influence. Naturally the proportions which the business has assumed has resulted in a gain of mind and morality in the *personnel* of the trade. Associations, bringing together competitors who were wont to glare at one another from opposing windows, meet genially together and promote wider views and more liberal policies than have obtained under a fast fading regime. And with these, and other enlightenments, must come other such changes as that of the passing of the stencil.

C. C. C.

---

THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE. A Journal of the New Education. Chicago, Woman's Temple. Editors, Andrea Hofer and Amalie Hofer. Yearly subscription, \$1.50. New series began with September, 1892.

In a later issue of MUSIC there will be more to say of the chief editors of this leading educational periodical. In its new dress the Kindergarten Magazine is an octavo of ninety-six pages, handsomely printed, effectively illustrated, and filled with contributions from enthusiastic workers in the "new education"—by which is meant the education beginning with the kindergarten, and having for its ideal, from the beginning to the finish, the orderly self-development of all the pupil's aptitudes and talents. In self-development the element of enthusiasm is the motive power, and, as a result of a many-sided awakening of mind, the student eventually understands his place in the world, and the art of being useful in it; moreover, if he happens to have decided aptitudes in any one direction, these are sure to show themselves; and in this way the world will become richer and richer in special endowments, and in differentiated spiritual activities of mutual helpfulness. Such, we take it, is the end toward which the Kindergarten Magazine proposes to minister. As to its editorial control, very much might be said. The Misses Hofer have rare endowments for work of this kind. Upon a technical training as practical printers and editors, beginning in childhood, they have superimposed a many-sided culture, literary tact and skill, and ardent enthusiasm as educators, and as friends of educators.

## CAROZZI'S "SPIROPHONE."

### AN INSTRUMENT FOR SCIENTIFICALLY CONTROLLING THE BREATH.

By Signor Napoleone Carozzi.

The cultivation of the voice amongst civilized nations has for its object the complimentary development of the powers of organs which have already attained a high degree of perfection in the performance of their functions. We may recognize two grades in the employment of the voice—the first necessitated by the conditions of social life as a means of intercommunion; and the second, under taken with a view to the æsthetic observation of the listeners. In speaking, the voice is used in both degrees to a variable amount, according to circumstances, the effort to please being strongest in addressing an audience or when declaiming in the theater; but, in singing, the vocal powers are almost invariably put forth under a purely æsthetic impulse.

The technical training of the voice lies immediately in the hands of teachers of elocution and singing. On their taste and genius, as well as on the aptitude and vocal gifts of their pupils, depend in the greatest measure the success obtained, and the perfection of the result. But whatever method be adopted, the base of the operations is vital, in the organization and action of which true apprehension and normal guidance must lead most directly and certainly to the desired end. Hence such questions become involved, How shall the voice be governed and the breath managed, in order to obtain force, timbre, compass, and duration?

The problem for the singer is, where may breath be taken, how, and when? Scientific men have demonstrated that the lungs are capable of containing for each respiration 150 cubic feet of air while in an ordinary way they do not hold more than nearly eighteen. In the ordinary breathing (which we all practice twenty-four hours a day) we expel the breath rapidly and do not give it a thought, as it seems a most natural act; but for singing we must learn to take breath fast or slow, not in a spasmodic or hurried manner. In ordinary respiration, scarcely any movement or other sign of the act is observable to an on looker, unless in using the "spirophone." Usually, expiration is rather longer than inspiration, but there is no striking difference between the two, the ratios being as twelve to ten in males, and fourteen to ten in females. If the act of inspiration be prolonged, the act of expiration will be shortened, therefore we must establish an equilibrium between the two. We know that to constitute singing it is not sufficient to emit a sound each *tim*

but it is necessary to form sentences in tonal time and value—that is to say, emit notes of a certain duration for each of the twelve modifications of sounds which constitute the semitonal gamut or scale. When we read aloud we know that we have not always to take breath where, in the text, a pause of greater or less value is indicated, but that we have to renew the respiration in the course of a long sentence, and that without allowing the voice repose or a different inflection from that required by the continuation of thought which is being developed. But this precept is often infringed even by artists of talent and gifted with fine voices, who (says Signor Filippi, the musical critic of the *Perseveranza*), when closing a phrase, stop on the last note but one of a cadenza, and not finding enough breath for the last, end with a sort of rattle in the throat.

I will not enter into any elaborate theoretical disquisition about vicious and forced respiration and dilatation to which a pupil may habituate himself with injury both to his singing and to his constitution. This matter is profusely treated of in numerous works, and by persons whose opinions we will quote. Writing, however lucid, can never take the place of *viva voce*, personal instruction, or of other devices—*ad hoc*, etc.

Angelo Filippi, the doctor and singer (academician of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence) demonstrates that an irregular emission of the column of air through the vocal tube is the principal cause of defective singing. He states that in most of the treatises on the art of singing, it is said that weakness, straining, using the tremolo or vibrato, or other abuses of the vocal organs, cause trembling; but either from one cause or another it can always be traced to a wrong emission of the breath.

Dr. Sieber says: "Although a tenor may have given time after time the octave A, it is not sufficient to make quite sure that he will always have it ready to come forth. It is all useless fatigue unless we study the process of emission. And several singers, instead of using the glottis with vigor, try to extract from the lungs the highest notes, such as B and C."

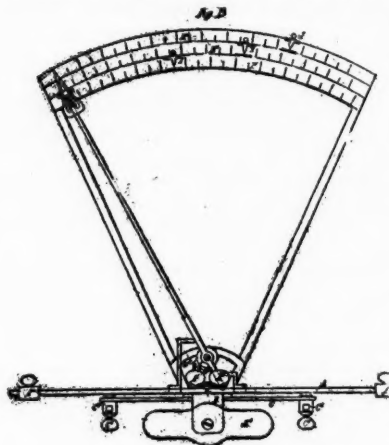
Professor Sieber says that a too violent expulsion of the air and a too forcible expansion of the lungs have frequently laid the foundation for the most dangerous diseases of the chest, which have destroyed and still destroy many lives. How can the singer guard against such dangers? Above all, by appropriating to himself the art of producing a quantity of tone with proportionally little breath. It is therefore necessary for the pupil to know from the beginning how to manage his respiration properly; otherwise, although he may become a good musician, he will destroy or permanently injure his voice in a few years. Hence it is highly necessary for the pupil to practice the use of his respiration under the guidance of an experienced master of singing.

In trying to prolong sound beyond one's strength, the lungs are obliged to fill themselves with too great a quantity of air. They lose their elasticity, the voice becomes weak and dragged, the true or correct intonation becomes altered, and the respiration takes place

with violence and noise. These defects are always to be met with where singers have tried in their early days to prolong their breath and to "fler" the sounds; they do not retain their voices long. The air has dilated the numerous fibers of the lungs, which fibers are much too tender and delicate to bear that fatigue. At twenty the breath is taken with noise; at twenty-five, there is a decided falling off. Young chests require the greatest care, and if the breathing is sufficiently passable there is no necessity to "fler" the sounds, and to seek to enlarge the tone. This can be done later on, when the lungs will have acquired the necessary resistance; the

voice will gain in strength and energy, and will be more pure and harmonious.

A clever writer inquires, Why are patients sent to salubrious places if it is not that they should inspire the air deeply into their lungs? The air by itself does not cause the dilatation of the lungs, but it is to the mechanical expansion of the latter is due the recovery of health by the introduction of pure air. The Greeks, the Romans, and even the Chinese understood these things so well that even in remote times



CAROZZI'S SPIROPHONE.

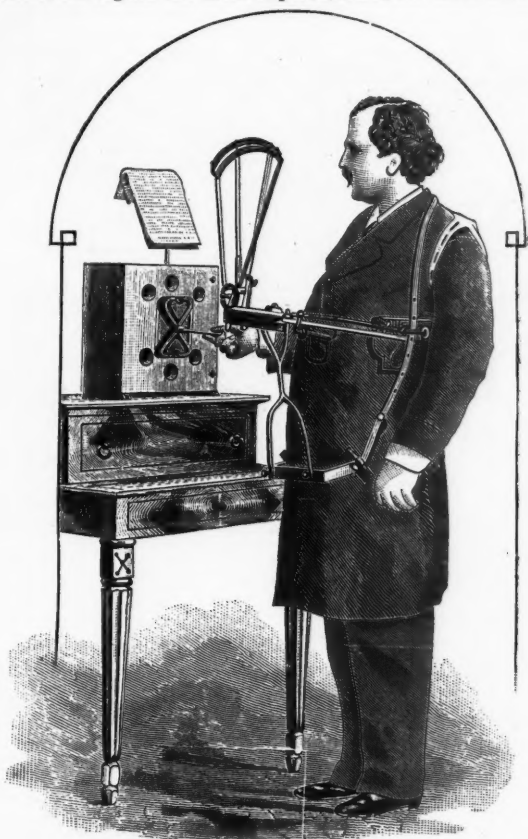
For Measuring Respiration.

they practiced with energy the gymnastics to the lungs. To speak or walk well, the lungs do not exercise their actions fully, or even if only for a walk truly gymnastic. But the most agreeable exercise, and that which develops the lungs most strongly, is singing. Independently of its favorable results upon health, it contains a great number of advantages and pleasures.

"If a man can breathe well," says Dr. Taylor, "he can generally work well; if short winded, though he may have the muscles of an Ajax, he will be left behind to a certainty, in the race of life."

Throughout my professional career as a master of the art of singing, I have always felt the want that existed of a practical objective and experimental method, founded on the laws of physiology for the guidance of the respiration. Not that I hold that such a method would be sufficient for the teaching of singing, but I believe that it would tend greatly to form a foundation for good singing, as well as for public speakers and players upon wind instruments. The importance of respiration applied to singing is, in our time, apart from a few exceptions, comparatively neglected; and

this point, formerly looked upon as so important, is left to chance or considered quite secondary. And yet the professors of the old Italian school called the art of singing "L'Arte del Respiro," or the art of breathing. Respiration in singing, as in life, is of all the functions of our organs the most important and the most necessary.

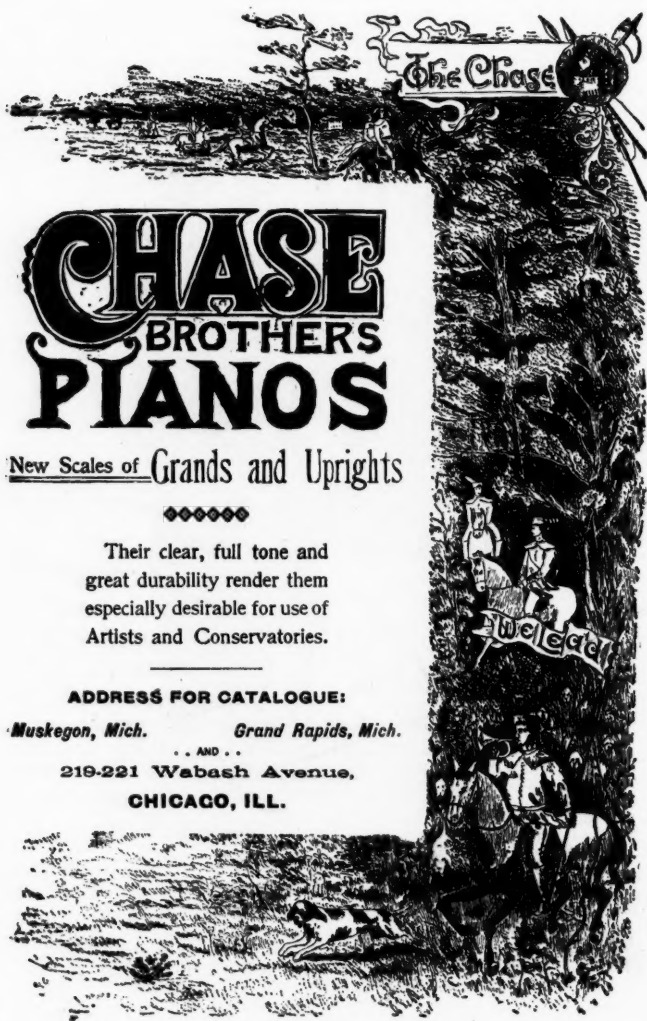


CAROZZI'S SPIROPHONE.

Manner of Using.

For many years it has been my desire to devise some method of measuring accurately the progress of the student in securing control of the breath. For this purpose I perfected some years ago what I call the "Spirophone," the form of which is illustrated in Fig. 1. In a subsequent issue of MUSIC I will further explain the manner of using it and the advantages resulting from it.

NAPOLIONE CAROZZI.



**CHASE**  
BROTHERS  
**PIANOS**

New Scales of Grands and Uprights

◆◆◆◆◆

Their clear, full tone and  
great durability render them  
especially desirable for use of  
Artists and Conservatories.

ADDRESS FOR CATALOGUE:

Muskegon, Mich.      Grand Rapids, Mich.  
... AND ...  
219-221 Wabash Avenue,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

INSTRUMENTS.

---

ADELINA PATTI  
AND  
THE KIMBALL PIANOS



W. W. KIMBALL CO.  
CHICAGO, ILL

Chicago, December 16, 1889.

Gentlemen:

It gives me great pleasure to testify to the merits of the New Kimball Piano. It has a wonderfully sweet and sympathetic tone and supports the voice in a most satisfactory manner.

Sincerely yours,

*Adelina Patti*





INSTRUMENTS.

---

# CONOVER ❖ PIANOS

GRAND AND UPRIGHT



.... FOR **QUALITY**  
❖ **DURABILITY**  
.... AND **BEAUTY**  
**ARE UNEXCELLED**

---

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OR CALL AT OUR WAREROOMS

---

**CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO.**

SOLE AGENTS,

215-221 WABASH AVENUE,  
CHICAGO.

---

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

## Planoforte Lecture Recitals.



THIS unique combination of the functions of lecturer and concert pianist, original with Mr. Perry, is meeting a general need, and finding universal favor throughout the country. Mr. Perry's purpose in adopting the lecture recital, in place of the ordinary piano concert, is two-fold; first, to add to the benefit derived by music students from listening to his programmes, and, second, to popularize the best in piano music with the general public. The method he employs is to preface each number of a carefully selected planoforte programme with a brief verbal analysis, calling attention to its origin, form, salient characteristics, and descriptive or emotional significance. The result attained is, while giving to music students and amateurs information and suggestions of value to them from an educational standpoint, at the same time to render each composition intelligible, and consequently enjoyable, to every listener, even to those who have not the least technical training in the art. No one who possesses or desires to possess any degree of musical culture can afford to miss the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the masterpieces of the great tone poets thus presented. True music has a soul, as well as a body, a vital principle within its form of beauty; and its vocation is not merely to please with sweet sounds, or to astonish with a display of technical skill, but to express and convey a meaning, some thought or emotion, suggested by scenes in nature or the experience of life. It is this element which Mr. Perry's work is intended to emphasize, and his lecture recitals have come to be regarded as an essential feature in the musical season of most colleges, conservatories and musical societies.

Mr. PERRY makes an annual western tour from October 1 to the holidays, and a southern trip in January and February.

Special terms to parties on his direct route desiring Recitals at these times.

Engagements in the New England and Middle States during the spring months.

**Permanent Address: 178 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

Are you Interested In Kindergarten?

# The Kindergarten Magazine

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR  
SINGLE NUMBERS 20 CENTS.



It is for the Mother in the Home  
for the Kindergarten in her work  
for the Progressive teacher.



It gives the brightest and best in educational  
literature, interpretations of the sunny  
philosophy of Froebel,  
suggestive songs, games and stories,  
contributions  
by writers and workers of national  
reputation.

THE NATIONAL ORGAN OF KINDERGARTNERS

ANDREA HOFER AMALIE HOFER

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS,

*Woman's Temple, Chicago.*

SANITARIUM.

# THE LINCOLN PARK SANITARIUM CO.



TAKE pleasure in announcing to the profession that their new building, situated at the corner of Deming Court and Lake View Avenue, is in full running order. This institution was established in 1887 as a private summer and winter resort for the treatment of chronic diseases, with the idea of giving patients all the comforts of a home, together with the conveniences of a first-class sanitarium or invalid's hotel. The new building is beautifully situated opposite Lincoln Park, in the pleasantest part of the city.

In detail of scientific arrangement it is the most complete invalid's hotel in the country.

While special attention is given to ORIFICIAL SURGERY in its relation to chronic diseases, still all forms of treatment will be employed as indicated: Plain, Electric and Turkish Baths, Massage, and Swedish Movements, all forms of Electricity.

**LUXURIOUS PARLORS, FINELY EQUIPPED GYMNASIUM,  
AND THE BEST TRAINED NURSES.**

E. H. PRATT, M. D., LL.D., *Surgeon.*

T. E. COSTAIN, *Secretary.*

EMMA L. BAUMBACH, *Supt. of Nurses.*

Physicians throughout the country are invited to visit this institution when in Chicago.

---

# MASON & HAMLIN

# PIANOS

---

---

Not only possess RARE qualities of highest excellence in Tone and External Appearance when new, but Retain their Artistic Quality and Sustaining Power of Tone and their Unexampled Tenacity of Tune; they are, therefore, peculiarly the Pianos for those desiring the highest artistic excellence, whether concert artists or amateurs.

The standard and exclusive instrument for concert and teaching at the

## CHICAGO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

The head of the Pianoforte Department being the distinguished American pianist,

### MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD.

As a demonstration of the unequaled excellence of their Organs, the fact is, that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since and including that of Paris, 1867, **ORGANS** in competition with best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors.

FOR CASH AND EASY PAYMENTS.

## Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co.

WAREROOMS:

149 WABASH AVENUE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

## Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains, with Westinghouse Air Signals, between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, daily.

Through Parlor Cars on day trains between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha, daily.

Through Vestibuled Sleeping Cars daily between Chicago, Butte, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, Ore.

Solid Trains between Chicago and principal points in Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan.

The finest Dining Cars in the World.

The best Sleeping Cars. Electric Reading Lamps in Berths.

6,100 miles of road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, South Dakota and North Dakota.

Everything first-class.

First-class people patronize first-class lines.

**Ticket Office, 207 Clark Street**

## Stromberg, Allen & Co.



RAILROAD  
AND  
COMMERCIAL  
PRINTERS

**Manufacturers of Light Railroad Supplies.**

Consecutively Numbered Tickets, Bonds, Checks, etc., a Specialty.

ENGRAVERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS.

**337 & 339 DEARBORN ST., - CHICAGO, ILL.**

## MILWAUKEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

**422 BROADWAY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

Harmony Lessons by Correspondence given by

**J. C. FILLMORE, Director.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

## Mason's School of Octaves, Chords & Bravoura

The fourth and concluding volume of Dr. Mason's great work is at last ready and has been delivered to the advance subscribers.

### A GREAT AND EPOCH-MARKING WORK.

In this work the entire principles of octave playing, bravoura and chords are exhibited in a delightfully clear manner, and upon principles of study first formulated by Dr. Mason twenty years ago, but now elaborated and much more fully treated. *A Work which Every Piano Student Ought to Have.* Price, \$1.00.

Address, Theodore Presser, 1704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

**ESTEY & CAMP** **ESTEY**  
916 & 918 Olive St., ST. LOUIS.

Decker Bros. **PIANOS** Unrivalled Organs.  
Estey . . . **ESTEY & CAMP**  
Camp & Co.  
233 State Street, 49-53 Jackson St.,  
CHICAGO.

D. A. Clippinger,  
Voice Production AND... THE Art of Singing,  
33 Kimball Building,  
243 Wabash Ave. Chicago.



### MME. CELIA CONKLIN'S CURLING CREAM

The best preparation on the market for holding the Hair in Curl, Bangs and Frizzes; absolutely harmless. It is an excellent tonic for the hair. Once tried, always used.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Enclose 2-cent stamp for free card case to P. B. KEYS, 405 State St., Chicago, Ill.

**BOOK-BINDING** WELL DONE WITH GOOD MATERIALS.  
60c. for Music, Harper's, Century and Scribner's . . . . .

Chas. Macdonald & Co., PERIODICAL AGENCY, 55 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**KODAKS, \$6.00** **WILKINSON CO.**

A FULL LINE OF AMATEUR PHOTO GOODS

83 RANDOLPH ST.

... NEAR DEARBORN.

**WEDDING**

INVITATIONS,  
ANNOUNCEMENTS,  
CALLING CARDS,  
FINE STATIONARY,  
Send for Samples.

S. D. CHILDS & CO., 140 MONROE ST., CHICAGO.



INSTRUMENTS.

NEW YORK: 316, 318, 320, 322 43<sup>d</sup> ST., WEST.

# POPULAR PEASE IANOS

CHICAGO: 46 JACKSON STREET, EAST.

**NEW ENGLAND PIANOS** 262 & 264 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.  
98 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.  
157 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

\*\* GRAND \* SQUARE \* UPRIGHT \*\*

LARGEST MANUFACTORY IN THE WORLD.

UNEXCELLED FOR TONE AND FINISH.

THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE PIANOS  
IN THE MARKET.

Sold Low for Cash.  
Sold on Easy Payments.  
Rented by the Day, Week, Month  
or Year.

## NEW ENGLAND PIANOS

Call at our Splendid Warerooms in either city which happens to be most  
convenient. Prices and Principles the Same in all.

## RICE-MACY PIANO COMPANY

Call at our Splendid Warerooms, 268 Wabash Ave., and see a  
large stock of Instruments of the very best grades.

**GILDERMEESTER & KROEGER**

**UPRIGHTS AND GRANDS** AND OUR OWN PIANOS, THE

**RICE-MACY AND SCHAEFFER**

HIGHLY ARTISTIC INSTRUMENTS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

**268 WABASH AVE.**

## HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

GRAND AND UPRIGHT **PIANOS**

Factory, Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

**INDORSEMENTS.**

LIEZT, GOTTSCHALK,  
WEHLI, BENDEL,  
STRAUSS, SABO,  
ABT, HYLLESTED,  
LIEDLING, MACDOWELL,  
PETERSEN,  
And many other Artists.

**WAREROOMS.**

179 Tremont St., . . . BOSTON.  
88 Fifth Ave., . . . NEW YORK.  
1616 Chestnut St., . . . PHILADELPHIA.  
88 Euclid Ave., . . . CLEVELAND.  
1025 Market St., . . . SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
243 to 265 Wabash Ave., . . . CHICAGO, ILL.

COLLEGES.

---

WESTERN MICHIGAN  
COLLEGE ❖ CONSERVATORY  
— OF —  
MUSIC, ART AND ORATORY

---

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

**CHARLES W. LANDON, Dean.**

**The CHEVALIER DE KONTSKI, Mus. Doc.,**  
Member of the Academies of Rome, Vienna, Munich and Stuttgart,  
**Director of Piano Department.**

**JAMES PADDEN,**  
Of the Paris Conservatory,  
**Director of Violin and String Department.**

**Mrs. WILLIS MERTON BRYANT, Director of Vocal Department.**

**STANTON BECKER GRABILL,**  
Pupil of the Chevalier de Kontski,  
**Assistant on Piano.**

**STANSBERRY NORSE, Director of Art Department.**

**Mrs. BELLE McLEOD LEWIS, Director of School of Oratory.**

**A. E. YEREX, President.**

**Regular Courses** for Music Pupils in all branches of Musical Art, and **Special Courses** for Music Teachers in Mason's New School of Touch and Technic, on Virgil's Practice Clavier and Foundational Teaching, and on the Brotherhood Technicon; in Expression and Artistic Piano Playing; in the New and Approved Methods in Music Teaching; in Vocal Culture and Methods, and in Methods of Teaching Vocal Music in the Public Schools.

**Frequent Lectures**, fully illustrated, upon Practical Subjects for Music Teachers and Pupils.

**A Course** on Conducting Musicales and Illustrated Musical Lectures.

**Artist, Faculty and Pupils' Concerts and Recitals.**

**Instruction in Chorus and Choir Conducting** on the Pipe and Reed Organ, on the Violin, Violoncello, Harp, Cornet, Flute, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin and all Orchestral Instruments.

**REASONABLE PRICES.**—Good Board from \$2.10 a week up.

Valuable Advantages are offered to Students in Art and Elocution by Teachers of Successful Experience.

The College offers **Superior Inducements** to Students desiring courses in its various Literary and Scientific Departments. **Faculty of the Highest Order.**

**Normal and Professional Course** for School Teachers, **Normal Course** in Kindergarten Methods, **Special Courses** in Business, Shorthand and Typewriting.

---

ADDRESS FOR YEAR BOOK TO THE

Western Michigan College Conservatory,  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

EDUCATIONAL.

# CHICAGO Conservatory



OF

MUSIC AND

DRAMATIC ART

SAMUEL KAYZER, Director.

Full Summer Term and Summer Normal Course.

FACULTY AND BRANCHES OF STUDY  
UNEXCELLED IN THIS COUNTRY.

**Piano Department.**

Mr. Wm. H. SHERWOOD, Director.  
Mr. Calvin B. Cady.  
Mr. H. A. Kelso, Jr.  
Miss Gertrude Foster.  
Miss Edith V. Rann.  
Miss Julia Caruthers.  
Miss Kate P. Richards.  
Mrs. Nealy Rider Crane.

**Violin Department.**

Mr. A. ROSENBECKER.  
Mr. Richard Seidel.

**Violoncello.**

Mr. A. Metzdorf.

**Harp.**

Mrs. Clara Murray.

**Flute.**

Mr. Otto Helms.

**Sight Reading and Accompanying.**

Signora Mazzucato-Young.

**Fencing.**

Col. Thomas H. Monstery.

**Dancing.**

Mme. Laura Rose.

**Dramatic and Poetic Reading.**

Mr. Samuel Kayzer.

**Organ Department.**

Mr. CLARENCE EDDY, Director.

**Elocution, Delsarte, Theory of Expression and Physical Culture.**

Miss ANNA MORGAN, Director.  
Miss Sarah Truax.  
Mr. E. L. Dworak.

**Vocal Department.**

Sig. VITTORIO CARPI.  
Mme. Dove Boettl.  
Mr. B. Bicknell Young.  
Miss Grace Hiltz.  
Mrs. Kate M. B. Wilson.

**Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition and Orchestration.**

Mr. FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON,  
Director.  
Mr. Hubbard William Harris.

**Guitar.**

Miss Lulu Hiltabidel.

**Cornet.**

Mr. John Quinn.

**Mandolin.**

Sig. C. Valli.

**Foreign Languages.**

French, German, Italian, Spanish.  
By Native Teachers.

**Dramatic Art and Stage Training.**

Mr. Hart Conway.

APPLICATION FOR LESSONS RECEIVED AT ANY TIME.

Auditorium Building.

LYMAN B. GLOVER, Manager.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

EDUCATIONAL.

---

# METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF MUSIC

(FORMERLY METROPOLITAN CONSERVATORY.)

---

*Fall Term Opened September 14th.  
Four Sessions of Ten Weeks Each.  
Pupils Admitted at Any Time.*

---

This college has no equal for thoroughness of instruction and the absolute safety of the methods.

The Voice Department, with H. W. Greene and C. B. Hawley, and the Operatic Department, with Emilio Agramonte and George M. Greene as leading teachers, are preparing singers for highest positions. No forcing or unnatural treatment of voice.

The Piano Department is under the personal direction of Professor Albert R. Parsons, who is ably assisted by H. T. Staats, H. S. Hanchett, M. D., Mlle Utassi, Mlle. Aarup, and others.

The Organ Department has for instructors R. H. Woodman, Dudley Buck, H. R. Shelley.

The Department of Violin and Orchestral Instruments is under the direction of Clifford Schmidt, the eminent concert master of the Seidl orchestra, who, in conjunction with Mr. Parsons, secures to the college the important advantage of the study of chamber music and general ensemble practice.

Its association with the celebrated Stern School of Languages insures its pupils the best opportunities for that branch of culture.

A special feature in connection with the college is the Residence Department for ladies, where pupils from a distance are accommodated with board and every facility for practice and study.

The studies of Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue are conducted on a scale of excellence not to be found in any American college.

The Board of Trustees, all of whom are actively engaged in giving instruction at the Metropolitan College of Music are:

DUDLEY BUCK, President.

ALBERT ROSS PARSONS, Vice-President.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY, 2d Vice-President.

CHARLES B. HAWLEY, Musical Director.

EMILIO AGRAMONTE, Operatic Director.

GEORGE M. GREENE, Auditor.

HERBERT W. GREENE, Secretary and Treasurer.

---

For particulars, send for College Annual.

19 & 21 EAST FOURTEENTH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

SCHOOLS.

# GOTTSCHALK LYRIC SCHOOL

24 and 26 Adams Street.

## \*FACULTY\*

### VOCAL

L. GASTON GOTTSCHALK, Director.  
Helen M. Goodell. Lola M. Gailey.

### PIANO

AUGUST HYLLESTED, Director.  
Wilhelm Middelschulte.  
J. Pizzarello.  
Effie E. Murdock.  
E. W. Chaffee.

### ORGAN

WILHELM MIDDELSCHULTE, Director.  
Effie E. Murdock.

### VIOLONCELLO

Ernest Woollett.

### CORNET

C. P. Nielson.

### MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO

Mrs. A. F. Swander.

### SIGHT READING AND ACCOMPANIMENT

J. Pizzarello.

### HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, COMPOSITION

Wilhelm Middelschulte. E. W. Chaffee.

### HISTORY OF MUSIC

A. J. Goodrich.

### ITALIAN LANGUAGE

Signor Alfieri.

### DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT

JOHN STAPLETON, Director.  
Dr. C. B. Hall.

### PHYSICAL CULTURE, ELOCUTION

Miss E. H. Denig.

### FENCING

Capt. Yates.

### DANCING

Signora Timponi.

### ART DEPARTMENT

Oil, Crayon, Tapestry, Pen and Ink, etc.  
A. Fleury. A. Leroy.

## Operatic School.

The long experience MR. L. G. GOTTSCHALK has had on the grand operatic stage in Europe, as well as in America, especially fits him to teach professionals, who will find with him not only the vocal, but the stage training which is needed by one who wishes to step on the professional stage.

**DRAMATIC CLASSES** in the evening from 5 to 7, under the guidance of Mr. John Stapleton.

**DELSARTE CLASSES** under Miss E. H. Denig.

**RECITALS** every Saturday, after the **LECTURE ON HISTORY OF MUSIC** by Mr. A. J. Goodrich, at 1:30 o'clock, in the School Recital Hall.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTED TO

L. GASTON GOTTSCHALK, 24 Adams St.

CATALOGUES MAILED ON APPLICATION.

## A National School of Music.

—♦THE♦—

# COLLEGE OF MUSIC

...OF...

CINCINNATI OHIO

endowed by R. R. Springer, Jos. Longworth, John Shillito, David Sinton, and others, is not a school conducted for profit, but is a public institution whose entire income is devoted to instruction and cultivation in the art of music and collateral branches, such as dramatic action, modern languages, and elocution. It is open throughout the year, and pupils may enter any day. The College Buildings adjoin the magnificent Music Hall, and contain forty class and study rooms, libraries, waiting rooms, offices, etc.

Strictly Educational, incorporated by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio. No Dividend can be declared to stockholders. The Board of Trustees are:

PETER RUDOLPH NEFF, President.  
WM. McALPIN, Vice-President.  
A. C. ERKENBRECHER, Sec'y and Treas.  
A. T. Goeborn, R. H. Galbreath.  
Dr. W. W. Seely, Jacob D. Cox.  
H. S. Fechheimer, I. Burnet Resor.  
Chas. Fleischmann, Larz Anderson.  
L. Markbreit, Alexander McDonald,  
J. G. Schmidlapp, Fred. H. Alms.

## THE FACULTY.

### Piano.

Doerner, Armin W. Glover, E. W.  
Gorno, Albino. Sterling, W. S.  
Phillips, Thos. Wendell. Gorno, Romeo.  
Vincent, Almon W. Guckenberg, Benjamin.  
Graninger, Chas. A. Duret, Sidney C.  
Eisenheimer, Nicholas.

### Voice.

Mattioli, Lino. Maler, Mrs. Jennie. Gorno, Albino.  
Foley, B. W. Vigna, Signorina Tekla. Sterling, W. S.

### Organ.

Sterling, W. S. Arkell, Miss Lillian.

### Theory.

Broekhoven, John A. Vincent, A. W.  
Singer, Otto. Sterling, W. S.

### Violin.

Campanari, Leandro—Head of the Department.

ASSISTANT TEACHERS.

Hahn, Adolph. Wiegand, Emil.

### Violoncello.

Mattioli, Lino.

### Bass Viol.

Storch, Fr.

### Oboe.

Ross, Wm.

### Flute.

Hahn, Theodore.

### Cornet.

Surdo, Joseph.

### Harp.

Holbrook, Miss Josephine.

### Bassoon.

Woest, H.

### Trombone.

Brand, Louis.

### Clarinet.

Schuett, Carl.

## School for the Opera—Dramatic Expression.

Vigna, Signorina Tekla.

## Chamber Music—Ensemble Classes.

Campanari, L.

## Sight-Reading or Chorus Classes.

B. W. Foley. E. W. Glover.

## Normal Classes.

Broekhoven, John A. Vincent, A. W.

## Prima Vista Piano Classes.

Eisenheimer, Nicholas.

## Department of Languages.

ITALIAN—Moullinier, C. P.

## Lecturer on the History and Esthetics of Music

Eisenheimer, Nicholas.

## Elocution.

Pinkley, Virgil A. Pinkley, Mrs. Virgil A.

## English Literature.

Van Cleave, John S.

## Choral and Oratorio Department.

Foley, B. W. Sterling, W. S.

## Orchestral Department.

L. Campanari, Director.

# Answers...

TO FREQUENT QUESTIONS:

## ENTRANCE.

Students can enter at any time. No previous musical knowledge necessary.

## PLAN OF INSTRUCTION.

Is by private or individual teaching, except in branches where best results are obtained in a class system.

## FEES.

Tuition, \$35.00 per term, except for orchestral instruments and special branches named in catalogue. Payable on entry. Entrance for academic year, four terms, \$120. Special fees in Academic Department: Matriculation, \$5 on entering Academic Department, Certification, \$10, Graduation, \$20.

## LENGTH OF TERM.

One term is twenty lessons; two lessons per week; closes in ten weeks. No one admitted for less than one term.

## BOARD.

No boarding department connected with the College. Assistance is, however, given students in securing board, which is obtained without difficulty. Rates are from \$5 up.

## PIANOS TO RENT.

Students may rent from local dealers, average price \$15 for three months. Piano practice in the College building is not permissible, owing to the large number of students.

## FREE ADVANTAGES.

Admission to Normal and Chorus Classes, College Choir, Sight Reading, Prima Vista and Ensemble Classes, all Rehearsals, Recitals, Concerts, Lectures, etc., given by the College.

## ORGAN PRACTICE.

The large organs of the College, when not in use for lessons, can be used for practice, at the minimum price of 15 cents per hour.

## COMPLETE CATALOGUES.

Latest Catalogue, Program Book, or any information relating to the College, cheerfully furnished. Apply in person at the College, or by letter to

PETER RUDOLPH NEFF, President,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

EDUCATIONAL.

# Do You Intend to Study Music?



WHY  
NOT  
COME  
TO  
OBERLIN?



## ADVANTAGES.

A large and very talented faculty.  
Splendid buildings, modern in every respect.  
Full equipment of pianos, organs and clavier for practice.  
Full musical library, open to every student.  
Frequent artist recitals by the very best artists (for which only a nominal charge is made to students).  
Very moderate expenses, with judicious personal supervision.  
Judicious supervision of every pupil's surroundings.  
Opportunity for literary study, lectures on art, etc.  
Frequent opportunities for public appearance when prepared.  
Many opportunities for hearing the best of music.  
Thorough standard of scholarship.  
All departments of music taught.

OBERLIN CONSERVATORY IS ONE OF THE FOREMOST INSTITUTIONS  
IN THIS COUNTRY FOR OBTAINING A



**SOLID, BROAD  
AND WELL BALANCED  
MUSICAL EDUCATION**

For Catalogue and other  
information, address

**F. B. RICE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.**



MISCELLANEOUS.

TO ADVANCE THE STANDARD OF TYPEWRITING.

# \$5,000 in Cash—Columbian Fair Prizes



TO BE GIVEN BY THE

**YOST WRITING  
MACHINE CO.**

TO OPERATORS IN THE UNITED  
STATES AND CANADA.

1 Grand Prize, -	\$1,000
10 Prizes of \$100, -	1,000
20 " 50, -	1,000
20 " 25, -	500
50 " 10, -	500
10 " 100, -	1,000
<b>\$5,000</b>	

## ONE GRAND PRIZE OF \$1,000

will be given to the successful competitor on the Yost Writing Machine who shall write in the neatest form in the shortest space of time—all in the presence of the judges and one of each style of work to be written from dictation on the spot—two business letters, two insurance company's annual reports, and two commercial balance sheets, lines twelve inches long, paper thirteen and a half inches wide. The judges to be appointed by the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN FAIR COMMITTEE that shall be appointed to judge of the typewriting exhibits at the Fair. Those intending to compete for this grand prize of \$1,000 must send in their names and addresses one month before the trial, which will be held in Chicago shortly after the opening of the World's Columbian Exhibit.

## TEN PRIZES OF \$100 EACH

will be given to pupils in typewriting schools, or operators anywhere, for the best ten original essays, not exceeding four thousand words each, written upon the Yost Writing Machine. Subject: "Typewriting as a Fine Art," "The Future of Typewriting," or any of the list of subjects furnished by the Yost Writing Machine Company.

## TWENTY PRIZES OF \$50 EACH

to pupils in typewriting schools, or operators anywhere, as follows: Ten prizes to the ten operators who shall, upon the Yost Writing Machine, attain the greatest speed for one minute, upon a memorized sentence to be furnished—this speed contest to be upon an entirely new standard of absolutely perfect work of both operator and machine. Particulars furnished. Ten prizes to the ten operators who shall write correctly from dictation of new matter, upon the Yost Writing Machine, the greatest number of words in five minutes. Particulars furnished.

## TWENTY PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

to pupils in typewriting schools, or operators anywhere, as follows: Ten prizes for the best ten transcripts, upon the Yost Writing Machine, of legal matter to be furnished; and ten prizes for the best ten samples, upon the Yost Writing Machine, of new and original designs of fancy work. Particulars furnished.

## FIFTY PRIZES OF \$10 EACH

to pupils in typewriting schools, EXCLUSIVELY, as follows: Ten for the best ten original essays, not exceeding two thousand words, written upon the Yost Writing Machine. Subject: "The Excellencies of the Yost Writing Machine." Ten for the best ten transcripts on the Yost Writing Machine of legal matter to be furnished; ten for the best ten original designs of fancy work upon the Yost Writing Machine; and twenty for the best twenty business letters written upon the Yost Writing Machine. Particulars furnished. Winners of any of the higher prizes for SIMILAR WORK to be barred from this competition.

## TEN PRIZES OF \$100 EACH

will be given to the proprietors of the ten typewriting schools whose respective pupils obtain the largest number of the above named prizes.

Full Particulars as to the conditions governing all these contests furnished upon application to the

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK,  
237 BROADWAY, N. Y.

This is to certify that the Yost Writing Machine Co., 71 Broadway, New York, has made a special deposit with this bank of \$5,000, subject to the draft of the Committee to be appointed by the Judges on Typewriters at the World's Columbian Fair at Chicago, Ill., in 1893, as described above.

NEW YORK, June 30th, 1892.

A. S. AFGAR, CASHIER.

**YOST WRITING  
MACHINE CO.**

71 & 73 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

EDUCATIONAL.

# The Virgil Practice Clavier

THE ONLY PERFECT ALLY OF THE PIANO FOR  
TEACHING AND PRACTICE.

Used and Recommended by the Greatest Artists and Teachers.

A Power in the Mastery of all  
Technical Difficulties and in  
Memorizing Pieces.

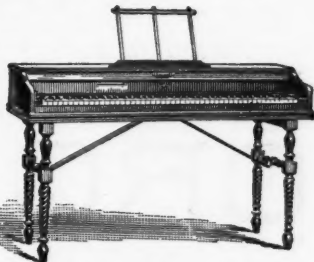
## New Departure.

CLAVIERS RENTED AT A DISTANCE,  
with privilege of PURCHASE ON EASY  
PAYMENTS after three months' trial.

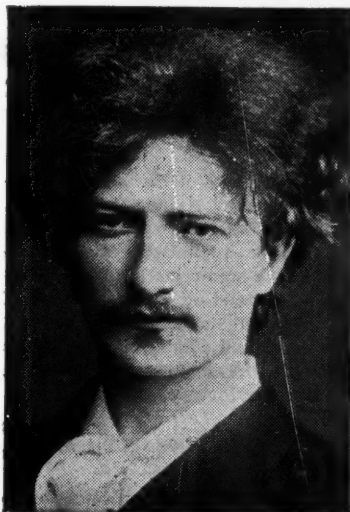
First quarter's rent applied on purchase.

Send for circular concerning RENTAL  
PURCHASE PLAN.

Special prices to teachers on instruments for personal use.



New Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue and Professional Opinions  
sent free on application.



WHAT

## PADEREWSKI

THINKS OF THE  
CLAVIER:

MONTREAL, Feb. 11, 1902.

DEAR SIR:

I have been much pleased with the Practice Clavier you so kindly placed at my disposal during my stay in New York, and its use has convinced me of its superior qualities as an instrument for the technical part of piano practice. I shall be glad to take one of your instruments with me to Europe, and will miss no opportunity to recommend your invention to artists and intelligent students of the piano.

Yours truly,

THE  
VIRGIL  
PRACTICE  
CLAVIER  
CO.

26 W. 15th St.,  
New York.

*J. J. Paderewski*

INSTRUMENTS.

# ROOSEVELT ORGAN WORKS

Park and Lexington Aves., 131st and 132d Sts.,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Founded by HILBORNE ROOSEVELT in 1872.)

Chicago Office: - - - 269 Dearborn Street.

WE BUILD TO ORDER :

## ORGANS

Of every size, from One-Manual instruments of limited appointment,  
for home or chapel use, up to the largest and most  
complete Concert Organs which the present  
art of organ building permits.

Our Instruments are alike celebrated for their Artistic Voicing, Prompt and  
Reliable Mechanism, Steady Wind Supply and Durability.

Many of the most important improvements of the last half century have been first introduced by our house. Among these may be mentioned the Roosevelt wind chest, making the speech quick and rendering possible our unique **Automatic Adjustable Combinations**. We have also rendered the whole organ vastly more expressive than ever before, by our system of extending the advantages of the swell box to as much of the "great organ" as may be desired; electric action for the keys, draw stops and combinations; electric motors for blowing, and many other improvements, constituting in the aggregate an honorable part of the superiority of modern organs.

WE ARE PREPARED TO ESTIMATE UPON ORGANS OF ALL SIZES.

Among the larger organs of our manufacture we call attention to the large one in Garden City Cathedral, Long Island, and the organ in the Auditorium, Chicago, the largest and most complete concert organ in the world; also the Trinity M. E. Church, Denver.

ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

FRANK ROOSEVELT, 1945 Park Avenue, New York.

THE

# NATIONAL MUSIC COURSE

**A**IMS to place vocal music on the same footing as the regular school studies, and enable the class teachers to give successful instruction in music, as in geography and arithmetic, under competent direction. **IT HAS SUCCEEDED FULLY**, as the list of places using it proves. The testimony of teachers, superintendents and musicians is unmistakable evidence of its excellence and superiority. Whoever will examine philosophically into its principles, methods and matter will become satisfied that its wonderful success was as inevitable as it seems destined to be permanent. History is sometimes prophecy; this appears to be a case in point. More than any other course **IT IS INDORSED** by wide use and satisfactory results; approved by musical authorities here and abroad; recommended on a careful examination of its merits, enjoyed by the teachers who teach and the children who study it.

Among the hundreds of high class testimonials which this course has received are those of such conservative and commanding authorities as **CARL REINECKE**, Director of the Conservatory of Music at Leipsic, Germany; **Dr. Oscar Paul**, **Dr. Jadassohn**, **Julius Klengel** and **Heinrich Klesse**, all of the same conservatory. It is also indorsed as superior to any German work of similar scope by the royal director of school music in Germany.

Send for a pamphlet.

## WHAT SYSTEM SHALL BE ADOPTED?

One would like to secure: 1, A system that is fresh and fully abreast of the times; 2, a system that is old enough to have been thoroughly attested and approved; 3, a system that is indorsed by the most eminent musical authorities; 4, a system that is recommended by the ablest and most successful teachers of school music; 5, a system that is advocated by the most prominent and practical superintendents and principals. *It is probable* that the National Music Course is superior to any other in each of these respects. *It is certain* that the National Music Course is alone in combining all of these excellences.

## THE COURSE INCLUDES

- THE NEW FIRST MUSIC READER.** By LUTHER WHITING MASON, for fifteen years Supervisor of Music in the Schools of Boston, and recently Director of School Music in the Empire of Japan. For introduction, 25 cents; allowance for an old book in exchange, 8 cents.
- THE NEW SECOND MUSIC READER.** By LUTHER WHITING MASON. For introduction, 40 cents; allowance, 12 cents.
- THE NEW THIRD MUSIC READER.** By LUTHER WHITING MASON. For introduction, 40 cents; allowance, 12 cents.
- THE NEW FOURTH MUSIC READER.** By LUTHER WHITING MASON and GEORGE A. VEAZIE, JR. For introduction, 90 cents; allowance, 25 cents.
- THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER FOR MIXED VOICES.** By JULIUS REICHERG, formerly Director of Music in the Boston Public Schools. For introduction, 94 cents; allowance, 30 cents.
- THE NEW FIRST SERIES OF CHARTS.** (40 pages, 34 x 45½ inches.) Introduction price, \$9.00; allowance for old charts in exchange, \$3.00. Easel, \$1.25.
- THE NEW SECOND SERIES OF CHARTS.** (44 pages, 34 x 45½ inches.) Introduction price, \$9.00; allowance for old charts, \$3.00. Easel, \$1.25.
- THE NEW THIRD SERIES OF CHARTS.** (40 pages, 34 x 45½ inches.) Introduction price, \$9.00; allowance for old charts, \$3.00. Easel, \$1.25.

## ADDITIONAL BOOKS AND CHARTS.

The Independent Music Reader, 70 cents; The Abridged Independent Music Reader, 60 cents; Girls' High School Music Reader, \$1.25; Hymn and Tune Book for Female Voices, 60 cents; Hymn and Tune Book for Mixed Voices, 60 cents; Independent Music Reader, and Hymn and Tune Book for Mixed Voices, combined, 94 cents; Transposition Chart, 75 cents; Time-Name Chart, 75 cents. The Coda: Supplementary Music.

SEND FOR OUR FULL LIST OF MUSIC PUBLICATIONS.

BOSTON.  
NEW YORK

**GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,**

AND  
CHICAGO

## G. SCHIRMER'S

*Publications of Theoretical Works on Music and Musical Literature.*

- BAKER, DR. TH.**, A Manual of Counterpoint, forming a Sequel to Prof. OSCAR PAUL's Manual of Harmony. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.00
- BURROWS, J. F.**, The Pianoforte Primer, containing the Rudiments of Music and a Method of Study. Entirely new Edition by Dr. S. Austen Pearce. Cloth. . . . . net, 30c.
- Thorough-Base Primer. New Edition, with a Key to the Exercises by S. Jackson. Boards. . . . . net, 60c.
- The Same. Edition without Key. Boards. . . . . net, 60c.
- Companion to the Thorough-Base Primer. 50 Preliminary Exercises, to which is added a Key by S. Jackson. Boards. . . . . net, 60c.
- BUSSLER, LUDWIG**, Elements of Notation and Harmony; with 85 Exercises. Translated from the fifth revised and enlarged Edition by Dr. Th. Baker. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, \$1.25
- Harmonic Exercises at the Pianoforte for Beginners and Advanced Pupils. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, \$1.00
- Elementary Harmony. Translated from the Second German Edition by Dr. Th. Baker. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, \$1.25
- CORNELL, J. H.**, A Primer of Tonality. Briefly and clearly explaining the fundamental Principles of our Modern Tonal System, the Scales, Intervals, etc. Third Edition, revised and improved. Cloth. . . . . net, 75c.
- An Easy Method of Modulation by means of universal Formulas. Cloth. . . . . net, \$1.50
- Tables of the 24 Major and Minor Keys, or Modulations classified. (Supplement to "An Easy Method of Modulation.") . . . . . net, 40c.
- The Theory and Practice of Musical Form, on the Basis of L. BUSSLER's Musikalische Formenlehre. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.00
- ERLICH, H.**, How to Practice on the Piano. Translated by J. H. Cornell. Boards. . . . . net, 25c.
- GOODRICH, A. J.**, Music as a Language; or, the Meaning of Musical Sounds. Second and Revised Edition. . . . . net, \$1.00
- GOETSCHUS, PERCY**, The Material Used in Musical Composition. A System of Harmony. Second thoroughly revised, simplified, and slightly enlarged Edition. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.50
- HAUPT, A.**, Theory of Counterpoint, Fugue and Double Counterpoint. Translated from the Original Manuscript by Clarence Eddy. Cloth. . . . . net, \$1.50
- JOUSSE, J.**, A Catechism of Music. New and revised edition by Dr. Th. Baker. . . . . net, 25c.
- KLAUWELL, DR. OTTO**, On Musical Execution. Translated by Dr. Th. Baker. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, 75c.
- LANGHANS, W.**, The History of Music in 12 Lectures. Second enlarged edition, with Illustrations. Translated by J. H. Cornell. Cloth. . . . . net, \$1.50
- LOBE, J. C.**, Catechism of Music. New edition, revised by J. H. Cornell. Cloth. . . . . net, 75c.
- Catechism of Composition. Translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter. Second and revised Edition by Dr. Th. Baker. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, \$1.25
- MICHAEL, DR. J.**, The Formation of the Singing-registers. For Musicians and Physicians. Translated by J. H. Cornell. With 23 Illustrations. Boards. . . . . net, 50c.
- NIECKS, F.**, A Concise Dictionary of Musical Terms. Cloth. . . . . net, \$1.00
- PARSONS, A. F.**, The Science of Pianoforte Practice. Cloth. . . . . net, \$1.00
- PAUL, OSCAR**, A Manual of Harmony. Translated by Dr. Th. Baker. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.00
- PROUT, EBENEZER**, Harmony: its Theory and Practice. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.00
- RICHTER, E. F.**, Manual of Harmony. Translated by J. P. Morgan. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.00
- Additional Exercises to "Manual of Harmony," compiled by A. Richter. Translated by J. P. Morgan. Boards. . . . . net, 50c.
- Manual of Simple and Double Counterpoint. Translated by J. P. Morgan. Cloth. . . . . net, \$2.00
- RICHTER, ALFRED**, Supplement to E. F. Richter's Manual of Simple and Double Counterpoint. Translated by J. H. Cornell. . . . . net, \$1.00
- Book of Exercises to accompany E. F. Richter's Manual of Simple and Double Counterpoint. . . . . net, \$1.00
- RIEMANN, DR. HUGO**, Catechism of Musical Instruments. (Guide to Instrumentation). Paper. . . . . net, 80c.
- RIEMANN, DR. HUGO and DR. CARL FUCHS**, Practical Guide to the Art of Phrasing. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, 75c.
- RUSSELL, LOUIS ARTHUR**, How to Read Modern Music. A concise and comprehensive Method of Solfege, and Practice for Singers. . . . . net, 75c.
- Supplement to the same: Class Work for two and three Voices, in various forms, with and without Acc. . . . . net, 40c.
- SHEPARD, F. H.**, Piano Touch and Scales. An Analysis of the Fundamental Principles of Touch and their proper Development. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, 75c.
- Church Music and Choir Training. Treating of the Management of Boys' Voices and the proper Rendition of Church Music. Flex. cloth. . . . . net, 75c.
- How to Modulate. A simple and systematic Guide in Modulating from any Key to any other. (Second Edition.) Flex. cloth. . . . . net, \$1.00
- WARD-JACKSON, E.**, Gymnastics for the Fingers and Wrist, being a System of Gymnastics. With 35 Diagrams. Cloth. . . . . net, 50c.

G. SCHIRMER, Publisher and Importer of Music. . . . .

35 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

EDUCATIONAL.

AGENTS WANTED.

MATHEWS'  
POPULAR HISTORY OF MUSIC

*From the Earliest Times to the Present.*

Including accounts of the culture instruments of all nations; the styles and nature of the music they made, and sketches of the principal composers of all times. The whole constituting a concise and readable account of the process of development through which the Art of Music has reached its present highly organized and expressive condition.

**Illustrated** with figures of the Instruments, Notation, many Portraits and Musical Selections.

**BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.**

1 Volume. 12mo. Pages 512. Price, \$2.00. Beautifully printed on fine, heavy paper, and handsomely bound with gilt top and uncut edges.

Within this brief compass the author has managed to include the essential facts and the more significant illustrations of the large histories, together with much original matter. This work was originally undertaken as a text book for the use of the Chicago Musical College, occupying an intermediate position between the very long histories in four and five volumes, and the mere skeletons of the smaller histories then before the public. The work grew in writing, and illustrations were freely added, so that the result is what is confidently offered as the best popular history of music yet written.

Among the many notices which this work has received there has not been a single one unfavorable. The following are extracts:

*Chicago Evening Post*—"The history is divided into five parts. Book first treats of the music of the ancient world; book two, of the apprentice period of modern music; book three, of the dawn of modern music; book four, of the flowering time of modern music; and book five, of the epoch of the romantic. The work is illustrated in so intelligent a way that these illustrations have a most important bearing upon the development of the art, as foreshadowed in the pages. Then there are chronological charts of the greatest composers, of Italian composers, of German composers, and of pianists and composers for the piano. It is one of the very best contributions to musical literature that has ever been printed. Mr. Mathews is not only an erudite writer, but he invests his writings with that charm of manner that always catches and holds the attention of the reader. There is scarcely a phase of music that is not touched upon in this book, and if there is any necessity for the score for purposes of elucidation, the score is also inserted. The personality of the great masters is described, as well as their works, and Mr. Mathews has omitted or overlooked nothing that will add to the interest of his labors. It is certain that his history will be henceforth recognized as one of the standards."

From *The Etude* (W. F. Gates)—"The best history of music that has appeared in this country."

*The Chicago Inter-Ocean*—"Very interesting and instructive. It supplies a popular want for a brief, concise and interesting history of music."

Special Rates for a large number of copies when wanted for introduction as a text book in conservatories and colleges.

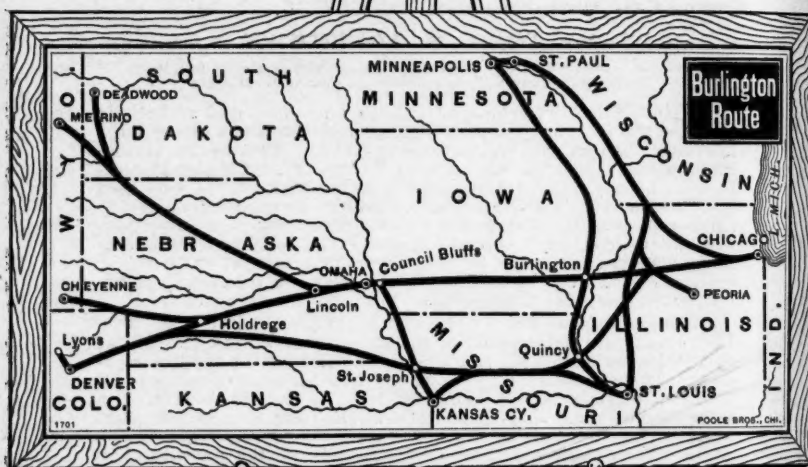
Address **W. S. B. MATHEWS, 240 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.**



# The Burlington Route

THERE  
IS  
NO  
BETTER  
RAILROAD  
EVERYTHING  
PREËMINENTLY  
FIRST  
CLASS

REACHES  
EVERY  
PROMINENT  
CITY  
WEST  
OF  
CHICAGO  
ST. LOUIS  
PEORIA



THROUGH  
VESTIBULED  
TRAINS  
FROM  
LAKE  
MICHIGAN  
TO  
ROCKY  
MOUNTAINS

SEVEN  
THOUSAND  
MILES  
OF  
STEEL  
RAILWAY  
EXCELLED  
BY  
NONE

PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS VIA THE BURLINGTON ROUTE,  
AND REALIZE THE MAXIMUM OF SAFETY, LUXURY, SPEED AND COMFORT.  
TICKETS CAN BE OBTAINED OF ANY RAILROAD OR STEAMSHIP  
AGENT IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA.

P. S. EUSTIS, GEN'L PASS'R AND TICKET AGENT, C. B. & Q. R. R., CHICAGO, ILL.



218

VOL. II

No. 12

# MUSIC

## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

OCTOBER, 1892

Glimpses of Japan and Its Music (533). By ESTHER CRANE BELL.  
(Illustrated.)

The Concept of Music, Historically Considered (540). By DR. KARL  
JULIUS BELLING.

Form and Spirit in Music (545). By MRS. BESSIE M. WHITELEY.

A Systematic Fingering (564). By M. W. CROSS.

The Women of Wagner's Nibelungen (573). By HOMER MOORE.

Blind Victor Robair (579). By CHAS. EDWARD BARNES.

Philosophy in Piano Playing (608). By ADOLPH CARPE.

The Story of an Artist, (620). By ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

A Musical Family, The Mollenhauers (627). By W. S. B. M.

End of the First Year (636). EDITORIAL.

The Practical Teacher (640).

REVIEWS AND NOTICES (644): World's Fair Illustrated—Riemann's  
Catechism of Musical History.

TRADE DEPARTMENT (646): Can the Piano Trade be Conducted  
Honestly?—The Stencil Again, by C. C. Curtiss—Signor Carozzi's  
Spirophone.

INDEX.

CHICAGO: 240 WABASH AVENUE.

Single Numbers  
30 Cts.

Room 33.

Yearly Subscription  
\$3.00.

NEW YORK: BRENTANO'S,  
5 Union Square.

PARIS: BRENTANO'S,  
17 Ave. de l'Opera.

LONDON: BRENTANO'S  
5 Agar Street, Strand.

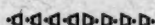
Entered at the Chicago postoffice as second-class matter.


The trade supplied through the wholesale news companies.

# WISSNER



# PIANOS



HIGH GRADE 

MODERATE PRICE

AN UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS

---

The WISSNER UPRIGHT PIANO is the result of many years' careful study and experiment, working to one certain end—namely, the production, at a moderate price, of an instrument which in

SWEETNESS AND VOLUME OF TONE,

ENDURANCE OF TONE UNDER HARD USAGE

AND CAPACITY FOR STANDING IN TUNE

is equal to the pianos of any makers, not excepting those which are sold at the highest prices. The Wissner Upright Piano is not a mere commodity, but a MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, with a sensitiveness which responds to the requirements of the most exacting artist.

---

FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES:

294, 296, 298 and 302 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRE-EMINENTLY THE BEST

---

# WEBER UPRIGHT PIANOS

248 WABASH AVENUE ONLY

---

# STEINWAY PIANOS

Triumphant at every World's Fair. . . . Indorsed by the  
most eminent musical authorities of both hemispheres,  
and the acknowledged STANDARD Pianos of the world.



A. B. CHASE  
KURTZMANN

**PIANOS**

VOSE & SONS  
WEBSTER

GEO. W. LYON.

**THE VOCALION, A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE PIPE ORGAN.**

Indistinguishable in Tone from a fine Pipe Organ, and  
costing Less than One-Half the price

**LYON, POTTER & Co.**

174 and 176 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

WILLIAM STEINWAY, Pres.  
Of Steinway & Sons, New York.

GEO. W. LYON, Vice-Pres.  
Formerly Senior Partner of Lyon & Healy.  
EDWIN A. POTTER, Sec'y and Treas.

9965

